

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 360,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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# "A DARK MAN Will Come Into YOUR LIFE"

... This amusing hobby of telling fortunes by cards

Everybody wants to know what the future holds for them — whether riches, travel, adventure, romance, and whatever else life has in store.

With a pack of cards you can get quite a lot of enjoyment out of foretelling the future—either your own or that of your friends.

**SPECULATIONS** of this kind are always interesting and amusing, never to be regarded seriously.

At parties and fetes you can get quite a lot of fun out of watching the reactions of those whose fortunes you tell.

For instance, few men would remain unmoved if you were to tell them that a tall, fair girl was desperately in love with them.

And if you happened to be tall and fair and in love with the man, the chances are he'd break down and say, "My dear, I didn't know."

Or maybe he wouldn't, thereby clearly showing that he was a heartless brute and unworthy of your love. Either way you'd learn how the wind was blowing.

## Mark the Cards

HERE is one of the simplest methods of card fortune-telling. Take a pack of cards and throw out the plain cards under seven of each suit. You'll then have to go through the remaining thirty-two cards and mark each one so that you can tell whether it comes out upside down or not.

This marking of the cards is important (and quite above board), because whereas the King of Hearts right way up signifies an altogether decent sort of a chap who has probably been to a public school, the same card upside down indicates the kind of man whom nice girls should avoid.

Having marked the cards, then, and taken out from the pack those show-

ing fewer than seven pips, you are ready to go into action.

But wait a minute, though. Before handing the cards to your victim to shuffle you should first nominate one to represent his or her personality.

A man should be given a King or Knave, a woman a Queen, the suit depending upon his or her color and general characteristics.

Thus, a platinum blonde would be allotted the Queen of Diamonds, a not-so-fair person the King, Knave, or Queen of Hearts. Clubs or Spades would be for the dark and very dark respectively.

NOW we're off. The cards should be shuffled and cut (with the left hand) by the victim. But

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What do the cards indicate for you?

before the two heaps are placed together again, the top card of each heap must be laid aside, face downwards.

These are the "surprise" cards which will be consulted at the end, provided you are allowed to get that far.

You now square up the cards and deal them into three equal heaps (ten in each heap), the left hand heap representing the past, the middle one the present, and the right hand one the future.

Picking up the cards which represent the past first, you spread them out in front of you, go off into a trance if you feel that it is going to help you at all, and with the aid of the table of definitions, begin to piece together a story of your victim's past indiscretions.

## Girl's Future

WHEN you have finished with the past, the present and then the future are examined in the same way.

Incidentally, you want to see which suit predominates in each heap. Clubs generally being considered the most lucky, Spades the most unlucky.

Hearts show success in love matters. Diamonds indicate wealth.

## Here's what the Cards Say:



### HEARTS

ACE—A love letter, good news. Upside down: A removal, a visit from a friend.

KING—A nice man with a fair complexion. Upside down: His advances should not be taken too seriously.

QUEEN—A fair woman, she'd make a good wife. Upside down: Her love affairs have been unhappy.

KNAVE—A rather wild young bachelor. Upside down: A bad lover.

TEN—Success and happiness. Upside down: Small reverses.

NINE—The wish card: good luck. Upside down: Fading worries.

EIGHT—Affectionate thoughts, thoughts of marriage. Upside down: Love not returned.

SEVEN—Satisfaction. Upside down: Boredom.



### CLUBS

ACE—Good news about money matters. Upside down: Bad news.

KING—A dark man, a good friend. Upside down: Vexations.

QUEEN—A dark, loving woman. Upside down: Jealousy.

KNAVE—A clever young man, a good lover. Upside down: Irresponsible and fickle.

TEN—Prosperity. Upside down: A sea voyage.

NINE—Legacy. Upside down: A small gift.

EIGHT—Love of a dark man or woman, happiness. Upside down: Legal action.

SEVEN—Some small financial gain. Upside down: Money troubles.



## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



—Montgomery Dunn.

### Bound for Geneva

NOW on the high seas, Miss Ethel M. Dawe, bound for Geneva to take the position of temporary Collaborator of the Secretariat of the League of Nations.

Miss Dawe's object is to make a survey of each department working under the Secretariat and she will be admitted to all the League's meetings.

She has been secretary of the League of Nations Union in South Australia for the past three years, and is especially interested in the Youth Movement.



—Francie Young

### Victorian Golf Champion

VICTORIA'S new woman golf champion is Miss E. M. Hutton, who used to play golf about the paddocks at her home when a child.

She has not wasted much time since then, has been champion of Eastern Club for five years, runner-up for last year's Victorian Champion of Champions' Cup, and in the semi-finals of both Victorian and Australian championships, 1936.



—Dayne

### Important Office

DR. GRACE CUTHBERT, who this month assumed her duties as Director of Maternal and Baby Welfare for New South Wales, is ably fitted by her experience for the work that lies ahead of her. She was in private practice in the country before practising at Wollstonecraft, Sydney, and during the past eight years was an hon. medical officer at Tresillian Mothercraft Training Centre, the Rachel Forster Hospital, and one of the Baby Health Centres.

For Glamorous skin Loveliness



Bewitching... Magical.....Alluring  
**ERASMIC**  
FACE POWDER



37.10.37



# SYDNEY BRIDE In Her TOKIO HOME



A HAPPY STUDY of Mr. and Mrs. Nobushiro Katayama, in their Tokio home. The bride was formerly Miss Betty Macdonald, of Sydney.



IN THE MODERN LITTLE KITCHEN of the Katayama home the young Australian bride prepares a dish with the aid of her Japanese maid-servant. Other pictures of the bride at home appear on Page 17.

## Romance of Mosman Girl Who Wed Japanese Pianist

### EXCLUSIVE STORY AND PICTURES

By Air Mail from JAMES R. YOUNG at Tokio to The Australian Women's Weekly

A Sydney society lass and a youth from the Orient went through civil wedding ceremonies on July 30 in Tokio minus the glamorous background generally associated with the land of cherry blossoms, temples, red lacquer bridges, and the flowery kingdom of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*.

Instead, a matter-of-fact, colorless signing of ward office papers, prepared in advance by a barrister, and the payment of 15 Japanese sen united the love of Betty Macdonald, of Mosman, and Nobushiro Katayama, noted Japanese pianist, whose romance has already stirred Australia.

BETTY arrived here on July 15. Betty and Nobushiro—he hasn't been westernised to the extent of having a nickname—gathered at his father's house in Tokio, where the betrothed exchanged sake (rice wine) drinks out of tiny cups as part of the formal Japanese ceremony of wedlock in the presence of the groom's parents.

It was a simple and quiet affair. No music, no clergymen. No ring bearers or attendants.

The couple sat together in front of the parents.

The bride sipped once from the cup of hot rice wine, finished it, passed it to him. The groom drank and passed the empty sake cup to the bride-to-be.

Three exchanges each of the cup and they were formally married in a Japan.

Late in August they'll have a fine big wedding party. Katayama's father is planning an elaborate affair at a down-town restaurant to present his daughter-in-law to relatives, friends and business associates.

Meanwhile the couple are living in a cosy little home on the banks of the Tamagawa River, in the southwestern suburbs of Tokio, one of the choicest residential locations of the Eastern Empire's capital city.

THE home, two-storied and of seven rooms, is built and furnished in western style.

There's hardly a touch of Japan around the place except the maid-servant, some Japanese lanterns and sliding windows.

At the foot of the river bank a Japanese garden is being put into shape.

The grass garden immediately surrounding the house is alive with lovely rose bushes, hydrangeas, young growing hedges, some trees and South Sea miniature palms.

On one side of the newly-weds' home is a Japanese-style home. On the other is one like their own, of foreign architecture. Their neighbors are Japanese people of the better class.

The community itself is restful, quiet and pleasant. The view from the home, across the slow-flowing river, looking towards Mt. Fuji and the Musashino Plain, is unsurpassed.

Whenever pinked the site and arranged the location of the home had happy surroundings in mind.

The interior possesses a bit of French decorative taste. The appointments in general are fully Western. Here

and there a few touches of Japan may be discerned.

But the groom has definitely taken to Western culture, not only in marriage, but in domestic atmosphere.

There are two bedrooms, a dressing-room, and a library. Then a living-room with a baby-grand piano, a small kitchen, and a maid-servant's room.

At the theatre the man gets the best seats in centre-front. The women sit on the sides.

Betty Macdonald Katayama says she is manager of her household, and they're agreed on this point. Her husband has been Occidentalised sufficiently, she declares, to assure there will be no dispute about it.

In Japan the women carry the children on their backs, and their bundles in their arms, and father parades ahead.

Betty says they haven't gone into the international problem of children which marriages of this kind bring up in many homes throughout the world.

She says they'll talk that over a little later after Nobushiro has had time to go on with his studying under Professor Leo Sirota, of the Imperial Music Academy.

Meantime, she's picking up the language with the assistance of kindly and curious delivery boys, neighbors and her servants.

### Home Manager

ORDINARILY in Japanese style the husband is boss of the home. Men in Japan are the superior sex. Entering or leaving a room a Japanese man precedes the woman. He is served first at meals.

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shows the Katayamas are travelled people and have been in various parts of the world. Probably Father-Katayama pondered if the young lady of 24 would find Japan adaptable to local methods of living and training.

Maybe he felt an arrow of pensive-ness in determining in his own mind if she would want to make this her life home.

He seemed to have no doubts on the fine qualities of a western girl from over the equator's line and far to the south from Japan. He just wanted to be sure in his first refusal to accept the scheme, that they'd both be happy.

Now, they say, he's convinced they will both have the ultimate in a happy home life.

### Settling Down

"I'VE been a little homesick for my little sister," the young bride remarked in her discussion of life in Japan. "But gradually I'll find myself now that we're settled in our home."

"Every day Nobushiro is practicing his music. He is preparing for some later summer recitals. Then we hope to tour western Japan—Osaka, Kyoto, Kobe, and other cities and towns this autumn."

Continued on Page 35

## FRECKLES-PIMPLES-

BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, AND ALL SKIN IMPERFECTIONS QUICKLY REMOVED BY NEW HOME METHOD



Mrs. B. A. M., of Mayfield, N.S.W., writing on the 10th June, 1937:—

Dear Miss Chalmers.—Now that I have completed your treatment I feel it my duty to thank you for putting such a marvellous cure in my way. I had treatment worked wonders, in fact, it seems like a miracle after having pimples and blotchy complexion for several years. I was unable to cure after trying almost every cure on the market. Then I read your advertisement, it seemed to be the same as my trouble, and what a lucky day it was for me. Now I can boast a smooth, clear skin. Thanks to you, Miss Chalmers, I feel like a new person. I never realised it could make such a difference, and my husband says it is the best money we have ever spent.

For years I was worried to death with unsightly Freckles and abominable Pimples and Blackheads. Other girls would avoid me. It was impossible for me to attend parties and dances, because both sexes would shun my company.

During a trip to France I underwent the treatment of a famous Parisian Beauty Specialist. Within the first week after I commenced this treatment I noticed a remarkable change, and at the end of four weeks my face was quite clear of all blemishes.

I had about abandoned all hope of ever being able to hold my own in company. You can, therefore, realise my joy on returning to London to have my old friends stop me in the street and exclaim, "How well you look. I would never have known you!"

### SOMETHING DIFFERENT

Remember, this treatment is different to any that you have adopted in the past. It does not consist of cosmetics, creams, lotions, astringents, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage rollers, or other implements. No diet—no fasting—nothing to take, and cannot injure the most delicate skin.

**FREE** If you will send your name and address, with 2d. in stamps to cover my outlay for posting, I will send you free, in a plain, sealed envelope, full information so that you may forever remove all traces of Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, and any other blemishes, by the wonderful method that overcame my troubles.

Know the happiness of a radiant, smooth young skin, as do the thousands who have used my method. Write NOW, TODAY while you think of it, or call. Address: Miss ALMA F. CHALMERS, 81 Pitt Street, Sydney.



# HOWARTH-BRENT Annulment SUIT Stirs All AMERICA

## Tangled Love Skeins May Upset Many Other Marriages

By Cable from Our New York Office

When Jocelyn Howarth left Australia, after a brief film career, to storm Hollywood, all sorts of things were predicted for her.

But no one thought she would star in such a drama as her own experience has provided.

NOT only did she suddenly hit the front pages as the third bride of the man women the world over have sighed about, handsome George Brent.

She became the centre of a legal fight that

has shaken hundreds of homes, not only in Hollywood, but all over America, when Brent's annulment suit brought forth allegations that many American marriages in Mexico were illegal.

Many Americans run away to Mexico to wed, usually to escape difficulties in the laws of

their home States. California, for instance, demands three-months' notice of intention to marry, and few film folk want to have to wait that long once their minds are made up.

But apart from this legal bombshell, the cause celebre produced other elements making it dramatic in the extreme.

The Greta Garbo angle, for instance. Everyone has said, ever since a little time after John Gilbert's death, that the beautiful Swede and the handsome Irish-American were in love.

Greta's reactions to the match with the Australian girl, and the possible part her love may have played in its sudden smash-up have become Hollywood's most intriguing topics.

Then everyone started to wonder what sort of a man Brent might be, with his record of sudden marriages and sudden separations.

And finally, the love story of the girl whose charm won such a remarkable lover only to lose him is one that fascinates everyone who looks to Hollywood as a stage on which



GEORGE BRENT, whose suit for the annulment of his marriage with Australian actress, Jocelyn Howarth, has upset everybody in America who has gone through a similar ceremony in Mexico.

### They hie them forth upon the Great Adventure

JUST take to-day—there are Princesses to be freed from Ogre's castles, Dragons waiting to be slain, Fairies to be met at the foot of old gnarled trees, Knights to be challenged—All to be done to-day, mind you! Zounds! but a man is kept busy! And every now and then between captures and slaughters—a good long pull of Bushells Chocolate Cocoa.

Indeed, this is the life for such mighty, merrie men. That Cocoa—how it keys the almost exhausted champion to still greater conquests! It's delicious, sustaining. All the health-giving, body-building elements of the Cocoa bean are in every sip.

Bushells special 'criolate' process preserves all the chocolate taste and retains the exact amount of butter-fat that makes the perfect Cocoa. The result is an irresistible beverage that all delight in—all thrive on. No nursery meal is quite complete without it.

And remember—ye who are the guardians of the household Treasure—Bushells is concentrated Cocoa—one-fourth stronger than cake chocolate—and most economical to use.



human love dramas, usually kept dark elsewhere, are played out in the open.

The provoking mysteries of the case are far from being cleared up yet, but here is what a close investigation of the facts reveals of the strange tale.

Joy Howarth—as she was always known to friends—is a very pretty and truly charming slender blonde with lovely eyes, a rich mouth, and a delightful figure.

Her admirers here were many, and she was no sooner in Hollywood than she found many more to look kindly upon her and seek her acquaintance.

The first Hollywood notable with whom headlines linked her name was Tyrone Power.

They were friendly, and one day Power, calling at her flat, found Joy unconscious from gas.

Naturally, rumors spread that Joy had attempted suicide.

Expert evidence, however, sheeted the blame to a gas leak.

It was at a dinner party that she met George Brent, that dark, strong young Irishman (he's just completing American naturalisation), who has such an individual appeal to women screen fans, and not a little to women film stars also.

Garbo, the most aloof woman in Hollywood, took to him at once. They have always been friends. Now everyone believes they were in love—and still are.

What then drew Brent away from the glamorous Greta to the little Australian girl at the dinner party?

### Brent's Story

BRENT's version is that he didn't fall—he was pushed. He says he only agreed to marry Joy under pressure—a phrase he didn't explain in court or out.

But Joy was certainly a frequent visitor to his home, and he certainly did stop going to play tennis at Greta's place—a long-established custom he wouldn't easily break, you'd think.

Joy's story is that it was he who ardently urged immediate marriage—proposed to her many times before she accepted, and then insisted on eloping when she wanted to delay.

"How can he say such things. I am a good woman," cried Joy Howarth, breaking down during the hearing, when it was stated Brent had married under pressure.

"I am fighting the annulment to

protect my good name, as any woman would who had lived with a man six weeks believing herself his wife."

Whichever way it was they went to Tia Juana, down in Mexico, and went through the form of marriage. None, not even Brent, has suggested that Joy didn't at least believe it was a real marriage. Nor did he say whether he believed it or not.

But while they were on honeymoon the rumors of estrangement began. Then they parted.

In any case the honeymoon ended suddenly.

At first it was stated as ten days of marriage, and Brent's lawyer called Joy "the unloved bride." But later Brent admitted they had lived as man and wife for a month.

### Vital Legal Point

EVERYONE wondered—reconciliation or divorce. The bombshell was—neither. Suit to have the marriage annulled—declared not a real marriage, was brought by Brent!

Joy replied at once that it was real marriage and that she was going to sue for divorce. She didn't. Later she declared if the nullity suit succeeded she would sue for divorce later. She was fighting the nullity suit not to hold Brent, but to establish her position and justify herself.

She refused his offer of a \$6500 settlement and is not seeking damages in the suit.

Joy's lawyers started out to show Brent was given to short spells of matrimony. He lived with his first wife only forty-five days, and forced Ruth Chatterton, his second, to divorce him.

Brent's lawyers concentrated on one point—the vital legal point of the legality or otherwise of the marriage.

They brought two Mexican lawyers over to swear that the marriage was not legal in Mexico because neither party intended to live there; because they were not medically examined; because Brent did not hand the Registrar papers proving he was divorced.

Their insistence that Mexican marriage laws were not the easy things Americans imagine has created something like a panic in America, and even when the Brent-Howarth case is old news the Mexican divorce expose will be history.

## HURRY—to Win £500 for RECIPES

Housewives must act quickly to win the £500 prizes offered in The Australian Women's Weekly big recipe competition.

The closing date of the contest is September 8—only a fortnight away.

DON'T let this opportunity of winning a rich cash prize slip through your fingers.

Get out your list of favorite recipes right now, select the cake, sweet-dish, jam or preserve, or dinner you like best, write it down clearly on a sheet of notepaper, add your name and address and post it to The Australian Women's Weekly—first attaching one of the entry coupons

from page 5 of this week's Home-maker Section.

Briefly, that's all you have to do. Could anything be simpler?

For the nicest, most practical and economical recipes, The Australian Women's Weekly is offering one prize of £100, four prizes of £50 each, and 200 of £1 each.

See this week's weekly awards, full conditions and entry coupons on page 5, Home-maker Section.



# DON'T You CRY for ME

To this visionary, impractical artist, his father's office was just a place to dream of his paintings and his sweetheart.

... By J. P. MARQUAND



THE changing tastes of the past eighty years have swept the reputation of Froude March so far into the dust heap that it is nearly impossible to take it back. The almost complete elimination of his conventionalised canvases, that have been pushed to the back walls of secondhand shops and thence into nowhere, renders it hard to realise that the moses of the Latin Quarter, and even the more decorous ones of the Royal Academy, once smiled upon Froude March, although he was always known as Froude March in the New England town where he was born.

Even when he was commanded by Her Late Majesty, Queen Victoria, largely because Ruskin mentioned the strength of his brushwork, to do a study of Highland tinkers about a fire, the reaction of those who knew him best appears to have been largely made up of incredulity. In the light of the present and in the light of the rather complete records of the March family, it seems that the success of Froude March, both in an artistic and in a worldly way, was always an enigma.

In the March house to-day, among the collection of family letters are enough dealing with Froude March so that one can piece together his strange story. As early as 1844 Froude's father, Thomas March, who was as sound and discerning a man as any in town, wrote at some length to his partner, John March, at the family office in Canton.

"Of my three sons," Thomas March writes, "Froude is the only one who gives me concern. Moses and Enoch are doing well in the counting-house, but I do not understand how Froude could have been a son of Heister and myself. He thinks more of his stomach than of the work I set for him."

"INSTEAD of taking an interest in the shipping, and in our accumulation of funds, the boy is only inclined to sit with a pencil and paper, drawing grotesque and disrespectful pictures. If he is actually capable of understanding the forms connected with shipping and with the ordinary counting-house routine, he shows a distinction which amounts to the same as absolute stupidity. Once on a Saturday night when I spoke to him seriously about the future, and asked him what he preferred to do for a livelihood, he stated he wished to make his living as an artist, and gave the names of certain Frenchmen and Italians who had supported themselves in this fashion. I can only think that he may have gleaned such ideas from associating with the summer relatives from Philadelphia, including the St. Clair family connected with the house which deals in indigo."

Such tenuous threads as these are all upon which the story of Froude March hangs to-day—these and a single picture of his still hanging in the March house, and a list of his paintings from some forgotten exhibition.

The picture hangs in the rather bare back room which was used by Thomas March as a private office at such times as when he was not at the counting-house by the river. There is a spirit of heavy corpulence about the picture. The face has none of the thin and hawklike ugliness of other March faces. Instead it is round and plump; the eyes are sunk into deep placid folds of flesh; the coarse rope-colored hair is unkempt and slovenly; the mouth is tolerant, good-natured. Froude March is still a startling sight in the hard-bitten gallery of Marches.

One is still inclined to laugh when one sees him, but when one peruses

A Complete Short Story

Illustrated By FISCHER



"I think Sylvia is going to marry me, Mr. Welles," said Froude.

the list of his works, one reacts towards Froude March with the incredulity which must have assailed the Marches of his day. It does not seem possible that these dreamy eyes could have seen so much, or that his stubby-fingered hands could have set down what he had seen—San Francisco Bay at Sunset, Hacienda, Daggings at Sunset, Creek, Indian Camp. And then there is the sea—Harbor Mouth, The Port Watch, The Old Man. From there the list follows on, over Froude March's devious path through life—The Studio, Nymphs, Portrait of Sylvia. His life was in that list of pictures, but, even so, it is difficult to imagine what one of the most beautiful girls of the Eastern Seaboard ever saw in him. The Por-

trait of Sylvia must have been her portrait—Sylvia St. Clair. All the magic, all the charm of Froude March is lost, and only his incongruity remains. There must have been some special providence which looked after a man like Froude.

"Froude must understand that he cannot be supported in idleness," Thomas March has written. "He must be made to understand that his infatuation for Miss St. Clair, who is an eccentric young woman, is unfruitful. Something must be done about him before it is too late."

There were plenty of advertisements then about passage to the California gold diggings. Froude March noticed one on Main Street one morning. He paused to examine it, because it might delay his getting

to work, not because he took an interest in the affairs of the outer world. It was a large poster pasted on a shed near the Anchor Tavern, which was beside Froude's customary path to March Brothers' counting-house. It was headed by a conventional cut of a square-rigged ship, executed in Froude's opinion very badly. Beneath the ship in large type was a line reading: GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!! HO FOR CALIFORNIA! and beneath in smaller type:

"The fast, sturdy clipper ship Myra, Joseph Pearson, master, March Brothers, owners, will sail on Tuesday for San Francisco Bay, California, and provides a rosy cabin for those desiring a safe passage to the California gold fields. Those desiring to take advantage are begged to call on Captain Pearson and inquire for passage terms aboard the Myra, now moored at the foot of March Wharf, between the hours of seven in the morning and sunset, or in the evening at the Anchor Tavern. Jolly companionship, on a well-found vessel."

and then beneath in the same large type:

GOLD! GOLD!! GOLD!!! HO FOR CALIFORNIA!

Froude March plodded steadily, puffing slightly because he had eaten a very heavy breakfast, past the wharves along the waterfront, through clouds of spice and molasses, past a barrage of hammering in the shipyards, to the counting-house at the head of the March Wharf, before he discovered that he had somehow consumed the better part of an hour walking the quarter of a mile which separated the family dwelling from the counting-house.

Jonas Good was chief clerk in the counting-house in those days, and Jonas Good was grumpy, irascible and nervous. He took off his reading spectacles and looked at Froude with his misty greenish eyes. His nose was uncommonly long; his right ear protruded more than the left.

"You're late again," said Jonas Good.

"Am I?" said Froude March. "I don't see how I can be," he was aware of a mumbled uttering in the outer office. He saw his

brother Moses looking at him in a puzzled way.

"You left the house before I did," Moses said. "I sent you off on time."

Froude March nodded in honest agreement, but before he could answer Jonas Good was pointing at the clock.

"You don't see how you could be?" he inquired. "Well, you see what time it is. The clock don't lie. It's half-past eight if it's a minute, ain't it? Well, what have you been doing?"

Froude March considered the question and he told the truth.

"I was looking at something."

"Looking at what?"

"I can't remember," said Froude March.

Please turn to Page 40



# Counterfeit COIN

*A fascinating instalment of our thrilling serial of love and adventure*

The Story So Far—

RICHARD EXON, wealthy Englishman, and his friend,

JOHN HERRICK, are in Austria on a mission to discover the secret contained in the tower of the Castle of Brief. They rescue the lovely

LADY CAROLINE VIRGIL, whose life is in danger at the Castle, from her cousin,

PERCY VIRGIL, and his villainous father,

COUNT FERDINAND, who robbed his twin brother, Caroline's father, of his title, and plans to rob her of her great inheritance.

Exon, Herrick, and Caroline secretly visit the Castle tower and discover the remains of Elbert, Duke of Austria and King of Hungary. A document is found dated 1439, together with a signet ring, which proves that Caroline is really a queen. They appeal to the

DUCHESS OF WHELP, a connection of Caroline, to take up her cause and expose the impostor. The Duchess invites them to remain at guests.

NOW READ ON.

by..  
**Dornford YATES**

"I wish," said I, "she was not confined to her bed."

"She isn't," said Caroline swiftly.

"She stays there because she likes it. She told me so. She said she had crowded so much into fifty years that she never had time to digest the brilliant burden they held. And now she is doing that. She goes leisurely through her diaries, considering in detail the play which, because she was leading, she never saw."

"And she never gets up?"

"Never. She says that the mental exercise keeps her perfectly fit and the more she rests her body the clearer her brain becomes."

I felt rather dazed. There were more things at Tracery than were dreamt of in my philosophy.

"Her English," I said, "is better than that of an English judge."

Caroline nodded.

"And she's right up to date," she said. "She has a wireless set by her bed, and books and papers from England come to her all the time. She has agents in London, New York and Paris, whose only business is to keep her informed. Say Shakespeare's right and 'all the world's a stage.' For fifty years she was playing a leading part. Well, now she sits in a box and watches the play."

"Talk of yourself, Caroline."

My lady laughed.

"As you saw, she was sweet to me. And her brain's like mercury. When I came in, 'Why you and not Brief?' she said. I gave her the statement at once. She read it through in silence. Then—I beg your pardon—she said, 'It seems you are Brief. No need to ask why you're here, but who opened your eyes?' I told her all you had done. And here's a man," she said. "Don't let him go, I may or may not help you; but such a man's little finger is thicker than my old joints."

Before I had time to expose this ridiculous estimate, the major-domo was approaching—to give me the shock of my life.

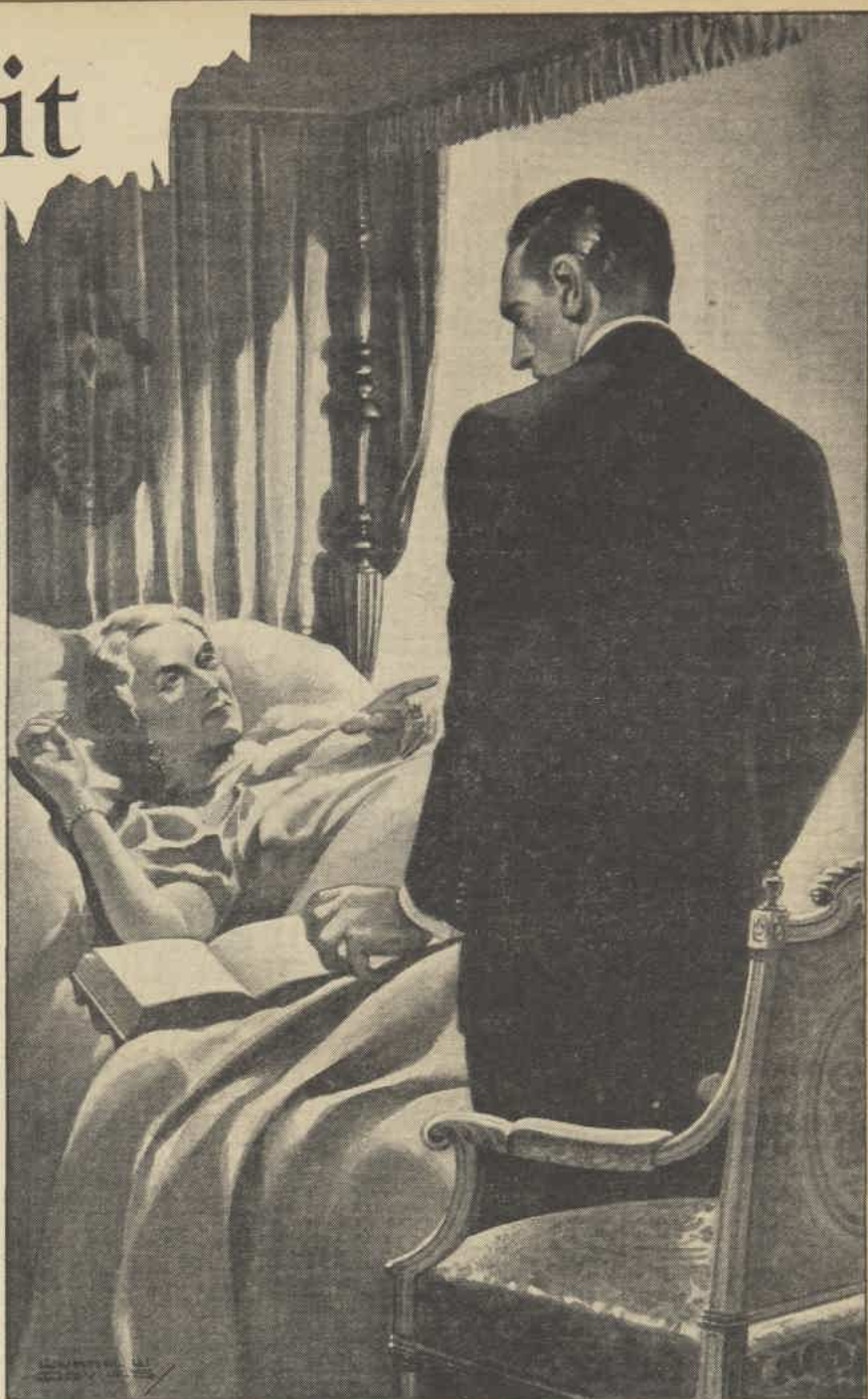
"By your ladyship's leave. Her Grace will receive Mr. Exon without delay."

Caroline smiled and nodded, and, begging her to excuse me, I got to my feet.

Two minutes later I stood before Old Harry, as a sheep before her shearer's dumb.

The piercing eyes held mine, as a magnet the steel.

"Mr. Exon, I have formed of you a



Illustrated by  
**WYNNE W. DAVIES**

until you've got your breath." As I took my seat, her hand went on to my shoulder and held it tight. "Always remember—these things cannot be helped. I loved a commoner once, and he loved me. But there are some bars, Richard Exon, more rigid than those you loosed. So we both of us did our duty. He bowed and went, and I married the Duke of Whelp. And, all things considered, it turned out extremely well. And you are the only person to whom I have ever told that—not because no one else would believe me (though

"Mr. Exon," said the Duchess, "are you aware that you cannot possibly marry the Countess of Brief?"

had taken away my dream. Though I knew she was right, the knowledge did me no good. As a child, I could have burst into tears—and very near did. "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

Old Harry was speaking again. "I have no other questions. Fate, that great producer, has cast you for one of the parts in this highly intimate play, and I am far too wise to question her choice. Besides, I think it's a good one—to date you've done very well. So I'm going to treat you as an equal—the play's the thing."

"Caroline, as you know, has invoked my help to dispossess her uncle of the birthright which he stole from her father some twenty-one years ago. Her request is a natural one, for it is her bounden duty to do her best to bring this parrot down. But, while I am generally bound to respond to her call, I am bound to make a fool of myself. If she likes to wish for the moon and comes crying to me, I have every right in the world to send her empty away. Do you agree, or don't you? Not that I care a curse, but I may as well know."

"I agree with you, madam," said I. "The request must be reasonable."

"Very good. What is her request? Not to reach her the moon, but to help her uproot a tree which is more than twenty years old. 'All right,' say I. 'It certainly cumber the

earth and it ought to come down. Where are your tools?' She slapped the quilt with her palm. "Mr. Exon, she has no tools. And neither have I."

"You're a very strong man, Mr. Exon. I'd have liked very much to see you break into Brief. But could you with your bare hands uproot a tree which was more than twenty years old?"

"Madam," said I, "if Caroline Virgil asked me, I'd have a devil of a try."

Old Harry sighed. "I suppose you would," she said slowly. "But you know as well as I that you'd make a fool of yourself. And can you fairly require such devotion from me?"

At her words my heart leaped up, for they showed that she had accepted the fact that I was in love and did not propose to deny me such crumbs of comfort as I could pick out of that state.

"Madam," I said boldly, "The play's the thing."

"Perhaps it is. But I'm dashed if I'm going on in a knock-about turn. Whelp and Exon, Comics. I'm much obliged, but I'm past the tramp-cyclist stage."

I threw back my head and laughed till the tears came into my eyes.

"That's better," said the Duchess of Whelp. "But please observe that I have to debate my coinage to make you smile."

Please turn to Page 44

## The Dominating Duchess

very pleasant opinion, and I am usually right. But I must request your assurance upon one point. That is that you are aware that you cannot possibly marry the Countess of Brief."

The bedroom went black about me, and the blood surged into my face. And I felt as though something had taken me by the throat.

Somehow I answered thickly:

"I am well aware of that, madam."

"Good," said Old Harry, agreeably.

"I thought as much, but I simply had to be sure. And now come here and sit down, and I'll do the talking

that is a fact) but because I have met no one else for whose sake I felt disposed to open an ancient wound."

I believe that I thanked her there, but I cannot be sure. I was like a man sunk in deep water, whose senses are out of hand because his soul is possessed by a frantic instinct to rise.

I had harbored no hopes, of course. But, because I was only human, I had made me a dream to play with—a pretty dream. And now, as one takes from a child a toy that may do him harm, the Duchess of Whelp



much admired—some fifty years back. But I never belonged to the class of Helen of Troy."

I saw Caroline stoop, and made my way to the door.

We could not talk freely at table, for never less than three men were constantly in the room. The meal was royally served, and the dishes set before us were fit for a king. All the appointments were flawless, and, ruled by the major-domo, the footmen moved and waited as though their duty had been tirelessly rehearsed.

At these things I shall always wonder, for Caroline told me later that months had passed since the Duchess had left her room, while no guest had been entertained for nearly two years. Indeed, I can only submit that they showed forth Old Harry's dominion as nothing else could have done.

The palace was out of commission, its mistress was out of sight; and yet, at a nod from her, the machinery sprang to life, to move with all the precision of practised vigilance.

Coffee was served upon the terrace, above an Italian garden run to seed. And there we were left to ourselves—and the lizards that stared and darted over the mouldering stone.

"She deserves her fame," said Caroline. "I know no more than you what line she's going to take; but whatever she does I haven't wasted my time, because I have seen and talked with 'Harriet the Great.'"

(Here let me say that that surname does her justice as can no periods. A few men and women have borne it, since Time was young. If she had had as fair fields, I have no doubt that she would have borne it, too.)



# Complete Short Story

By...

I.A.R.  
WYLIE

## TAKING IT on the CHIN

Telling how a family faced with disaster rebuilt happiness from the ruins.



HEY came down the impressive steps together and Jim Peters closed the door and turned the key softly as though he were afraid of waking someone. For a moment the two men stood side by side looking up at the lightless office windows that stared back at them with the sad, empty eyes of a blind beggar. Gilt letters a foot high announced "The Lancaster Trust and Funding Co." But it was a long time since anyone had polished them, and they had a dim, ghostly look. It seemed possible that at any minute they would fade out altogether.

"Well, that will never happen again!" Peters said, sighing.

"Never is a funny word." "Funny" wasn't right. But if he had said "tragic" it would have been wrong, too. Unnecessary. Piling things on. After all, he wasn't like Peters. Peters wasn't so young any more. He'd never had much of a career ahead of him, anyhow. And now things would be difficult. But for Rob Norton it was just a matter of time—of looking his opportunities over.

THEY turned and walked down the street together. It was one of those sober, pleasant streets sentinelled by half-grown trees that had a look of nostalgia for sunshine and clean free winds. But it was spring. Even the city air had a scented, caressing reassurance and the trees were hopefully putting on a fragile green. People had always complained of old Lancaster's passion for his sedate, aloof offices. They said he was getting out of date. Now he and his offices were completely out of date. In fact they were dead and buried.

His nephew, young Rob Norton, took Peters' arm in friendly consolation.

"We knew it was going to happen," he said, "months ago." Which, in a way, was true. Both men knew that the firm was smashed. But after the first shock things had assumed a false air of continuity. There had been an enormous amount of winding-up to be done and in the end even the heads had come to believe that "something would be ar-

anged." Most of them had been in the firm for years. They could no more believe in its dissolution than in their own death. Things like that happened to other people. Not to them. This last day had fallen like a bombshell.

The two men came to a stop at their usual parting place at the junction of the street and the avenue. They stood under a lamp, looking at each other doubtfully. Peters had taken off his hat and Rob Norton saw that the crisp, thick hair had turned grey. He had never noticed it before.

"Well—we can sleep all we want to, to-morrow."

"Not me. I've got to hot-foot it after a new job."

"Heard of anything?"

"Oh, sure. Heard lots. No end of rumors."

He was sarcastic but not bitter.

### My Favorite Poem

We cannot all be kings or queens,  
And rule with might and power,  
Nor can we all be millionaires,  
And gold and silver shower.  
We cannot all look beautiful  
With a face that has no flaw,  
Nor do we all receive a gift  
From the Lord's abundant store.  
But we can gladly do our part  
In the world in which we live,  
And lift some shadow from  
some heart.  
By some comfort which we give.  
If it is but a kindly smile,  
Or a word to cheer the way,  
Or a little offering to beguile  
Someone's loneliness away.  
"MYEE."  
Sent in by H. B. Adelaide.

Norton didn't know what to say. The nephew of old Sam Lancaster, for all the final disaster, wouldn't have any difficulty. Everyone knew who he was. All the men of his family had been bankers. In a big way, too. No one could stop them. He wasn't in the least worried. He hadn't even told Kay. He hadn't wanted to bother her. And it had been quite easy. She was so absorbed in him and the kids and

the pretty apartment overlooking the river, which they had taken when it had been certain he would be branch manager before he was thirty. An unprecedented honor. Kay never read the papers. If anyone had said to her, "Lancasters have failed," she wouldn't have known what they meant or cared so long as he came home well and cheerful. But if he or the kids had a pain in their little finger she got quite desperate.

Well, he supposed he'd have to tell her now.

"Good luck, Rob. Come round to see us sometime."

"Sure."

BUT he knew he wouldn't. Now that the bond of common interests had broken, he and Peters would drift inevitably apart. For one thing, Jane Peters was a quiet, mouse-like woman who held down a job somewhere and came home to a three-roomed apartment and an Irish maid and dubious meals, much too tired and harassed for a party or a game of bridge. Rob didn't quite approve of Jane—mainly because Kay was so utterly different. Sweet, lovely Kay with her love of lovely things, of life itself.

His heart contracted—only for an instant. Lucky for him he hadn't the least cause to be worried. He was so completely sure.

Frankie, the elevator man, touched his cap to him. He was an old fellow, who had worked in the firm, too, and Rob had got him this new apartment-house job. So they were like friends.

"Sorry to hear the news, Mr. Norton."

Rob started slightly. "What news? Oh, that! That doesn't worry me. I've got my lines out. I guess I'll take the chance for a vacation."

"That's right, Mr. Norton. That's the way to take it. On the chin."

Rob nodded and laughed. But the old man's concern ruffled over his nerves like a cold wind. It wasn't till he turned the key of his door that he felt really right again. Every night when he came back he liked to stand there for a moment, looking at the pretty, cosy room, drinking in its peace and reassurance. Sometimes it was queerly easy to feel like a rather frightened little boy masquerading as a strong, self-reliant man, and liable to be found out at any moment. Then the room came to his support. All sorts of things reassured him—the portrait of Grandfather Lancaster over the mantelpiece (Grandfather Lancaster

had been one of the financial pioneers of the West, and lots of people saw a strong family resemblance), the smart sedan they had bought just before the first ugly rumors had begun to break, the sight of the long dining-room table, in its guests' bib and tucker, Kay smiling at him from the other end—Kay reassured him most of all. When she was round he knew he was grown-up. He knew he was a brilliant young man with a splendid future.

"Hullo, darling!"

"Hullo, sweet-heart!"

She came into his arms with the old undimmed joy in his return. No one could believe they'd been married eight years and were the gay father and mother of the rather serious-minded Joan and Peter. Kay was so pretty, and delicate and childlike herself. Her delicacy and utter dependence on him had always made him feel tremendously a man. It gave him more than confidence—a sort of vision. Really he had never impressed anyone as being especially brilliant until Kay had said she loved him. After that he could have tossed mountains over his shoulder.

BUT to-night she clung to him a little longer than usual. She took his face between her hands and looked at him intently, anxiously.

"Well, what's wrong? Do I have to shave again?"

"I was worried. Claire rang up. She wanted to know if it were really true about Lancasters. Rob, you never told me—"

"Why should I? There's nothing to worry about. Sure Lancasters have gone. That's not going to upset a bright young fellow like me. I'm glad to be quit of the dear old

He opened the taxi door. "Step right in, lady," he said.

moth-eaten bunch. Why, there are big bugs on Wall Street with their tongues hanging out, just panting for Robert J. Norton to come along and help them. Didn't you know?"

"Well—I rather guessed," she admitted demurely.

"Sure you did. What's a good wife for? And see here, belovedest, I'm going to take a week off before I decide on whom to shed the light of my countenance. What about a breath of sea air, shooting galleries, crazy auctions and a wild shore ride on a pair of Arab steeds?"

The shadow on her face lifted.

"And Joan and Peter?"

"What's old Martha for? Isn't she a better parent than both of us put together?"

"Can we afford it?"

"Idiot!"

He waltzed her round. It was gorgeous to be so young and so in love. He hadn't thought of Atlantic City till Frankie had shown signs of being sorry for him. But after all, it was a swell idea.

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Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER





# MOVIE

Complete  
Short Story

## Lover

By Margot Parker

*She was the leading lady in his picture, and she wanted to be the same in his heart*



**N**OT all the people crowded on the wharf were awaiting the arrival from Hollywood, of the great Leo Dexter. Half of them were, and for the other half, his handsome, smiling presence would lend an extra excitement, a n

added thrill to the homecoming of relatives and friends.

Judy Barry, standing a little apart from the executives of Southern Cross Films, was among the first half. Her interest in Leo Dexter—one of Hollywood's front-ranking favorites—was completely personal, for she was to play opposite him in his one and only Australian production.

In addition to this almost incredible distinction, she privately admitted to being a Dexter fan. It was the way he flashed that disturbing smile of his; the casually controlled vitality of his athlete's body; the way he held his heroine's heads with both hands before he kissed them.

Cuddling her chin on the violets at her throat, she embraced her excitement to her, as though it were something substantial. It was all utterly incredible. Incredible to be Judy Barry playing her first big part in films; incredible to have obtained this chance with Leo Dexter.

The Mariposa loomed up through the grey, tedious rain, fumbling her way along the streaming wharf. Judy could faintly hear her orchestra jocularly dispensing: "Isn't it a lovely day to be caught in the rain?"

"Well, this is it!" cried young Johnny Kelly, enthusiastic in the manner of all publicity managers. He grabbed her elbow and gazed upon the ship as though he had personally supervised its construction, launching and passenger list.

"There he is!" The Leo Dexter Fan Club shouted with one voice, rushing forward into the rain, fifty strong.

Judy scanned the rows of blurred faces lining the ship's decks.

Yes, there he was, waving composedly to the people below, smiling with that quality of unassuming charm that was so exclusively his.

She found herself being borne along with the crowd, herded by young Kelly with the executives and their wives who, too, no doubt, had always quietly approved of the way Leo Dexter took his heroines' heads between his hands before he kissed them.

"Now, don't forget," Johnny Kelly was saying as they approached the gangway. "As soon as I get the newsreel camera set, I want you to walk up to him and just kiss him. Kiss him—simply and unaffectedly."

Judy laughed a patient

refusal over her blue tweed shoulder. "The way I see it, it will be terrific," he continued rapidly. "Just the kiss of friendship, of welcome—a sentimental little gesture expressed by a woman in the gentle language she alone knows."

"I can't bear it!" Judy mocked.

They were going up the gangway now. The orchestra was playing "Song of the Islands," and rain spattered Judy's hair, her glowing face. How unaffected! She was going to present a nice red nose to Leo Dexter!

"But Miss Barry," Johnny Kelly grumbled, "that doesn't mean that you won't carry out my other plan, does it? You agreed, you know, to let me build up a fake romance between you and Dexter. That's the sort of publicity we want for 'Dark Island'—the romantic sort. You agreed to that, remember."

"I agreed to that," Judy replied, "because these days it seems that a romance between the two leading players, in any film, is almost as much part of the job as making the picture."



*The orchid made Leo think of lilac dipped in burgundy.*

Johnny Kelly sighed with relief.

The wedge of damp-shouldered, chattering people suddenly slackened as the leaders stamped on to the decks, scattering in a shrill pattern of embracing, laughing, kissing groups.

"But you won't kiss him—to-day?" Johnny Kelly pleaded, leading her towards the others who were waiting at the entrance to the main lounge.

"For the last time—I will not kiss Leo Dexter, simply or otherwise!" Judy said firmly.

But Leo Dexter kissed her.

He held her head between his two strong hands and he kissed her cheek—not altogether simply, but perhaps quite unaffectedly.

"Welcome," Judy said with a calm little smile. How handsome he was!

How capably strong! She recalled having read in Hollywood magazines of his polo ponies, his sports clubs, his solitary hunting trips in the Sierras. Acquiring just that particular glow of physical fitness had probably accounted for a lot of dollars.

"Rain becomes you, Miss Barry," he said, with that easy smile. And acquiring just that ease of manner with women had probably accounted for a great many Hollywood affairs, too, she thought swiftly. Why had he never married? There'd always been plenty of women. She'd seen candid-camera shots of him at those improbably spectacular Hollywood birthday parties, at The Coconut Grove, at polo matches, at premieres, with this star and that star on his arm.



Illustrated by  
WYNNE  
DAVIES

*After rehearsing the scene, she had lost her lines in the first take before the camera.*

"I'm going to enjoy working with you, I'm sure," he said, and then, because the Leo Dexter Fan Club was rushing on him with an assortment of autograph books, she withdrew her gloved hand from his, and turned away, submitting to the enthusiasms of Johnny Kelly.

"Oh! That Hollywood manner!" he raved. "How those newspaper women are going to fall for it at the cocktail-do this afternoon!"

If the newspaper women were interested in Leo Dexter, so were all the other women present at the late-afternoon reception. He flashed Judy a smile whenever their glances met across the crowded room, but their only opportunity to speak occurred when Johnny Kelly placed them arm in arm and instructed the Press photographers to help themselves.

"I wanted to take you to dinner to-night," he said, "but Pappa Southern Cross won't let me. He says I've got to be good and attend the studio conference."

"I'll be there," Judy said, and then reddened. She hadn't meant to say quite that. So much better to have said: "Me, too."

"That's fine," he was saying, when Johnny Kelly loomed up again.

The conference was an informal one. Production on "Dark Island" had commenced a month before. Most of the exterior shots had been taken, and all of the scenes that did not call for the presence of Leo Dexter were finished. The script had been reorganised, so that all the Dexter work could be done comfortably in the single month that he had contracted for, with a small margin of time allowed for possible retakes.

Please turn to Page 11



# The Fashion Parade by Petrov

## CAVES . . .

Dramatic in Conception  
Dignified in Line  
Zestful in Color

*FULL-LENGTH* capes are with us again for evening wear, sharing the limelight with the full-length coat of princess line.

History provides plentiful inspiration for these dignified garments. Strikingly dramatic is the colorful "Crusader" cape sketched here.

Tan and mustard-colored crepe make an excellent background for the deep blue crepe frock. The same three colors are cleverly draped through the shield-shaped buckle.



● ABOVE: Little Red Riding Hood grows up and affects stiff taffeta for her hooded cloak.

● LEFT: Sun-pleated chiffon in delicate lilac shade is worn over a straight frock of diagonally-striped satin.

● RIGHT: This shirred and demurely-collared cape repeats the deep green in the printed frock.



# FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

*There's Drama  
in Dressing Up!*



**TRAQUAIR**, who designed the three frocks photographed on this page, is making a name for himself in London by the dash of drama he infuses into his creations.

● **THE COCKTAIL GOWN** above has an unusual note in the high neck fastened to the throat with a row of self-covered buttons and a high waistline finished with white silk rope belt. Pale jade with deeper green design, in which there are touches of orange. East meets West.

● **TOP LEFT:** Dramatic black moire suit with huge corded cuffs and epaulets of ermine tails, matching the tuft on the small felt toque. Bands of cording round the bottom of the coat.

● **LEFT:** This debutante's dance frock is alluring because it is so simple. The material is white spotted muslin with a six-inch frill of plain organdie swathed round the bottom of the very full skirt.



# MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

## NOW STRIPES . . . Are Making Fashion History

Their widths vary from a pencil to an inch. They run horizontally or vertically.

● BLAZER-STRIPED linen in dark green, grey and white makes this sports jacket, for wear over active sports dresses of white or pearl-grey.



### Paris Snapshots

(By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE).

BEAD handbags are the latest craze, gay creations of brightly-colored wooden beads, patterned in designs such as children would make with colored paper. They are capacious, durable, and will match any ensemble.

RINGS again. At a smart bridge-party out Clichy way the other afternoon I noticed women wearing six or seven rings on each hand.

CURLS are out of place with smartly-tailored suits, yet they are elegant and beautiful for evening wear.

The solution is to have a bunch of curls that can be put on and taken off as required.

At Longchamps I could discern few curls on the course, yet, afterwards at dinner, I saw many racegoers with neat little curls from neck to crown.

● ROMAN-STRIPED LINEN in navy and white for a fresh individual sports frock. The front closing can be unbuttoned to make a low V neck, into which one could tuck a bright yellow scarf.

● A NUT-BROWN silk linen frock with a wide-hemmed flaring skirt has a gay gipsy-striped sash round the waist and a matching scarf collar buttoned up the back. The stripes are green, yellow, brown, and orange on a white ground.

● BLACK-AND-WHITE ribbed stripes on a maize-yellow crepe ground make a very wearable frock which features a clever bodice cut and treatment, draped and finished with two matching bows at the V neck and at the waist.



### STOCKINGS ARE NOW SO OBVIOUS

Into a world once more aware of shapely legs, Lustre comes at fashion's call. Stockings are again so obvious that textures must be perfect, shades must be correct, fittings must be exact. And it is Lustre which provides all these essentials most thoroughly. This, too, is important. In the quest for beauty, Lustre does not neglect the need for wear.

IVORY  
LINE X  
6"11  
SHEER

*Lustre* HOSIERY • LINGERIE

Hosiery Prices — [from 7/11 to 4/11]



# An Editorial

AUGUST 28, 1937

## PEACE IN WORLD OF TERROR!



**B**OMBS shower on Shanghai. Civilians — men, women, and children, Chinese and Europeans — perish in hundreds. To-morrow it may be in thousands.

Along the northward frontiers, Russians and Japanese watch each other, mass their armaments, clash here and there in "incidents" that may suddenly flame into battle.

So the sun rises in the East, red with blood.

In the West it must set redder yet, for bombs rain on Madrid, guns thunder at the gates of Santander.

Britain arms to the teeth, spending millions, training whole populations for defence against gas, against bombs, against fire hurled from the skies.

For Britain is part of Europe now—a mere short flight from the hangars of potential enemy bombers. And in the next war "everything will be front"—everything, everyone, will be legitimate targets for attack.

So Europe and Asia both tremble with the tread of increasing armies.

Here in Australia life goes on as usual, with never a menacing shadow in the skies.

It would be idle to pretend that our interests are not involved in those distant conflicts.

Yet the fact remains that we, with the U.S.A. and Canada—the great Pacific nations—are enjoying a blissful immunity from the anxieties that haunt the daily lives of people almost everywhere else in the cynically so-called "civilised world."

It is not our doing that we are thus blessed. Our love of peace and justice and order is no greater than that of England, Scandinavia, or other countries now faced with grave danger.

It is our fortunate destiny that we are remote. But it gives us the opportunity to build a great nation here in the South—one that shall stand for peace and civilisation whatever happens in the North.

—THE EDITOR.



# POINTS OF VIEW

## Wanted—Sunshine

**M. HENRI SEGHAERT**, Consul-General for Belgium in Australia, joins those who are urging a brighter night life and a gay day life for Australians.

Though he advocates, among other things, relaxation of the liquor laws, M. Seghaert is not one of those whose idea of brightness is lots and lots of liquor. But, coming from a country where light wines are drunk as beverages, he thinks this habit should be extended in this land of excellent vineyards.

And as a native of a land where sunshine is prized, he is naturally sorry we should waste our bounty of sunshine by shutting ourselves up indoors to eat and meet.

Boulevard cafes where friends can sit and chat and watch the passing show, roof-top cafes where one can survey the city amid the rustle of palms and the tinkle of silver and glass—these things are common-places in Europe, and unknown in Australia. No one seems to know why.

## Fame and a Name

**IT'S** too bad for Angelina Negri, private citizen, that, besides having the same surname as a film star, she looks remarkably like her.

In Berlin, someone suddenly conceived the idea that she was the famous Pola (more famous nowadays in Europe than elsewhere). The idea caught on, and now every day hundreds of people call, telephone, mob her car.

She is on the verge of a breakdown.

The penalties of fame are bad enough when you have the fame. To have the penalties and know the fame is another—poor Angelina!

## A Snub for the Snobs

**SENATOR GUTHRIE** returns from Europe seething with resentment against the Australian-born "snobs" who "live a lotis-ester's existence in Europe, owe everything they have to Australia, but try to hide their origin and go out of their way to belittle Australia and Australians."

The worthy Senator wants to put a good stiff supertax on these expatriates and use the money for milk for Australian schoolchildren.

But while we all deplore the type of snob and "knocker" whom the Senator describes, it seems hardly fair to talk of taxing people just because they happen to be of a temperament that prefers Europe to Australia.

After all, Australians living abroad aren't benefiting from any of our public works or services for which they already pay taxes.

## LYRIC OF LIFE

### YOUNG DREAMS

Across the sky the muted winds go past,  
Holding in formless hands such errant dreams  
As have escaped their bondage of the earth.  
And, newly free, fulfilled themselves at last,  
Such dreams as these by which our youth was told  
Cannot be tied or weighted down with years;  
Ambition, ageless love, warm nights in spring  
Are freed again now we are grown old.  
Back to their elements of air and sky,  
Joyous as birds uncaged, upward they fly.

—P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

## This New Education

**PROFESSOR JOHN ANDERSON**, Professor of Philosophy at Sydney University, attacks the whole basis of the New Education Fellowship's theories for reform of education. They won't achieve anything but isolated innovations, he says.

"We can only have progress in education when we have political controversy, not merely in the University, but in the schools," says free-thinking Professor Anderson.

Mrs. Beatrice Ensor, mother of the new movement for "educating children for life, is unlikely to be upset by the criticism.

After all, no less a free-thinker than Bernard Shaw once told her he would have nothing to do with any schools. "They are all prisons," he answered.

And what did Mrs. Ensor do but tell the great man not to talk nonsense. So look out for a retort, Professor Anderson!



**THE TOWN CRIER** was formerly a highly-honored and necessary official, but with the advent of newspapers and radio the business ceased. However, Provincetown (U.S.A.) still retains the office. The present official, Amos E. Kirk, salutes forth daily, calling out the news and interspersing it with advertisements to add to his income. He loudly rings his 3lb. bell to get attention, and wears the old-time garb and buckled slippers.

ing to do with any schools. "They are all prisons," he answered.

And what did Mrs. Ensor do but tell the great man not to talk nonsense. So look out for a retort, Professor Anderson!

## Machine Colonisation

**MANY** of Italy's young Fascist women are being trained for life in Abyssinia. Two years hence the most suitable will be picked out and sent to help settle Italy's new colony.

It is really wonderful to watch the machine of a Dictator-ruled nation at work. Things are not haphazard—they are planned. People do not do what they want, but what the dictator decides is best for the State.

The machine will turn the young signorinas into (theoretical) pioneer women. The machine will deposit them on the highlands of Ethiopia.

But even the machine can't be guaranteed to make them like it!

Somehow the old-fashioned notion of free, voluntary colonisation—such as Australia has known ever since the free settlers put their stout boots down on transportation—still seems the best way to build a vigorous, self-reliant nation.

# Putting a Whole State Into Quarantine

To entirely cut off almost a third of Australia's population from personal contact with New South Wales will be the result of proposals to quarantine Victoria during the present epidemic of infantile paralysis.

**P**UTTING a State into quarantine in this wholesale fashion is an immense task, with far-reaching effects on the domestic, social and commercial life of people in every State.

The Commonwealth Government has refused the request from N.S.W. to quarantine Victoria, but it is still within the power of N.S.W. to impose its own quarantine ban and patrol the southern border to prevent people coming in from Victoria.

It is a drastic but necessary health policy that has been used in Australia during various epidemics in the past.

When Victoria was quarantined during the pneumonic flu outbreak immediately after the Great War, the borders of the State were rigidly guarded by police and health authorities.

The free movement of people between Victoria and other States to all intents and purposes ceased.

## Special Border Camp

**VISITORS** who were in Victoria at the time found they could not return to their home States.

Some were detained in Victoria for two or three months, despite the urgency of business, health, and family matters that demanded their presence at home.

The border towns of Albury and Wodonga took on the appearance of military camps. In fact, a quarantine camp was actually established on the banks of the beautiful Murray River at this point.

The procedure was for passengers to catch a train from Melbourne to Wodonga, then walk or motor across to Albury.

The bridge over the Murray River resembled a scene at a European frontier. Every person was challenged by health authorities and police.

Passengers had to give names and addresses, have medical certificates checked, and were then individually escorted to the camp. The camp enclosure was strictly guarded so that it was impossible for anyone to get in or out without permission.

Hundreds of people were at the camp at one time, although new faces were constantly replacing old, as the earlier arrivals finished their quarantine period and were allowed to proceed on their journey.

Meals were provided at the camp, and everybody within it had to submit to a daily medical examination.

People in the camp had to pay for board and lodging, just as they would have to do at an hotel.

New South Wales people who happened to be in South Australia found themselves in an extraordinary predicament.

Train travel via Broken Hill to Sydney was not then possible and there were no pne services.

The only route available to them was via Melbourne, and while they could secure admittance to the infected State, they could not leave it on the Albury side without the inconvenience of the quarantine period.

Eventually a special sealed train was provided for these people, who were allowed aboard at Adelaide and driven right through Victoria and Albury without being allowed off.

In Sydney it was compulsory to wear gauze masks, and the crowds turned out with them in all shapes and sizes.

Incidentally, the masks created a deal of controversy.

A section of the medical profession was of the opinion that they did more harm than good; but the Government insisted that they be worn, and the people, alarmed by the death-roll and the high percentage of cases, went abroad with the uncomfortable and unsightly adornment with a good grace.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP





# HOW to DIET and BE MISERABLE



## And Why Not Let Us Have Painless Domestic Riots?

Diet, as recommended by the medical profession, I am strongly in favor of. It keeps you young. But who wants to be young, when you can be old and blase and reconciled and resigned and bored like me?

*Eat lemons! And oranges and other futile fruit. In no time you will see wrinkles where formerly there was a comfortable bulge. Live on dry biscuits.*

Eat vitamins and like 'em. Beware of apple dumplings. That way lie dental caries, diabetes and diphtheria. And whooping cough. (I just thought of whooping cough because I like the sound of it. It sounds like a complaint you could enjoy). "Whoop No More, My Lady" was a song which I always liked.

I KNOW a poor woman who can't eat mashed potatoes because they're fattening. The maddening part of it is that she knows people who rashly eat mashed potatoes

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

with impunity. And get away with it!

The cattiest thing you can say to people these days is, "You're getting fat." They reply in a dignified manner, "I'll have you know I lost two ounces in the past fortnight. I've been eating some special sort of cereal."

"You wouldn't like a grilled fillet steak with oysters and chipped potatoes?"

"That's an idea! Then I could have my cereal afterwards!"

### Tried Them All

"HAVE you tried vinegar? Makes you as sick as a dog. Wonderfully slimming. You practically fade away."

"My dear! And tomato juice!"

"I've tried tomato juice. You can't tell me anything about tomato juice. I've given it up. I was only saying to Mrs. Psmith the other day..."

"That woman!"

"Well, you must admit, my dear, that she does a lot for the Dogs' Home!"

"Yes. And what a throw-in for the dogs—poor things!"

"My husband, now, he eats everything in sight and drinks all day, and he's still slim. It beats me."

"I think it's the exercise they get; now my Albert..."

"I haven't finished telling you. Do you know what she had the nerve to say to me the other day? You'd never believe!"

"Not!"

"Yes. She said, now you'd hardly believe this—she said—I forget exactly what she said, but do you know, my face went red. I didn't know where to turn."

### Just Like Men

"OH! Here's my husband, and I haven't got anything ready!"

"Isn't there anything to eat in this place?"

"Isn't that just like men?"

"Dearie, mine's just the same. Don't take any notice of him."

"A man comes home from a hard day's work, and what does he find?"

"I've heard that before. Get into the bathroom and wash yourself. Your hands are filthy."

And, heaven help us, we go into the bathroom and wash ourselves.

Not that I mind, personally. I can take it. It's the repetition that annoys me.

Why don't you women learn something different? You should, because

L. W. LOWER does a little steady dieting.

we know all the answers, and you know them before we say them.

There ought to be some kind of form a husband could fill in and get signed by two equally unreliable witnesses and the wife could read it and sniff.

Painless domestic riots is the idea.

A really experienced husband would then arrive home and say, "Little girl, what now?" And she would tell him.

**FOUND GUILTY...**  
of a crime against personal daintiness! You've worn that girdle a whole week without Luxing it.

**Dainty Girls LUX Girdles often...**  
Little lady, you'd hate anyone to know just how long you've worn that girdle! Right next to your skin, too, where it's absorbing perspiration all the time. What a risk you're taking with your personal daintiness!

**LUX care keeps a Girdle young...**  
Lux the perspiration acids out of your girdle every few days and see how much longer it wears! Keeps its stretch, too, and stays smooth and sheath-like under your clinging frocks! Modern foundation garments are made Luxable and last all the better for it! Leading corset manufacturers recommend regular Lux care.

**HOW TO LUX YOUR GIRDLE...**  
Squeeze the girdle well through lukewarm Lux suds (never hot). Don't rub. For stubborn spots, gently work in a few Lux flakes. Rinse thoroughly. Roll in a Turkish towel and press out excess moisture, unroll immediately. Hang over a line with weight evenly distributed or dry flat away from heat. Never iron elastic.

**NEW LUX** makes safe washing safer still

- FINER AND MORE DELICATE....
- FLAKES TWICE AS THIN.....
- FOUR TIMES QUICKER DISSOLVING

For Undies, Stockings, Girdles, Woolens, Silks and Colours, Babies' Clothes, and Nappies and all dainty washing. For Washing-up... to keep your hands lovely.

A LEVER PRODUCT

## How can you keep SLIM and Fit

YOU can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life, if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans each night at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the digestion, purify the blood and daily remove all fat-forming residue; thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, remember to take your Bile Beans nightly, if you want to look and feel your best at all times.



"Bile Beans are the best for removing surplus fat and keeping the weight normal. I am exceptionally pleased with Bile Beans for taking them regularly has given me a new look in life, and I never felt better than I do to-day."—Mrs. W. P.

"I take Bile Beans nightly and find them splendid for keeping me healthy and full of vitality. I never feel tired or listless now. Bile Beans also keep the figure slim and to all who wish for a youthful appearance I say take Bile Beans."—Miss H. H.

# BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY AND SLIM



There's no better shirt in all the world than Pelaco



★  
George  
Brent  
*(Warner Bros. Star)*

## Shirt and Collar just right... THEY MUST BE IN HOLLYWOOD

In his dress, George Brent is acclaimed by many to be the very acme of good taste—a reputation which owes not a little to his careful selection of good shirts and collars. A good shirt plays such an important part in a man's appearance. You will notice this when you try on a Pelaco... how easy and comfortable you feel... how confident you are that you look fresh and immaculate.

See the wide range of Pelaco shirts at your local store—available in the latest colours, stripes and fabrics, and priced from 6/11 to 17/6. Specify "Pelaco" and accept nothing "just as good."

Pelaco shirts are now available with the smart Pelaco-weld Starchless Collars.

Don't ask for just "a shirt"—specify...



Illustrated is the  
Floss Shirt, with  
two collars. Price,  
8/11. Also avail-  
able with collar at-  
tached. ("Dobby")  
price 8/6.

# Pelaco

SHIRTS  
COLLARS  
AND PYJAMAS

## LIP CULTURE

Protect lips against exposure

Nourish their tissues

Import them with

Smart indelible colours

use



"The Lipstick that keeps lips young"

## DOMINO LIPSTICK

Roger & Gallet

Paris

# MOVIE LOVER

Continued from Page 8

THE smoky two-and-a-half hours finally concluded, and Judy, tired and limp, gave Leo a weary little "Good-night," and shared a taxi home to Macleay Street with her bearded film-father.

The following morning when she emerged from her dressing-room she found that Leo was already on the set, becoming acquainted with the cameramen, the electricians, the sound monitor, and one of the studio cuts. To Judy he looked more convincing against the background of island bungalow and palms than had anyone in the cast up to date.

"Hello!" he greeted, joining her. "Pappa Southern Cross says that if I behave to-day I can take you to dinner and somewhere to dance to-night."

"Are you going to behave?"  
"What do you think?"

The question belonged to that group which automatically answer themselves in the affirmative. Judy's slow smile embraced the bungalow-set and everyone on it, including the script-girl, who was approaching with one of her inevitable scribbling-pads.

"Hello, Peg," Judy said, taking her arm. "Have you met—?"

"Yes," the girl replied. "And he says that I'm the best-looking script-girl he's ever seen, which narrows comparison considerably." Turning to Judy, she said, studying her book. "White suit—okay. White shoes—okay. Blue-and-white scarf at neck—okay. But where's your newspaper? You should be still carrying it! Don't say you've lost it—copies of 'The Straits Times' are rare hereabouts—and you know how cranky Hawley is about details."

A boy was despatched to the prop-room for the newspaper. Joe Hawley, the director, descended from the cat-walk from where he had been studying the set, and work for the day was under way.

By lunch time everybody knew that it was one of those days. The presence of a star from Hollywood had inspired the best work from everyone in the studio.

On their way to the cafeteria for lunch, Hawley patted Judy's shoulder affectionately.

"Keep it up," he said, "and for heaven's sake don't go breaking any legs—we've only got him for a month. This looks like being quite a picture."

Judy took her milk and brown-bread sandwiches to Johnny Kelly's table. She could see Leo coping with an ostentatious young girl from a society paper.

"Tell me, Mr. Dexter," Judy heard her saying as she passed, "were you really in love with Dita Dawford—or was it just a stunt?"

JOHNNY KELLY was chasing a joint of ox-tail around his plate.

"I never know why I order it," he complained; "the best place to eat this sort of thing is down on the mat. Going out with Dexter to-night?"

"Yes—who told you?"

Johnny Kelly ignored her question, saying: "That's perfect! And you can't go back on your agreement. Within two days, if you two are seen together often enough, every paper in town will be talking about your romance."

Of course, Judy thought, oh, of course. She'd quite forgotten about the publicity angle of it. Just an old Hollywood custom to boost interest in a production. The two leads beaming at each other in public; Press photographs (Leo Dexter and Judy Barry had a lot to say to each other at the Rialto last night); para in the gossip columns and all the rest of it. A stunt almost as old as the star's stolen jewels.

Yes, she'd agreed to it; she had committed herself now, but—she suffered the sudden, wounding certainty that she had committed herself in another way, too. Not irrevocably, though, she told herself firmly. Retreat from her first thrill of interest in him, the first enchantment—only a day old, would be easy. From now on she must play her ally part, and he must play his.

For the rest of the day Judy dulled her senses to everything but playing the role of the island administrator's daughter.

"Two days' work in one!" Hawley gloated at six. "Let's call it a day. Nine to-morrow morning, please, everybody."

Judy hurried through the maze of

sets to her dressing-room. Just as she was leaving, Leo Dexter joined her, on his way to look at the day's rushes in the studio projection-room.

"Dinner to-night?" he asked.

"Of course," Judy replied, tugging on her gloves. That was the right answer, wasn't it?

"I'll call for you at eight, then," he said, swinging away through the echoing sets.

When he arrived Judy was at the telephone talking to a friend. The orchid he had sent her made Leo think of lilac dipped in burgundy.

Johnny Kelly would have been delighted with the wave of interest created by their arrival at the restaurant. Judy was still young enough to experience a little thrill of pride.

They dined leisurely, Leo entertaining her with Hollywood scandals and romances.

He said suddenly: "When you come to Hollywood, I'll introduce you to the best agent on the two coasts."

"I'm not thinking of Hollywood just now," she answered.

Last night, combing her hair before her mirror, she might have permitted her thoughts to dwell on scattered pictures of a Hollywood with him. But that was what came of being young and vulnerable and romantic, the result of almost falling in love at first sight.

BUT Leo must not suspect what trend her thoughts were taking. She played her part well that night. At dinner, and later at the Rialto, dancing, where people loitered past their table, shuffled near them on the floor and stared. She assumed the character of her ordered role with poise and grace.

"Ah! A camera approaching!" Leo said, "they bring out the Tarsan in me when I'm supposed to be relaxing."

They smiled dutifully into each other's eyes, and as the photographer departed Judy knew that the great Hollywood love game had definitely started. The photograph that would appear next would do the trick.

Going to the studio in the morning, she saw the photograph and read the caption: "Leo Dexter had Judy Barry all to himself last night at the Rialto"—and she wondered how people could be so easily fooled. For, of course, they would be. All the world loves a lover—all the world, Johnny Kelly confidently hoped, must love the two-fold lovers of "Dark Island." She pondered over the previous night, wondering if she had been right in detecting a certain laxness in Leo's attitude towards her when they were beyond the public eye in the taxi going home. Had he really been indifferent, or had she imagined it? Oh, darn Johnny Kelly and all publicity stunts!

"What's the matter with you to-day, Judy?" Hawley asked during the afternoon. What hair the director had was now stiffly on end. He looked as though he were about to cry.

"I'm sorry, Joe—" Judy answered dully.

After rehearsing one scene for an hour she had lost her lines during the first take.

"All right—let's have it again!" Hawley said abruptly.

Leo looked at her and laughed. "Don't worry," he said, "All the best people blow up sometimes."

Judy was glad when Hawley stopped work for the day, long after seven. She'd been tense and awkward and completely incapable of giving her best work. Thank goodness there had been no love scenes yet.

That night Leo Dexter was scheduled to open a new night club. Judy's spirits did not match the light-hearted green of the frock she wore, but no one, seeing the gaiety of her manner, hearing her frequent bright laughter, observing the glances and quiet conversations between them would have guessed it.

Later in the taxi Leo said, yawning: "We're doing our job quite well, I think."

"Most convincingly," Judy replied lightly. If she'd only been permitted to stop acting. Acting all day; acting all night.

Please turn to Page 16

## Do trembling hands betray



## Weak KIDNEYS?

Steady hands mean steady nerves—and steady nerves, so often caused by disorder in kidneys or liver, may brew endless unhappiness unless a stop is put to the poisons that disordered kidneys feed to the nerve fibres.

Continual poisoning, poisoning, poisoning—that leads not only to nerve disorders, but also to rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, gout, backache, biliousness, sleeplessness, etc.

Sixty years have proven beyond any possible doubt the wonderful power of Warner's Safe Cure in all such cases. Warner's Safe Cure has been acclaimed by three grateful generations. Use it to end all functional liver and kidney troubles.

## WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Original Form 5/-

Concentrated 2/9

To ensure free movement of the bowels daily, take Warner's Safe Pills, 1/- per packet

**KEEP YOUR SAUCEPANS AS BRIGHT AS NEW—with VIM**

**- it POLISHES AS IT CLEANS -**

**cannot scratch!**

**VIM**

A LAXER PRODUCT

## IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and colic and your food decays unhealthily in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/6, household size 2/6. Almost a substitute.

PABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes baby does not appear, so the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3c sent for postage to "A," Mrs. Clifford, 45 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.



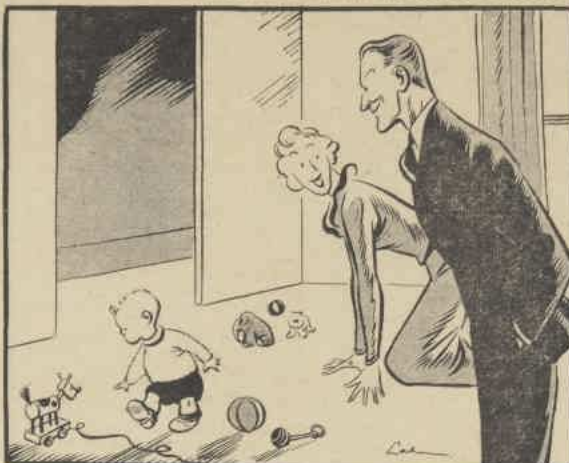
# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



**PATIENT:** I'm dreadfully nervous, nurse, I've never had an operation before.

**NURSE:** Don't worry! Neither has the doctor.



**WIFE:** Oh, Bill, baby can walk!

**HUSBAND:** That's fine! Now he can walk up and down at night by himself.



MOPSY, the Cheery Redhead.



**"I suppose you were nervous when you first asked your husband for money?"**  
**"No, I was calm and collected."**



**MAGISTRATE:** How do you know the accused was drunk?  
**CONSTABLE:** He shook the lamp-post and then crawled around to collect the apples.

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

**"HOW** did you get that red on your lip?"  
**"That's** my tag for parking too long in one place."

**BROWNE:** That suit you're wearing is certainly a credit to your tailor.  
**Smythe:** Debit, old son, debit!

**HUSBAND** (at telephone): You'll have to finish bawling me out later, dear. I have no more pennies.

**"YOU** say you once sang in the Opera House? What was the aria?"  
**"Eight thousand square feet."**

**"I SUPPOSE** you will soon be planting your season's vegetables?"  
**"Not** me. I can get all the vegetables I want simply by letting my neighbors brag about their success as vegetable growers."

**"I SAY,** Jack, what's a mixed metaphor?"  
**"That's** a new one on me, old boy. Let's go into the bar and ask the cocktail-mixer."

**IZZY:** Nefer mindt aboutt der hardt times. Remember efery glood haf a silver linin'.  
**Key:** Dot's all ver' well. But tink how silver haf debreciated.

**"WHY** the camera on the hood of your car?"  
**"Oh,** that's a movie machine. I travel too fast to look at the scenery."

**JOAN:** What's wrong with Eric lately? He seems to have lost all his bounce.  
**Jean:** Yes, I dropped him.



## SEVEN EXQUISITE SHADES in three flowers new face powder

Seven shades—radiantly flattering, completely different. A perfect colour range in flattering tones to bring out the true beauty of your skin. Powder that's silky-fine and clinging, a delight to dust over your cheeks. Lasting fragrance that makes even your hair seem exquisitely perfumed. In these fascinating shades—Peach, Rose, Naturelle, White, Rachel, Tan Rachel or Dark Rachel.

**THREE FLOWERS TALCUM**—A soft . . . finely textured powder . . . so cool and refreshing . . . in the same delicate scent as your face powder.

AND TO COMPLETE YOUR BEAUTY ENSEMBLE . . .  
Three Flowers Face Creams . . . Rouge . . . Lipstick . . . Hand Cream . . . Hair Preparations . . . Perfume.



## WOMAN ADDS 3½ INCHES TO HER HEIGHT!

Stupendous Success of Marvellous New System

### 3½ Inches GAIN IN DOUBLE-QUICK TIME

"Since starting your course I have gained 3½ inches in height, and I am very pleased with your system. I feel much fitter now than I did before starting your course."  
L. Bustard, W., N.Z.

**New System — Adds Inches Quickly**

You can now add several inches to your height! With this remarkable method it is now possible to increase your height, at the same time improve your health and appearance. Without the use of drugs, or unnatural methods, this system will add inches to you. You CAN be taller.

**How Is Your Appearance?**  
All the social and business advantages of a commanding figure can be yours. You can stand above your fellows and command the attention group! You can NOW get this extra height!

**500 TREATISES to be Distributed During Next 4 Weeks to "Women's Weekly" Readers FREE!**  
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By special arrangement, we are distributing FREE to all readers of "Women's Weekly" that enquire, some literature that will amaze. It will show you the short cut to a tall, commanding personality. Through reading this wonderful treatise hundreds have already increased in height, hundreds are doing so at this moment. For a short while you can get one of these treatises absolutely FREE—if you send us this coupon in the past NOW! **SYDNEY PHYSICAL INSTITUTE**, Dept. W8, Lombard Chambers, Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.

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Dear Sir,—Please send me your remarkable Free Treatise, "How To Increase My Height," under plain wrapper.  
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## BE GLORIFIED BY GOSSARD



## Figure beauty . . . assured with GOSS-AMOUR

GOSS-AMOUR will mould your figure to lovely graceful lines, yet you are no more conscious of this gossamer elastic net foundation than you are of your own skin! Goss-Amour, satin and lace all-in-one as illustrated. Also Goss-Amour panties and step-ins.

GOSSARD FOUNDATIONS  
ARE SOLD AT LEADING STORES.

## DANDRUFF

was ruining  
her hair—and  
happiness!



Barry's Tricophorous is blended hair life. It dissolves dandruff, puts vigorous new life into choked roots, stops falling hair, prevents greyness, and promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy, youthful hair. Makes your 'perm' last longer, look lovelier. Of all chemists and stores 2/- a bottle.

Make your hair beautifully  
clean, thick and lustrous with  
**BARRY'S**  
**Tri-coph-erous**  
For Luxuriant Hair Growth

# MOVIE LOVER

Continued from Page 14

LEO reached out his hand for hers, curled tightly on her knee.

If he patted it consolingly, she would scream.

But he didn't. He held it firmly. They drove on in silence, his hand still on hers. Then he leaned down and lightly kissed the corner of her mouth.

Judy drew away from him with a sharp gasp of anger.

"That's not included in the arrangement!" she flared. "Johnny Kelly didn't instruct you to make love to me in private, did he? There's not a camera for miles and no one watching us. You don't have to do that sort of thing!"

He didn't apologise. She reflected bitterly that Leo Dexter had never in his life considered an apology a necessary follow-up to a kiss. She laughed crossly to herself, trying to imagine him saying: "I'm sorry." No; that was altogether too much to ask of her fancy.

But suddenly, unpredictably, he was saying: "I'm sorry, Judy." And sounding as though he meant it.

A week of Leo's month went by. A week during which Hawley tore his hair, threatened and propitiated Judy; during which Johnny Kelly beamed happily behind his newspaper cuttings; during which Leo and Judy acted by day and played their command performance by night.

They danced romantically and smiled at each other at a huge motion-picture industry ball; they danced and smiled night after night, but Leo did not kiss her again, and going home in taxis his hand did not ever seek hers.

During the second week Hawley unexpectedly announced a three-day location trip to a lonely little South Coast beach. Judy anticipated those three days as a holiday, a respite. There would be no need to take their false romance down there for the benefit of a few fishermen and campers. She saw herself returning to the little hotel every night, most incredibly going to bed at nine, with tissue-cream on her face and a magazine full of recipes and dress designs and babies to send her to sleep. No acting for three nights—it would be perfect. It would give her time to seriously concentrate on driving those fledgling emotions out of her heart. They were so comfortably settled there, though. It was wrong to disturb them.

THE night before they were to leave after a day when her mistakes and stiffness had driven Hawley to fresh excesses of despair, the director said, as she was leaving the set for her dressing-room, "Judy, come here."

He linked his arm in hers.

"What's got into you?" he asked bluntly.

"Heaven knows!" Judy murmured wretchedly. "I think I need a spell. This trip will fix me. No dashing around at night putting on an act, I mean."

"So that's how it is? I think I understand now."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that I seem to have timed this trip rather well. Originally it was scheduled for next week. You know, sometimes I think that I'm more than one kind of director. Sometimes I think I'm almost clever."

"Why, it's spring!" Judy said the next morning when they beheld the dazzling white beach, the astonishing blue of sea and sky, the group of palms undisturbedly plumed in the still noon. "I'd forgotten all about the spring."

Before work started Leo went surfing. She watched him idly, a brown god, leaping and diving in the foaming breakers.

"I'll get over you," she mused aloud, as though he were measles or a new diet. "You'll go away and I'll settle down to being a girl with a career, trying to forget that I was once foolish enough to take a publicity romance seriously."

After dinner that night at the little hotel, Judy, in navy slacks and a yellow wool jumper and little sandals that went clinkety-click on the stony road, strolled down to the store to buy herself the promised magazine full of recipes and babies. She had whipped her hair back with a dark ribbon, and she could almost feel her face, innocent of messy foundation-cream and powder, breathing in the soothing spring night. She felt free and young and ambitious again.

"Hi!" It was Leo, striding down the little road after her.

"Oh, please go away!" she whispered, watching him.

"Hawley told me where you were," he said. "There's a concert to-night down at the hall—I just saw the poster."

"I'm going to bed," she said with finality. "And, anyway, there won't be any Press photographers there, no social writers. This is a holiday for me."

He walked along beside her, in silence. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye, his chin sunk in his muffler, his hands in his pockets, just a thoughtful young man idly kicking stones along the road.

"Ah, yes," he said after a while, as though he had been giving her last word serious thought. "I'd forgotten that dashed publicity arrangement."

"I hadn't," Judy answered.

A sudden twist in the straggling road brought them a flash of the little beach, sparkling in the moonlight behind the fringe of softly-clashing palms.

"Judy," Leo said quietly. "I can't promise you any pressmen and cameras down there, but do come with me and help me look. There may be one or two lurking behind those palms."

A LITTLE while ago I was free of you, Judy thought, facing him, and now here you are walking all over my heart as though it had "Welcome" on it.

"Very well," she said carelessly.

They went down the rocky track to the beach without speaking. Judy was trying to recapture that fleeting sense of freedom she had known earlier, but it evaded her and she felt lost and insecure again in his nearness.

"You've changed," he said after a while. "I thought you rather—liked me that first day."

"Everyone in this town who can read a newspaper is convinced I still do," she replied, and then, turning her face up to his, a faint, angry break in her voice, "after all, I'm only committed to liking you in public!"

Moonlight silvered them as they emerged from the jungle shadows of the palms.

"And—this is a holiday," she added, hurrying ahead of him. She heard his sandals squeaking in the sand as he followed her.

"But, Judy," he said urgently, taking her hand, "that's what I mean. This is a holiday. And I'm not acting. Please!"

He held her two hands, turning her towards him.

"Lord help me—," he said softly.

"And, darn it all, I love you."

They regarded each other for a moment of questioning silence. Judy felt the sweetness of the night in her blood, brushing her eyes, teasing her lips, promising her heart ineffable wonder.

"Don't!" she whispered. She wanted to say, "Don't make a fool of me. It would be such an easy thing to do. I'm such a willing fool."

"I had to tell you," he went on quickly. "I knew I had to tell you, no matter what you thought, or said. I haven't been playing a part all this time. I haven't been wearing my heart on my sleeve just for the glory of Johnny Kelly and the splendor that is Southern Cross. I've meant it all, Judy."

She said nothing, standing there, eyes closed to the query in his face, feeling his firm strong hands on her head, aware of nothing but his mouth on hers, pressing back forever the last of her bitter questions and all of her sad protests.

Johnny Kelly had driven down from Sydney in their absence. When they returned he was standing on the hotel verandah, pretending not to be waiting for them.

"What was the concert like?" he asked.

"Johnny," Leo said, "I'm afraid it's a case of telling the world. Judy and I are going to be married."

"Oh, my goodness!" shouted Johnny. "I'm made! I'm famous! Where's the nearest telephone? Where's my car? Where's Hawley?"

They found Hawley sitting up in bed surrounded by script pages.

Leo told him, his arm around Judy, her head on his shoulder.

"Heaven bless you," Hawley said. After they had gone, he added: "That's the best bit of directing I ever did in my life. I'm almost clever, I am."

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# Sydney Bride of Japanese ... at Home

These pictures were obtained from Tokio exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly. See story on page 3.



IN HER JAPANESE HOME. Betty Macdonald, of Sydney, who has just married in Tokio Nobushiro Katayama, a well-known Japanese pianist, is seen here in her Tokio home discussing domestic matters with her maid-servant.



THE YOUNG BRIDE AND GROOM in the living-room of their Tokio home. Katayama spends a great deal of time in practice at the piano.



AN OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE KATAYAMAS' HOME in the suburbs of Tokio. It is located on a hill overlooking the Tamagawa River, and is designed on modern Western lines.



FOR DANCE MUSIC the Katayamas rely on the gramophone, and a nice hardwood floor makes the home an attractive place for young couples joining them for a dance party.



## FEET THAT SOON ACHE & TIRE ARE IN NEED OF **Zam-Buk**

WHAT a wearying business this daily shopping can be—hurrying from place to place—standing about waiting to be served—walking hard pavements, and so on.

But you can have easy, comfortable feet and enjoy every moment of your shopping if you follow this nightly treatment. First bathe the feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

### Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed, chilblains are healed, and joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Buy a box of Zam-Buk to-day and get your feet ready for Spring. You'll get far more enjoyment out of your walking and other recreation.

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**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night**



"My corns were so painful it was a great trouble to get about. I used Zam-Buk nightly after first bathing the feet in warm water. This softened the corns, which were then easily removed."—Mrs. M. A. Anson.

"Having such a lot of trouble with my feet I had to stop in and rest them. Zam-Buk gave wonderful relief and made my feet better. Friends were astonished to see me about again."—Mrs. G. Hutchings.

## Books

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

### Florence Nightingale As She Really Was

#### The Woman Behind the Legend

Florence Nightingale, heroine of the Crimea, suffered from being born in the Victorian era. Before she died biographers had made of her a sentimental and romantic figure.

Longfellow wrote a poem about her. She was the "Lady of the Lamp," and a symbol of heroic womanhood.

HER latest biography, by Margaret Goldsmith, reveals her as a woman with a mission, a reformer, a humanitarian, and at times an extraordinarily difficult person.

A popular legend at 35, and almost canonised at her death, it is only now that we can get a true estimate of this remarkable personality.

It is through her faults and contradictions that we see what a really great woman she was.

This frank and honest biography gives us Nightingale the woman. Born of rich parents, she did all the things a well-brought-up young lady of the times was supposed to do.

She travelled abroad. She enter-

tained, she kept a diary and wrote long revealing letters to her friends.

She was different from the rest of her family in that she resisted vigorously the irksome restrictions placed on her sex. She wanted to go somewhere—be someone, do something worth while.

At one time she felt she had a religious vocation, but the dramatic events of the Crimean War found her determination fixed on being a nurse. It was another case of the occasion finding the woman.

She must have laughed at the public idea of herself—a lovely figure in white sweeping through the hospitals—a beautiful, ministering angel soothing anguished brows.

Florence Nightingale, however, was not an actress, she was an executive.

When men want to be particularly nice to a clever woman they say she has a man's brain. Victorian gentlemen, a little bewildered by the amazing resource and vitality of Florence Nightingale, said that of her.

But it takes more than that to explain her. She was a woman with a cause—and that cause suffering humanity.

She was not a nurse, but made herself one. Her sister, in the days before the Crimea, wrote to a friend:

"Florence is ambitious and would like to regenerate the world with some fine achievement. When she nursed me, everything which intellect and fine attention could do was done, but she was a shocking nurse."

Perhaps, too, she was not the first prophet without honor in her own family.

Florence sensed this, and fought the prejudices of her family in order to go nursing. On this matter she wrote to her mother: "I'm not going to stay darning about my mother's drawing-room all my life. I shall go out and look for work."

### Defied Tradition

FLORENCE defied her people and the tradition of the century that a gentlewoman should not work. She learnt nursing and studied a great deal. In between times she nursed the sick in the village near her home.

Early Australian history in the making had something to do with the crystallisation of her dream to do something great for humanity. While travelling in Europe she heard of the tragic tale of the female convict ship *Amphitrite*.

The *Amphitrite* was on its way to New South Wales with 103 women and 12 children on board when it ran ashore on the coast of France.

It would have been a comparatively simple thing to have got the convicts into the boats, but the captain held that they were prisoners and could not be released. They were all drowned. The fact that the captain also went down with his ship did not make the fate of these women any less ghastly.

This story helped to feed the fires of revolt against social injustice within her. It remained only for the crisis in the Crimea to discover for her the cause she was looking for.

The correspondent of the London "Times," William Howard Russell, gave a terrible picture of the privations of the soldiers.

"The commonest necessities of a hospital are wanting," Russell wrote. "There is not the least attention paid to decency and cleanliness, and the men die without the least effort to save them."

"There are no medicines available for fever and rheumatism and other ailments most prevalent in the army."

While war was raging in the Crimea Florence Nightingale was waging a battle at home to be allowed to take nurses to the front. She won, but only against bitter opposition. Curiously

### Books To Read

"LEGEND FOR SANDERSON." Vance Palmer. Fine tale of tropical Queensland.

"Retreat from Love," Mairie Greig. Romantic story with London setting.

"Swift Shadow," L. A. G. Strong. Tense and vivid story with Dartmoor as setting.

enough, the "Times," whose correspondent in Crimea had inspired her to carry on her great work, merely reported that Mrs. Nightingale and 38 nurses had left for the Crimea.

So little did the world then know of the woman who was to make history that even her correct title was not given.

She and her party landed at Scutari only ten days after the battle of Balaklava. Conditions in the Barrack Hospital were indescribable.

With the hospital terribly overcrowded and in an awful condition, new patients poured in. Bags full of straw were set up outside the nurses' quarters, and operations were performed wherever the soldiers were set down.

Screens were not available, and the men were forced to witness each other's agony. Men died like flies because there was no one to attend to them.

It was then that Florence Nightingale began the organisation which made her famous. She rode roughshod over the "Brass Hats" of the day, had her hospital organised and efficient. She worked night and day, and gradually evolved order out of chaos.

In the process she made many enemies, but the soldiers worshipped her and her hard-working nurses.

Later came her visit to Crimea and the great work she accomplished which made her a world figure.

Through it all Nightingale remained the complete nurse. Of the doctors she said:

"The young ones are cubs, but I suppose they will grow into efficient bears in time."

### Just, But Severe

SHE liked to think she was not a feminist, and in writing to a friend said, "I am brutally indifferent to the wrongs and rights of my sex. I should have been equally so to any controversy as to whether women ought or ought not to do what I have done for the army. Though any woman having the opportunity I had, and not doing it, ought to be burnt alive."

Yet when she talks of opportunity, and the work she found to her hand, she is the greatest feminist of them all.

Florence Nightingale was just but severe with her nurses.

She could not understand a truly feminine attitude in her nurses towards dress.

Florence, in one of her letters, makes fun of one woman's plait.

"I came out, Ma'am, to be prepared to submit to everything, to be put upon in every way. But there are some things one can't submit to. There is the caps, Ma'am, that suit one face and don't suit another, and had I known about the caps I would not have come out nursing to this place."

This form of feminine vanity was not understandable to Florence, since to rail against a uniform was a breach of discipline.

In her diary, written years after Crimea, Florence Nightingale said: "I have had a larger responsibility of human lives than any other man or woman has had before. And I attribute success to this."

"I never gave or took any excuse." She was the supreme hater of publicity.

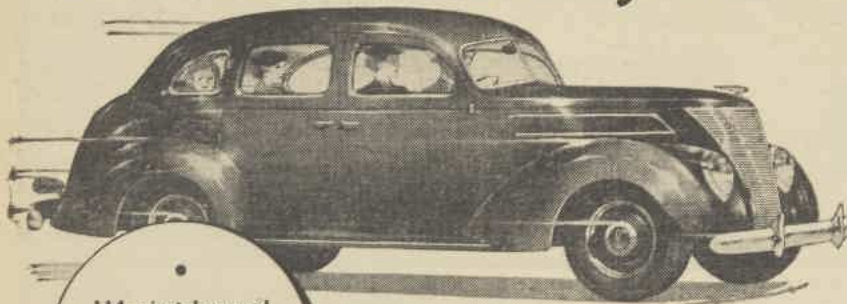
While the world resounded with her praises and money poured in for any health project she supported, while poets wrote verses in her honor, and steamers and hospitals were named after her, she lived in retirement, her work her only interest.

In dying, she prepared her own epitaph. There is nothing on her grave but her initials and some figures:

F.N. Born 1820. Died 1910. Just that, and nothing more.

"Florence Nightingale." Margaret Goldsmith. (Our copy from Hodder and Stoughton.)

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**LET'S HEAR FROM YOU**  
Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

## HOME-MAKING

WE all appreciate a real home, and know that the credit for its happy atmosphere must be attributed to the home-maker. Yet can we say which type or personality makes the ideal home-maker? What common characteristics are necessary for this all-important task?

One might expect to find in an ideal type—experience, carefulness, cleanliness, deftness, calmness, quickness, strength.

No one will doubt that some at least are necessary, but it would be interesting to note what qualities our readers consider have been omitted, and the order in which they would grade their selections.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. J. F. Stewart, Fernbank P.O., Gippsland, Vic.

## PRE-SCHOOL CHILD

LITTLE is being done in Australia for the pre-school child.

In America children are admitted to nursery schools as young as eighteen months. Psychologists have found that at this age a child's habits are already formed, and even at that early age it is very difficult to change bad habits.

In America, also, home nursing courses have been started where the adolescent is trained in the care of young children and the home. So far the scheme has proved a success, and we might well emulate our American cousins in this regard.

Miss Eva Grant, 64 Foley St., Kew E4, Vic.

## UNDUTIFUL PARENTS

THE undutiful attitude often shown by children towards their parents has more than once been discussed on this page, but how many parents are properly equipped to rear their children satisfactorily? Parents who have failed to establish their own lives on a satisfactory basis (as the divorce courts will show) are yet given the right to mould and direct young lives.

Also, too many instances exist of fond mothers indulging the slightest whim of their children. Do they realise the unhappiness that must result in adult life from such mistaken indulgence?

Then there are parents who cannot restrain their ill-temper—and thus awaken a spirit of either rebellion or fear in their children. Such youngsters must grow up ill-fitted to cope with the demands of a world that is rapidly becoming more complex.

Miss M. Berry, 17 Bond Street, Sydney.

## ARE WE WOWSERS?

ON the Continent and in England the cities are bright and gay with plenty of life, lights, and entertainment, which go on until well after midnight on every day of the week. Australian politicians who have just returned from abroad say we are fifteen years behind the times in this respect.

Certainly we have a beautiful country and an ideal climate, but what entertainment have we got for tourists who are used to gay Continental life?

Mrs. J. Logan, 141A Victoria St., Potts Point, N.S.W.

## PAY THE PRICE

"THE world is a store—and you can have anything you can reach on the shelves. But there isn't a thing in the shop that hasn't a price set on it, and whatever you take you have to pay the price."

Why do so many people blunder along through life, demanding without a thought of what must surely follow? How much heartache, distress, ill-health and unhappiness could be avoided if the above quotation were brought to mind more often.

Miss E. Terkelsen, Coolbarrina, Qld.

## Radio Station to Broadcast Only Music!

I WOULD like to support Mrs. Cusack's idea of having one national station to broadcast music only (7/8/37). I think 25 per cent. of listeners at any hour of the day would prefer music.

On Saturday afternoons and race days, if you are not a follower of sport you might as well turn your wireless off.

Broadcasting stations should cater for more than one section of their silent audience.

B. Greig, 43 Knox Street, Belmore, N.S.W.

## Likes Variety

I LIKE the present variety one gets from each station—medley of music, lectures, plays. A station broadcasting only music would tend to bore.

I find the best plan is to pick out the station you like best, and tune-in to that most of the time. This is the way to get the most enjoyment out of your radio set. You will hear many things of interest that you would never have thought of listening-in to, and your outlook will be broadened considerably.

Kay Fitzgerald, Hopkins Street, Moonah, Tas.

## Good Idea

YES, Mrs. Cusack, a station broadcasting only music is a great idea.

Unless everyone in the room is interested it is almost impossible to hear enough of a play to make it enjoyable.

But music is good entertainment at any time, and is most appreciated by the masses.

C. Marsden, 7 Royal Arcade, Melbourne C1.

## Would Please Listeners

I WAS very much impressed with Mrs. Cusack's letter.

I, too, think that it would be pleasing a large majority of listeners if one station were to broadcast an entirely musical programme.

After all, these numerous "talks" one hears over the air do not appeal to all.

There are quite a number of "good" songs that are very popular to-day, even with the jazz-lovers, and I am sure that a programme of classical and jazz numbers would be appreciated by most listeners.

Miss T. Miller, 3 Dunlaw Street, Invermay, Launceston, Tas.

## Present Way Best

I DON'T think that an all-music station would be an improvement on the present arrangement.

You can't cater for everybody's tastes at the same time. Even if you alternated between jazz, popular song music, and classics you would still



A MATTER of turning dials.

have a good deal of dissatisfaction from listeners.

After all, by turning dials occasionally, you can usually have a complete programme of music all day if you want it.

Mrs. O'Halloran, Hensman Street, South Perth.

## Great Variety

IT is the variety of opinion which prevents radio stations from pleasing each and every listener.

The writer admits "there is a great variety," even in her suggested all-music radio stations. Listeners can at present satisfy their individual tastes through the multitude of stations which give sessions of every conceivable form of entertainment.

Dr. R. T. Thomas, 28 Lyons Road, Drumryne, N.S.W.

## What is Your Chief Aim in Life?

MY aim in life is the same as yours, Miss Cowderay, 7/8/37. I want to travel Australia by car, and then take a plane to England, and from there see the world.

After I have finished travelling, I want to settle down in a little cottage in the country.

I have no wish for riches, and realise that I could never win fame.

H. M. McCann, Jambin, Callide Valley, Qld.

## To Reside in Town

BEING on a farm all my life, my aim is to retire, and have an attractive little suburban home in a city.

To have a few friends call, hop into town, do some shopping, have afternoon tea just when it suited me and, best of all, be in the busy city atmosphere. That is my aim.

Mrs. P. Bone, Kiata, via Nhili, Vic.

## Lives for Children

MY object in life is to see my children make something of their lives. Not only must they be prosperous, but they must excel in goodness and personality. Happiness in my home, no money worries, with my family round me, and therein I could rest well content.

What more could a woman wish for?

Mrs. M. Lister, Binalong St., Young, N.S.W.

## Writer Aspirant

MY aim is to be a writer. Not because I want fame and riches, but because of the pleasure writing affords me.

I have always thought it a wise plan to aim high, but not too high, so as to miss the target. All I ask of life is sufficient moss to line a

## Efficiency—Or Fussiness?

HOW many women are there who make their own and their families' lives dull and unhappy by mistaking what is really fussy incompetence for efficiency? They run their homes like institutions—by rigid routine. It is nothing short of calamitous should anything occur to upset their schedule.

Mrs. Brian, George's River Rd., Janabli, N.S.W.

comfortable nest, in which to rest when my life is nearly over, and my aim accomplished.

Adelaide Rispin, Lansdowne, Mt. Laram, N.C.L. Qld.

## Travel Creates Unrest

LIKE Miss Cowderay, most people have an earnest desire to see other parts of the world, but to come back after touring foreign countries only to settle down in a small cottage in the country would indeed be very dull. I am afraid the average person would soon become very discontented living in such surroundings.

A. L. Holloway, 16 Walkerville Terrace, Gilberton, S.A.

## Keep Young

MY object in life is to keep young in heart and mind so that I may take a sympathetic interest and part in the work and pastimes of my children.

I would love to travel in strange interesting places when my family no longer need my care—but that is more a dream than a life's object.

Mrs. S. Morrison, Pte. Bag, Nhili, Vic.

## Little Purpose in Life

ONE has little purpose in life, I think. One just grows up, drops into the best position available at the time, and then endeavors to get the most happiness and advancement out of the situation. That is probably the chief, if not the only, object most people have.

Mrs. J. Carroll, Collins St., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

## Should Youth Have Control of Earnings?

HURRAH for Mrs. Johnston (Australian Women's Weekly, 7/8/37). Managing his own small weekly budget, and making it go as far as he possibly can, will help tremendously in developing a boy's (or girl's) sense of responsibility.

Those parents who demand the pay envelope intact, and then hand out a little pocket-money, with numerous strict injunctions as to its disposal, do not realise the harm they are doing.

Miss P. Morris, Swan Rd., Taringa SW1, Qld.

## Best Plan to Follow

I THINK that parents should deduct a fair percentage from their children's salaries for board and lodging, and let them manage their ex-



LEARNING to adjust herself.

penses with the rest of the money. If they know they have only a certain sum, they simply can't spend any more, and learn to adjust themselves.

Mamie Cox, Clyde St., Launceston, Tas.

## Parents Know Best

I DO not agree with Mrs. L. Johnston, who thinks it best to allow the younger generation to control their own earnings on starting out in positions.

Being of a large family myself I can honestly say that we all know the value of money and did not have control of our earnings until we reached the age of twenty-one. We were each allowed so much pocket-money and we knew that was all we had and used to economise in every possible way.

Mrs. Betty Hopkins, 21 Rialto St., Brisbane.

## END YOUR DIGESTIVE DISORDERS

The little discomfort or flatulence after meals, neglected, often causes that dangerous heart palpitation, those burning, griping pains, that sour, acid stomach that makes you pain-wrecked, nerve-shattered and worn out. That "slight trouble" may lead to constant bowel trouble, gastritis, chronic dyspepsia or more serious ulceration of the stomach lining.

These early symptoms warn you to deal with your digestive trouble at once.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has brought an entirely new principle to the treatment of digestive troubles. All that up-to-date science and research have taught are combined in this therapeutically correct powder. The wonderfully successful colloidal-kaolin principle ensures that the system is cleansed completely of harmful bacteria, whilst at the same time the digestive tract is soothed and strengthened.

De Witt's Antacid Powder acts quickly. It is the instant, gentle, sure and certain action of this remedy that has made it so immediately popular.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

**De WITT'S**  
**Antacid Powder**



# TAKING IT on the CHIN

Continued from Page 7

SHE loved having him at home. It was such fun to be able to fuss over breakfast, getting him the things he liked best, and watch him eat them without a weather-eye on the clock.

At eleven o'clock, Rob, more spruced up than usual, went off to keep an eye on the various "lines" that he had out. Sometimes he called them "lines" and sometimes they were iron in the fire.

In the evening they took the car and the kids and went for a breather through the park and round by the river. Or they went off by themselves and ended up with a bite of supper and a dance at some not-too-dressy restaurant. Or they had friends for a game of bridge. It was the nicest spring they could remember—nicer even than the first, because now they understood each other so well. There were no rough corners to be smoothed over. They were so carefree. Kay went about the

apartment thinking out new things to do with it to make it prettier.

"You know, Rob, I've been thinking over those curtains in the living-room. They're not right. They ought to have been green. I wish you'd come with me and choose the material."

He didn't answer at once. The silence was so strange, so prolonged, that she turned to see if he were still there.

"Rob, what's wrong, dear?"

He smiled at once.

"Nothing. Only I guess we'd better leave the new curtains till the autumn." He made his voice sound very firm and resonant. "It's stupid to fuss with them now."

"Yes, of course." But he could feel her watching him. He mustn't let

her see. She was such a kid—such a helpless, dependent kid, so trustful, so sure that he could fetch her the moon from heaven if she wanted it. He couldn't fall her over a pair of curtains. "After all, in a month's time we'll be going down into the country," she agreed. "Of course, it would be stupid."

They always went away somewhere near enough for Rob to commute.

Rob swayed negligently on his heels.

"Kay darling—I'm awfully sorry—I've been meaning to talk it over with you. The fact is, I guess we've got to cut out going away this summer. The way things are—well, we've got to pull in our horns a bit."

She kept very steady.

"You mean—we can't afford—we haven't got enough—"

He suffered a twinge of unfamiliar exasperation.

"Well—what did you expect? You might realise that money has been pouring out and nothing has been coming in."

Never had he spoken to her like that before. He saw the blood ebb from her delicate, oval face. It was ghastly. But he had been wrestling with his nerves for weeks. He never had a moment's let-up, never a moment when he could let the secret anxiety in him come to the surface.

"Kay—I'm sorry—I guess I've got a bit of a sore head."

She came straight at him. She didn't come into his arms, clinging to him. She took him in hers. She held him close, soothing him and comforting as though he had been young Peter who had fallen down and hurt himself.

"Rob—why didn't you tell me you were worried? Why didn't you treat me like a reasonable grown-up being? If things go wrong I've got to help, you poor, stupid darling."

For a moment he let himself go. It was sweet to rest against her shoulder. . . . He was so frightfully tired. Then he released himself gently but decidedly. He couldn't let her see how tired he was—or how frightened. She believed in him. Once that belief was shaken he'd be lost.

"Idiot! It's all right. Of course it's all right. It's just that we've got to ride easy for a bit. I could pick up a job any time. Why, only to-day Frazer offered me one. I could walk into it to-morrow."

"Oh, Rob—how splendid!"

"But I'm not going to. An accountant in a dry goods store! What do you think? Why, even Frazer saw it wouldn't do. Sort of apologetic for mentioning it." He threw back his shoulders. He looked at the portrait of Grandfather Lancaster for reassurance. "All the family has been in the banking business."

She kissed him thoughtfully. It was queer that just at the moment when she had seen the first lines in his face, he should seem so young, so like Peter when he was scared and boasting a little.

It was a blistering hot summer. You could tear through the park at top speed and you couldn't catch a breath of fresh air. Joan and Peter were ailing and irritable and difficult to keep in any sort of order. And then one night even the drive had to be cut out. A fellow at the club had been on the look-out for a good second-hand car. The old bus had never been really satisfactory. It seemed a swell opportunity to unload it on someone else . . .

That evening Rob was very gay, played games with the children, tossed Peter about like a puppy. And Peter, who was suffering from prickly heat, howled and hit his father in the face.

And suddenly Rob lost his temper and there would have been an ugly, stupid scene if Kay hadn't firmly intervened. She had carried the furious child to the nursery and to Martha, who was cross, too. When she came back Rob had gone out. He didn't come back till midnight. She pretended to be asleep. It seemed easier that way.

They didn't refer to the incident. They didn't even show that they were sorry. Rob went off earlier than usual as though he had an important engagement. Actually, there was no one and nothing. He just bumbled round the park till it was time to go to the club. By good luck Frazer was there. He tossed Frazer for lunch and lost.

Which was what he wanted. He hadn't quite forgiven Frazer. He had a feeling that Frazer still had that job up his sleeve and was just waiting till Rob was loked to his knees. Rob talked and laughed and drank more than was usual. That was why he forgot his appointment with Mr. Phillips, the apartment-house superintendent. When Rob Norton didn't come to his office, the man went up to his apartment to look for him. He guessed there'd been some mistake.

"It's about the rent, Mrs. Norton. You see, it's been running for three months and it's more than the owners can stand."

"Of course. That's natural. Mr. Norton asked me to talk it over with you. He had an engagement—"

The superintendent felt rotten

about it all. She was so charming and so gallant. He talked things over at great length. She was so reasonable, too. She saw how difficult things were for everyone.

"If you could help us over this bad place, it will pay you in the end. You know we're honest—"

"Why, sure," he said.

Kay didn't mention his visit. Not at first. She listened to Rob's talk about Frazer and the lunch they had tossed for. Frazer was a regular true-to-type Scotsman. He had positively thawed. And he didn't tense easily—not even with the temperature at a hundred in the shade. Rob laughed loudly at his own joke, which wasn't so terribly amusing.

"I suppose he didn't say anything more about that job?" Kay asked.

"You bet he didn't. I snubbed him good and hard that first time."

She looked at him steadily. She loved him. Of course she loved him. It was just the heat.

"It would pay the rent," she said. The blood rose darkly to the roots of his fair hair.

"Has Phillips been up here?"

"We had a long talk. He's promised to talk to the owners—to persuade them to give us a big reduction till we are on our feet again—"

"You had no right to do that. Don't you see what you did? You made them think that I couldn't pay—"

"But you can't," she said.

Their eyes met in a brief, terrifying hostility. So that was it. She thought he was no good. She thought he was licked. If ever she thought that for certain, then he would be licked.

Please turn to Page 22

## I will say! THIS BIOCEL CREAM IS MARVELLOUS!

It  
nourishes  
the skin



My doctor told me that Biocel in this particular cream is obtained from carefully selected young animals. It goes down deep into the skin and supplies it with the very nourishment it needs to make it firm, fresh and young. It was discovered by a great Vienna University Professor. It is now combined with Crème Tokalon Biocel in just the right proportions to nourish the skin tissues. Use this crème at night and use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing), in the morning. In three days it will put you on the road to get rid of your complexion blemishes and flabby sagging facial muscles. In tests made at the University of Vienna Hospital by Prof. Dr. Stejskal on women from 55 to 72 years of age, lines disappeared in six weeks' time. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

## Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendocin, the prescription of an American physician, starts killing Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, refreshes the blood, and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendocin is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendocin from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.\*\*\* 2250

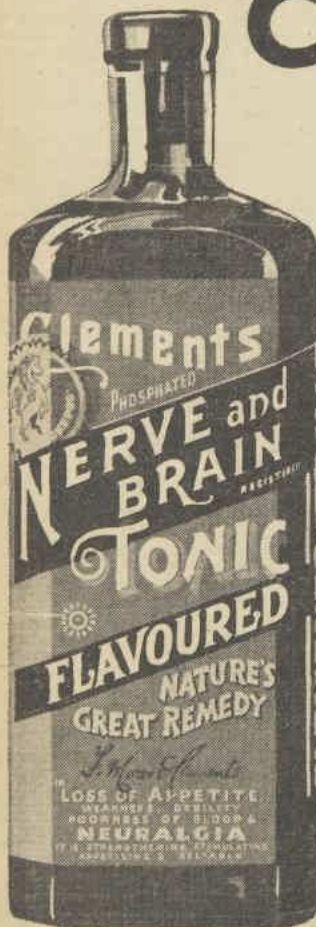
## HUNGRY, YET CAN'T EAT

Afraid to eat good food, the sufferer from Dyspepsia and Chronic Acid Indigestion makes life a burden to himself and his next companion. The remedy is simple. A small dose of TWIN SODA gives almost instant relief. Buy a 1/6 packet from your local chemist to-day, and look forward to eating what you like.

# PEOPLE SAID..

*Please give us*

## CLEMENTS TONIC



## FLAVOURED

*and here it is!*

Some people—children and adults with sensitive palates—found Clements Tonic not quite to their liking. So they asked for a FLAVOUR to be added.

Now you can buy your Clements with flavour or without. The price is the same. All the goodness . . . all the blood-building, nerve-strengthening properties . . . of the original Clements Tonic are present in FLAVOURED Clements Tonic.

See what you think of this new pleasant-tasting idea. Perhaps you will decide that you prefer the tangy flavour of the original Clements Tonic, but if its taste was not quite to your liking, you will be amazed and delighted with FLAVOURED Clements Tonic. Take your choice, but remember—Plain or Flavoured—there is no substitute for Clements Tonic. Other tonics may taste nice, too, but it's Clements' wonderful ingredients that matter.

### MONEY BACK!

If you don't benefit from taking the first bottle of Clements Tonic Flavoured within 14 days of purchase, or if you don't like it—return the nearly empty bottle to Clements Tonic Pty. Ltd., 35 Bilek Street, Sydney, and your purchase money, plus postage, will be immediately refunded to you.

Clements Tonic Flavoured has an ORANGE, green and blue colour and label. The familiar RED, green and blue colour scheme for original plain Clements Tonic has not been changed.

Prices in Capital Cities: 3/- and 5/- a bottle (Flavoured or Plain) at all Chemists and Stores.



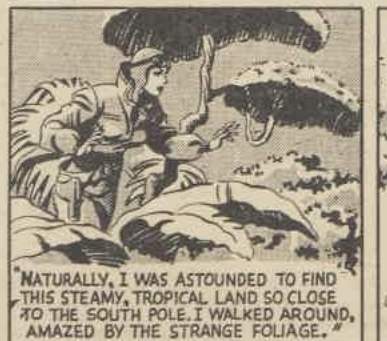
# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, fly to the South Pole in search of **MOLLY BRUNSWICK:** Missing airwoman who has made a solo flight to the Pole. In the midst of the ice and snow they come upon a wall of steam, and, walking through, find themselves in a prehistoric world peopled by primitive animal life. Mandrake quickly realises this is a world of a million years

ago. Finding the wreckage of Molly's plane, they then overpower a neanderthal man, who speaks in an uncouth tongue, and he takes them to a fire with animal bones and shreds of Molly's flying uniform beside it. Their unwilling guide leads them through the forest, where they suddenly come upon cliffs and caves, a primitive village, and see Molly in headlong flight, pursued by a neanderthal man. NOW READ ON.



TO BE CONTINUED



*'Roses make the world so sweet'  
greet your friends with..*

## A TEA CLOTH WREATHED IN ROSES



Delightfully simple, distinctive, yet not elaborate—such is "Roses in Cross-Stitch," the latest pattern specially designed for working in Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton. And when you see it in color you'll want it to twinkle at you from cushion covers, bedspreads and curtains, besides tea cloths.

Ask at your needlework store for the color instruction leaflet, "Roses in Cross-Stitch," price 3d. complete with transfer, or use coupon.

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Other attractive leaflets at your store include designs for pillow cases, tea cozies, table runners and dressing table sets.



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I enclose 3d. in stamps for one copy of "Roses in Cross-Stitch" leaflet, No. 14a.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

ASCT:W

# TAKING IT on the CHIN

Continued from Page 20

"SEE here, Kay, you've got your end of things to look after. I've got mine. Please leave me to it. I don't question what you do. Suppose I was to come home and fuss round and ask where Mary had gone to—why you're cooking dinner two nights running—" "You can ask if you like," she said. "As a matter of fact, Mary has gone—" "Gone where?" "I don't know. For good." "Why?" "I suppose she got tired of working for nothing." "He was silent. Then he stood up abruptly. "That's crazy. Couldn't she have waited? Of course money is a bit tight. I guess I forgot. I'll let you have all you need to-morrow. I'll pay Phillips. I'll get Mary back—or anyone." "We can't have your pretty hands all spoiled." He came over and kissed her gaily. "Poor little Kay! She'd be scared stiff if she knew the truth. So he mustn't let her know."

Something had happened. Martha met him in the hallway. "Mrs. Norton has been out all day, sir. She telephoned me to get supper."

A very bad supper. Martha might be a first-rate foster-parent. She was a no-class cook. It was hard luck on a man. He'd been tramping the streets since morning. At the last moment he had plucked up his courage enough to saunter into the jeweller's. The jeweller had been bored and faintly insolent—or so Rob thought. Gold was worth so much and there was so much gold in the family junk that Rob poured out on the counter. There was nothing to bargain about. Anyhow it was enough to pay the rent. By September important people would be back in town. Something would turn up—the right thing for which he was holding out with such stubborn patience.

Kay didn't come. He wondered if there were something the matter with his heart. It seemed to be beating all over his body. Suppose something had happened.

When the key turned in the lock he had hard work not to jump up—not to run to her and seize her in his arms and hold her fast, reassuring himself, pouring out his des-

perate need of her. Instead, he said sulkily, "Well, where in Pete's name have you been?"

"At the Albrecht Restaurant," she said.

"All day?" he asked.

"All day."

He laughed—not pleasantly.

"Quite a party!"

"Quite," she agreed. She threw her hat down on the chair, rumpling her hair with a tired, indifferent gesture. It was as though she didn't care any more what she looked like. He watched her suspiciously. It wasn't just that she was tired. She was different—far-off and unfamiliar. She wasn't the Kay he had fallen in love with and who had fallen in love with him. Something had happened.

"I've got a job," she said.

"What?"

"A job. At the restaurant. I'm hostess. It's not bad. I'll pay the rent. And if I can bring business and raise the profits I'll get a percentage."

"You can't do that—you haven't the right—"

She faced him with a white, frozen face.

"I haven't the right?"

He began to stammer.

"I didn't mean it like that. I meant you don't know what you're doing. All our friends go to the Albrecht."

### Why?

SUDDENLY, after years of waiting,  
Waiting for you to come,  
The joy that was quick, and live,  
and free  
Grew heavy, and cold, and numb,  
Why did you think she would wait forever  
The sound of your promised call?  
She is poet, dreamer, and patient heart,  
But woman before them all.  
—Yvonne Webb.

"Of course they do. That's why I got the job."

"For heaven's sake—but don't you see—"

"I see that someone's got to pay the rent."

"That's my business. I have paid it. And it will be paid. Kay—darling—don't be a little idiot."

He had often called her a little idiot. It had been a sort of joke between them. Now it didn't sound like a joke. He was bitter against her. She had exposed him to contempt and pity. She had knocked the last firm ground from under his feet.

Afterwards she went out into the kitchen and helped Martha wash up. The children were already in bed. So they forwent the usual good-night ceremony. When she came back into the sitting-room she found that he had gone out.

The restaurant clients could never have guessed what she was really like. They could never have guessed the hardness and bitterness that hid behind that graciousness. They imagined that they mattered to her—that she really cared about their fancies and their diets. The management began to recognise familiar faces.

They had been in doubts about engaging anyone so inexperienced. But she put her heart into her work. She didn't care what she did to please people. At the end of August she had her first rise. It wasn't much. But it made it possible for her to pay the reduced rent and the reduced bills. So she didn't have to ask Rob for weekly money. That almost made up for everything—for an aching back and sore feet and a hard, angry heart.

It was tragic what adversity did to people. Rob had been like a god to her. She had adored him with the simple faith of a first love.

The bottom had fallen out of an illusion. He was weak and cowardly and selfish. He didn't care for anyone but himself. He could have taken the Frazer job. It would have meant at least that the children could have gone to the country. But he had preferred to idle about town, hang round the club and stand meals and drinks to acquaintances who probably laughed at him behind his back. She didn't believe in his appointments. She didn't

believe in anything any more. At night when she came home she knew that she would find him lounging in his chair with a book or the evening paper. They barely greeted each other.

It was towards the end of the summer that he broke the silence between them. Broke everything. He wasn't at home when she got back. It was the anniversary of their wedding and she had suffered a sudden up-surge of tenderness and remembrance.

On the way back she bought things for his favorite supper. He wasn't home when she got back, so she had time to add all the daintiness and care that had been lacking in their dreary meals together. Her heart had been opened, and little trivial things—his pipe on the mantelpiece—came in and took possession. It was not till midnight that she realised definitely that without a word he had stayed away—had utterly forgotten.

Please turn to Page 36

## Fine, Soft... Clinging!



This powder flatters  
your skin under  
evening lights

So soft and fine, it spreads invisible on your skin—yet flatters it into enchanting beauty.

Pond's Powder is carefully blended to give your skin a soft, lovely look in the brightest light. It never shows up harsh and "powdery".

A special ingredient makes it cling smooth, fresh looking for hours.

A shade to flatter every type of skin. See which is yours!

### POND'S Face Powder

**FREE OFFER:** Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's new Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing.  
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G.P.O., Melbourne.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## HER HANDS WERE ALL OUT OF SHAPE

### In Grip of Rheumatism for 15 Years

No matter how long you have suffered with rheumatism, there is always hope for you if you persevere with Kruschen, as the following letter proves:—

"For about 2 years I hardly went out. It was such a painful effort to walk owing to rheumatism. My hands and feet were the worst affected. I was unable to walk without a stick. I tried everything I saw advertised, but I got no better. I said I would not bother again, but I read so much about Kruschen, I decided to try it. I was three months before I felt any better, but I kept on and since then I have been fine and never used the stick. My hands were all out of shape, but they are almost normal now. Of course I could not expect to get better all at once, as I had suffered for 15 years before I started on Kruschen."—(Miss) A.L.

Rheumatism cannot resist the action of Kruschen Salts, which dissolve the painful crystals of uric acid—the cause of those aches and pains—and assist the kidneys to eliminate this poison through the natural channels.

### DRINKING DAYS ENDED

For ten years one man was a heavy drinker, lost work, happiness—wife successfully treated him with "DRINKING" SALT, inexpensive secret treatment. Write for confidential booklet. Established 26 years. **HOME WELFARE** PTY. DEPT. W.W. 318 George Street, Sydney and London Stores Bldg., Elizabeth St., Melbourne.

CLAIRE  
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20th Century  
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### Just 3 Steps in "Damp-Setting"

- (1) Comb hair with wet comb.
- (2) Brush Vaseline through hair.
- (3) Now press the waves in, just where you want them, using fingers and comb. In few minutes your wave is revived—set and hair has a glorious new sheen you never thought possible!



It works on hair of any texture... on any wave... And takes but four minutes!

America—and now Australia—is wildly enthusiastic over this marvellous discovery. You will be, too! For "damp-setting" saves many shillings, and many hours of time.

All you need is brush, comb, and an ounce of Vaseline. (You can get a bottle for only 2/- at any chemist). And all you do is brush it through your hair and simply press waves into place!

"Damp-setting" keeps waves fresh and firm... yet never stiff or "greasy." Holds even a finger-wave for days. Makes a "perm" last indefinitely.

• Use Vaseline before setting hair in pins or clips overnight, and you'll be amazed at the result!

how to

## "DAMP-SET"

your own wave



Mail orders to P.O.  
Box 497 A.A., Sydney.  
Telephone M 2405.

# FARMER'S



(Above) V-neck, georg.;  
white, cream, beige. 8W,  
W, 7/11. OS. .... 8/11

(Right) Frilly jabot of  
georg. lace. White, pink.  
8W, W, 7/11. OS. .... 8/11

## CREPE LUXOR

### Light spring blouses

Soft frills curl enchantingly over these lovely blouses. You'll wear them right through spring and summer, and even later. And priced from only **7/11**

Neckwear—Ground Floor.



Holiday frocks for

## JUNIOR MISSES

alive with vital spring colour. Some now half!

(Left) Floral, imit. linen. Blue,  
green, orange. Length  
39", 42", 45". Price, **10/6**

(Right) Us, 5/11. Floral cambrie  
play frock. Blue pink,  
green-orange. 28", 30". **2/11**

Junior Miss Saloon, Second Floor

"Coolie"  
white buck,  
brown, blue,  
black calf;



"Puncher"  
White buck,  
blue, brown  
calf. 14/9



**14/9**



"Blacker"  
White buck,  
green, blue,  
red scuffless  
modn. 14/9

## White Buckskins

### TOWN OR SPORTS SHOES

Dazzling whites, cool as a sea-flower. You can have them plain, pin-punched, or trimmed. They're champion lightweights for summer cruise or town wear, for beach or spectator sports. In half sizes, 2 to 7. A new price miracle at only 14/9.

Shoes—Third Floor. Use the lay-by!

## SUN STRAWS

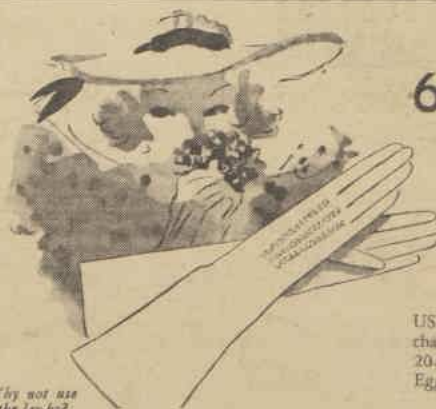
Youthful new breton style

A lovely new hat, fashioned from fine "Bird's Eye" straw. You'll adore all of the three colours. Beige, burnt cinnamon and cream in a pretty summer breton style. The price is easy at **12/6**

Children's Millinery—3rd Floor.



Contract Bridge Lectures by J. Gordon Allard in Farmer's Blaxland Galleries till Friday of this week and on Monday, 30th August. Mr. Allard belongs to the Culbertson school, coming from California. No charge for admission.



## 6000 GLOVE IMPORTS

**6/11**

USUAL 12/6 TO 25/-. Huge continental purchase of perfect-quality kids. Short fancy to long 20-button length styles—ten different ones in all. Eggshell, black, white, brown, navy. All at 6/11

Gloves—Ground Floor.

Why not use  
the lay-by?





"We always drink  
**SHEAF STOUT**—It's  
an enjoyable way  
to keep well."

**TOOTH'S  
SHEAF  
STOUT**

LISTEN TO "THE MUSIC OF THE STARS"—15 MINUTES UNINTERRUPTED  
MUSIC—EVERY SUNDAY AND WEDNESDAY AT 8 P.M. ON 2GB

IN BOTTLES, HALF BOTTLES, BABY BOTTLES

# WOMEN'S EPIC *Courage* Under FIRE

## Terrifying Experiences In Fierce Shanghai Bombardment

By Cable from Our Special Correspondent in  
Shanghai

SHANGHAI, Sunday.

With the evacuation of British women and children from war-torn Shanghai, home people will once more realise that life in the outposts of Empire is still as hazardous as ever described by Kipling.

Kipling wrote of the White Man's burden, but on the fringes of Empire that burden oftentimes rests on the white man's womenfolk and his children.

UNDER the crescendoing tumult of battle, tragic scenes have been enacted, with British women being torn from their loved ones and their cherished possessions. Still, the highlight of the whole sorrowful exodus was the courage of the women.

On the brink of hysteria after their terrifying experiences of nerve-racking bombardments they kept a rigid self-control for the sake of their husbands and children.

They were magnificent in a threefold job. They had to reassure their husbands, comfort their children, and keep their servants from panic.

The tugs which took them to waiting warships ready to sail to Hongkong and safety were continually under fire.

Husbands and wives saying farewell ran for shelter from flying shrapnel.

But with shells screaming overhead and a constant fear of misdirected bombs from the air the women, by their courage and discipline, made the evacuation a machine-like piece of work—an epic of coolness and courage.

At the height of the bombardment a woman was carried aboard a British

AS in the Abyssinian and Spanish wars, The Australian Women's Weekly has made arrangements for direct cables from the war zone in China to keep readers fully informed of a situation that is perturbing the world.

destroyer with a baby boy born prematurely during the first days of the attack on Shanghai from the air. The majority of British women in Shanghai are wives of Civil servants or merchants.

Many of them live in luxurious homes in which they have collected thousands of pounds' worth of art treasures—ivories, jades, and rare furniture.

When they walked out with what they could carry in one suitcase—that was all they were permitted to take—they knew that if their homes were not wrecked by badly-aimed bombs they would be looted by frenzied rioters.

They were also aware that it would not be possible to recover any of their treasures, and that there was no hope of compensation.

### Like Real Soldiers

ON top of this many of them had to fight against the anguish of farewell husbands whom they were leaving under the menace of bombardment while their children clamored for the comfort and protection of their mothers' arms.

But, one and all, they behaved like real soldiers.

The plight of the children is pathetic. Returning from Poochow for the holidays, they find themselves refugees instead. Their holidays now

mean danger, and the unhappiness and discomfort of a crowded ship to Hongkong, and makeshift dormitories in hospitals and night clubs.

SHANGHAI is also facing the menace of tens of thousands of homeless, terror-driven Chinese, who do not know whither to turn now that their dumb faith in the inviolability of the Foreign Settlement has been destroyed by the rain of death which bombers have dropped from the air.

Perhaps the most tragic of Shanghai's cavalcade of tragic women are the beautiful aristocratic White Russians, who are employed as dancers at night clubs in the International Settlements, reputedly the gayest in the world.

These women who, as children, survived the horrors of revolution in their native land are now facing terrible dangers and are without claim to anyone's protection because they are women without a country.



SINCE THIS PHOTOGRAPH was taken, these telephone girls in Shanghai have been under fire.



"Why, the poor little mite is constipated. No wonder she's fretful. That is the chief thing a mother has to guard against, Mrs. Grant."

"Kiddies don't understand; they're so absorbed in their games, and neglect nature's call. Then they get bilious, lose their appetite and become irritable."

Show me your tongue, Winnie. Yes, it is coated—a sure sign she's out of sorts. All she needs is 'California Syrup of Figs.'—'Calisig' and she'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning."

You'll find it keeps the bowels regular, purifies the system, saves stomach upsets and biliousness.

If children are to thrive and grow strong and keen witted, they must feed

well and digest what they eat. There's no better way than the regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' All children love it.

If I were you, I would send for a bottle and give Winnie a dose at once. Be sure you insist on 'California Syrup of Figs.' Mrs. Grant, I am surprised that some mothers are ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. It's such a pity they don't realise that 'California Syrup of Figs.' is a perfectly safe children's laxative. I know myself how carefully and scientifically it is prepared.

'California Syrup of Figs.' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calisig' on the package.

## "California Syrup of Figs"

### 'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

Save Middleman's Profits!

OBTAIN YOUR NEW SEASON'S

**Frocks, Suits**

EVENING WEAR, SPORTS WEAR, Etc.

Made to your Individual Measure

Direct From  
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LOW DEPOSIT  
SMALL MONTHLY PAYMENTS

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Please send me your FREE Catalogue No. 3.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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## HAVE YOUR SAUCEPANS GOT "SCRATCHITIS"?

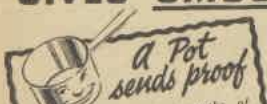


Your saucepans will soon be ruined with "Scratchitis" if you are harsh scouring them. Harsh scourers scratch the surface—dirt clings in the thousands of tiny scratches. It soon becomes impossible to get the saucepans hygienically or brightly clean.

HARSH SCOURERS  
HAVE MADE ME AS  
SORE AS A BOIL!



## MONKEY BRAND GIVES SMOOTH CLEANING



a Pot  
sends proof

"In her first six months of married life our mistress ruined my elder brother with harsh scourers. So she started cleaning me with Monkey Brand right from the start. That was three years ago—but she says I still look like a new saucepan—look like a new saucepan—thanks to Monkey Brand's smooth cleaning."

Because its particles are fine and even, Monkey Brand shifts all the dirt smoothly, scratchlessly. Your saucepans will be clean, hygienic, and as bright as a new pin after every Monkey Brand cleaning.

### EASY CLEANING, TOO

Just rub some Monkey Brand on a damp cloth, rub over the surface, and all the dirt wipes easily away! That's because Monkey Brand is a concentrated cleaner.

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# Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

## Did You Know—

That Pat Shields, an ex-student of the Rose Bay Convent, sailed away with M. and Mme. Suzor and is keeping an eye to their children en route to Paris, where she will be their guest? Then she is off to London for a holiday.

## Bundles of Calories

WELL, I was surprised to see the mannequins so slim and svelte who appeared in Pellier's intriguing show on Thursday eating cream cakes, and such like bundles of calories at the tea party which followed at the Forum Club. Audrey Connell told me that it was all she could do to put on weight and she had no qualms whatever about taking a risk with her meals.

A newcomer among the wearers of French creations was Eleanor Douglas Scott, recently arrived from England, who showed a great flair for displaying models, and is tall and dark and dashing. Well-known people to attend the parade included M. and Madame Segart, Blake Peile, Mme. Elink Schuurman, Mme. Kveton, Mrs. A. C. Davidson, and Lady Sheldon.

## Tales to Tell

GERALDINE WITHERINGTON will have some tales of the countryside of Australia to tell her friends in Calcutta when she returns shortly with her parents to her Eastern home.

This attractive visitor recently motored to Wellington as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Septimus Smith, and had a fine time at all the social doings in the district.

Geraldine will have the busiest time before sailing as she is choosing her trousseau complete with wedding dress, for her marriage which will take place immediately after her arrival in India.

Mrs. Lang Gibson and Mrs. John Arnott are hoping for clear skies on Tuesday next when a tennis tournament they are arranging at the Royal Sydney Golf Club will take place. Funds will be in aid of the Pastel Ball expenses.

## Flew to Adelaide

MRS. GARNET HALLORAN flew off to Adelaide on Monday with as many pretty frocks as she could squeeze into her luggage for the Medical Conference festivities in the south.

She intended to motor overland with her husband several days earlier, but a bout of influenza upset those arrangements. However, there are ten full days and nights of gaiety still ahead for the traveller.

Lady Gowrie is due back in Sydney this Tuesday, and will arrive just in time to receive the debutantes at the International Ball.

## A Happy Thought

MRS. CECIL MOXHAM had a happy thought in the way of entertainment for wives of delegates to the dental congress. She arranged to take a party of them for a sightseeing picnic in the vicinity of Palm Beach.

She drove one car, her daughter, Judith, another, and others had Mrs. John Cadwallader and Mrs. W. Ingram at the wheels.

The guests, which included Mrs. W. J. Tuckerfield, Mrs. P. R. Begg, Mrs. Quist, and Mrs. Doran were most appreciative of our picturesque coast.

## At Cannes for Season

FOR the next month or so, Sue Other Gee, who, I might add, is using her correct name, Priscilla, these days, is having a perfectly marvellous time.

At the end of the London season she went with her aunt, Mrs. Moorhouse Byrnes, to the Continent, and, after much motoring about and staying with friends, the pair have settled down at Cannes, where they intend staying for a month or two.

Sue will not return home for at least another year.

## Honolulu Honeymoon

DR. AND MRS. LEONARD CHARLTON

were given a cheery send-off by many friends when they sailed on Friday in the Monterey for Honolulu. Their wedding took place on Wednesday, and after the reception at the Hotel Australia the bride donned a smartly-tailored evening frock of lacquered lace and went with her brand-new husband to Romano's for a party.

With them were Verelle Massey, Nancy Guest, the bride's sister, Peggy Lamb, Keith Dibbs, John Woodfield, and Jim Creagh.

Sir William and Lady Birdwood are due to leave Fremantle on August 30 for their return trip to England. They have been the guests of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Craig, at Boranang, since their arrival in the west.

Conferences, and in between sessions dashed up and down to the University Settlement, where she is working at her chosen career.

As well as many pieces of luggage Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Doyle embarked on the Monterey on Friday with packing cases of household goods. The furniture will be in readiness for the flat they have in Piccadilly, London.

## Bachelor No Longer

WHEN FELIX DEMERY came to Australia last year as examiner for the Royal Academy of Dancing, London, he was a bachelor, but this time he brings his bride with him.

Joanne Priest met the visitors on their arrival in Australia at the Outer Harbor, Adelaide, and motored them to her home where they were guests of honor at a morning tea party.



## At Palm Beach

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE MERIVALE, who frequently go to the country for their holidays, have chosen the seaside for a change, and are installed at Palm Beach for the next few weeks.

Visiting them at present is Mrs. Merivale's mother, Mrs. A. L. Levy, who is very devoted to her young granddaughter, Jane Merivale.

## Returned from U.S.A.

STEPHANIE DAY, of the lovely titian hair, returned recently from a tour of the United States, and will, I hear, resume her Art Course at the Technical College next term.

Stephanie is keen on designing and painting, and gathered many new ideas while on her trip.

Her chief flair is for window-dressing, but as there is so little scope for women window-dressers here, Stephanie did not take to it very seriously.

## Walcha Residents

MRS. FRANK NIVISON came from Walcha this week to be near her schoolgirl daughter, Pamela, who is having her tonsils removed at Wootton Hospital. While in town Mrs. Nivison is staying with Mrs. A. R. Tewkesbury, at Delavan, Strathfield.

Incidentally, Walcha residents seem to make very frequently for the city. Another visitor from that part of the State is Mrs. C. N. Fenwick, of Orandumble, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Garland.

Joyce Hayden Smith, who recently spent a cheery holiday in Queensland, has been staying in town with Mrs. Grafton Purves at Killara, and will leave this Tuesday for her home in Melbourne.

## Lovely Jacarandas

IT must have been the thought of those lovely jacarandas about to burst into bloom at Grafton that lured Betty Evans, of Double Bay, up north.

Betty is doing her Arts course at the University, and as this is vacation time she has gone to Grafton with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Evans. There were thoughts of Moree for the family holiday, but "Gran" thought Grafton would be gayer.

## Farewell Parties

THE quietness of their wedding did not prevent innumerable friends staging farewell parties for Major and Mrs. John McKenzie Moore before they left Hobart for Sydney.

The bride was formerly Sister Alma McGowan, of the General Hospital, and fellow nurses were hostesses at one of the jolliest parties.

Major and Mrs. McKenzie Moore have high hopes of travelling to the other side of the world before very long.

## Have You Seen—

The smart coat-and-skirt of brown lacquered satin worn by Mrs. G. Naylor, of Houghton Estate, South Africa, who is making a short stay in Sydney?



A CHARMING STUDY of Miss Elaine Hammill, winner of The Australian Women's Weekly Film Quest Competition, who leaves for England in September to gain added experience in both stage and film work. —Women's Weekly photo.





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**STA-BLOND** THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

## BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

### Ascot And The Weather... Proved A Losing Double

By BETTY GEE

People who go to the races in the rain must have unhappy homes!

Anyway, there were 8000 at Ascot on Saturday, and I was one of them in my new imported overcoat. To add insult to injury, I not only got wet, but lost my money as well.

I TOOK up a strong position alongside Joe Matthews, the only bookie who had the nous to bet under the verandah.

I thought it would be nice and handy to dip for my winnings into his bag, but Joe's bagman is a cautious fellow, and I don't think I could have picked winners with a five-pronged fork.

The first race cost me a pound. Of course, nobody should bet on a race where the bookmakers offer 5 to 1 the field. An outsider simply had to come home. But how was one to

know that until Herarde had roiled home at 10 to 1.

My money was on Rummage, but she got lost worse than those surveyors in the Grose Valley last week. I don't know that they've found her even yet.

I was in the rush with my £1 for Masterpiece in the second division of the Welter, and got 5 to 1, and gloated over beating the books when he became equal favorite at 5 to 2. But that's all I did beat them for—the odds. They got my £1, because Masterpiece finished down the course.

Afterwards Mr. Matthews politely told me that Masterpiece is a hurdler, and added



RACING in the rain was had enough, thought Betty, but she lost her money as well.

ocularly that perhaps he got delayed looking for the customary hurdles on the flat.

And talking of flats, the person on the flat who gave me Gay Chou for the Flying Handicap gave a good demonstration of one. He was never in the hunt—Gay Chou, I mean.

And that cost me £2. A nice old gentleman I met in the tram told me to back Brazand. One of my rules is not to take any notice of what strange men tell me.

Anyway, Brazand was only second. So I did right, after all. I never bet on ponies, so I skipped the 14.2, and was glad that I did when a 10 to 1 outsider, Conasau, won it, but after I'd put 10/- at 3's on Soot in the next race, Dickie ironically told me Soot was a 14.2 pony, and I nearly swooned away.

When I came to, Soot had won the race. So much for prejudice. Ponies aren't so bad after all, are they? Dickie said prejudice on the racecourse has ruined thousands of good punters, so I suppose by that line of logic it would be wise to back an elephant in a Melbourne Cup if you had a hunch for it.

I put the 30/- from Soot on Perimond for the next race, and it wasn't such a black outlook after all, because Perimond just strolled to the front in the straight and easily won.

Nice Win—Short Price

But what a price? Even money! You can get that on the roulette wheel or at two-up, they tell me. Perimond had nine to beat. When you toss pennies you've only got one to beat.

It was at this moment that I conceived the notion that I was on the crest of a winning wave and I'd better ride it till I got safely on the winning shore—or get dumped.

I put the £3 on Friar's Switch in the last race and got 4 to 1, and it wasn't long before the big punters were tripping over each other running round to get on the old Pat Friar, and he started at 5 to 2.

But I've dealt before with some bitterness on the fallacy of beating the books for the odds, and not the money, so I need not pain you with a dissertation that doesn't matter now my money's gone.

Yes, Friar's Switch is one of those advanced modern thoroughbreds whose grey matter tells him it's just as easy to run fast as first. Says he: "They've got to take you home and put you in a nice warm bed of straw and fill your manger, so why worry? They can't starve you for not winning. What's the Cruelty to Animals Society for?"

So I walked off Ascot wet and bedraggled with a lot less money than I went on with.

But never mind. At Warwick Farm next Saturday the Head Waiter says there's a certainty, and he comes good at last with Sir Regent at Rosebery last week, and perhaps HE's back on the crest of a wave.

Anyhow, his tip for Saturday is Theolon. I'm choosing Fireman, his stablemate, as a hot thing for the Spring Handicap, and I hope Mr. Dan Lewis is good enough to do the double.

Valpian comes to me through the channels of love. The sweetheart of one of the crew working Bailey Payten's Battle-cruiser says it's sure to beat the others in the Novice, and I hope it's right.

Speardale's been bottled up for the last race. A man from the Brewery tells us this one, and he should know.

## LUNG TROUBLE

Now definite hope of recovery . . . not just a temporary relief . . .

OVER the last few years there have been so many grateful people who have written and reported that after using Membrus Dry Inhalation "there has been a noticeable improvement which has continued until medical examination and X-ray have certified the affected parts COMPLETELY HEALED." Many have stated the relief alone makes the treatment worth while. The following extracts from letters speak for themselves:—

"I have just been X-rayed and medically examined. The report states that the lung is 'completely healed' and the doctor said he had never seen such a decided healing. People used to wonder why I would not mix with them . . . now I am telling them why, and also that Membrus is responsible for my recovery."

Call personally, or send a 2d. stamped, addressed envelope giving full particulars of your complaint to the Sole Distributors, "Membrus," care Irvine Ltd., No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA2167.

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Cleared up without operation . . .

REGULAR reports reach us almost daily from previous sufferers from these troubles of wheezing, asthma and lasting benefits obtained through using Membrus, definitely proving that this Dry Inhalation treatment is undoubtedly the finest treatment of all for relieving and dispelling for ALL TIME the distressing grating symptoms which make these diseases so distressing to life. The fumes enter the blood stream, clearing away the toxins and germs which cause the trouble. Head noises disappear, hearing and sense of smell are frequently restored, the constant sneezing fits and running eyes and nose and the disgusting hawking and spitting are soon things of the past. You wake in the morning with the nostrils and throat quite clear, and you are able to mix with others without embarrassment. Membrus—the wonderful dry inhalant treatment—can do this for you.

If you are a sufferer, call and see me personally, or send 2d. stamped addressed envelope to the sole distributors, "Membrus," care Irvine Ltd., No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA2167.

## ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

A different and more effective inhalation treatment . . .

MANY chronic cases of up to 60 years' standing report complete recovery without recurrence. If you wish to be down and sleep at night without fear of an attack; for the mucus to be easily brought away; the wheezing to stop; for the tight, bound-up feeling never to worry you again; to breathe freely at all times; to lose the shortness of breath, and to be able to walk uphill and play games without discomfort; and for the attacks to become less severe and less frequent; and then make a complete and lasting recovery, then use MEMBRUS, the Dry Inhalation treatment, which is not inhaled merely to relieve the attacks, but to disperse them for all time. A typical report:

"I am very pleased indeed to state that my wife is almost completely free now, from the coughing and dislodging of mucus, and I have no doubt whatever that another week's treatment will clear the trouble up. However, the month's supply will be much more safe. Thanking you and wishing the Membrus treatment to be more widely known and used."

Call or send a stamped addressed envelope to the sole distributors, "Membrus," care Irvine Ltd., No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA2167.

## Eczema Vanishes in 7 Days or Money Back

Powerful Antiseptic Prescription Stops Itching Instantly, and Boils that Discharge are Quickly Healed.

Now that tens of thousands know that Moore's Emerald Oil helps to reduce ugly, dangerous varicose veins, we want them to know that this wonderfully effective agent will dry up eczema eruptions in a few days and cause the scales to drop off and disappear.

It acts the same way with any skin disease, such as barber's itch, salt rheum, redness and inflammatory skin troubles. Moore's Emerald Oil is not a patent medicine, but is a surgeon's prescription that for years has been successfully used in private and hospital practice. All leading chemists dispense it, and complete directions for home use come with each bottle.

"MOTHER, YOU'RE THE BEST LITTLE COOK IN ALL THE WORLD. BUT THERE'S JUST ONE THING NEEDED IN OUR HOUSE TO MAKE BREAKFAST PERFECT... AND THAT'S KELLOGG'S NEW WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS! I HAD SOME AT DOROTHY'S OVER THE WEEK-END — AND THEY'RE MARVELLOUS! THEY'RE CRISPIER AND MORE DELICIOUS THAN ANY BREAKFAST CEREAL BISCUIT I'VE EVER TASTED"

Order a packet from your grocer right away!

... And remember, Mother, all the valuable nourishment of whole wheat is concentrated in Kellogg's New, better-tasting Whole Wheat Biscuits!

## The improvement in my complexion was remarkable

... after I began using these DAGGETT & RAMSDELL creams

Once you have seen the wonderful improvement Daggett & Ramsdell's creams will make in your complexion you will never again be satisfied with any other face cream. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream protects the most delicate skin from the ravages of sun, wind, rain and dust and imparts a smooth finish to your powder and make-up. Start looking your loveliest through the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell's creams.



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# THE MOVIE WORLD

August 28, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

## Calling Australia! Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and  
JUDY BAILEY  
from Hollywood and London

### Honeymoon Ship

ON the beautiful steamship, Lurline, bound for the Hawaiian Islands, are two of the most famous couples in screendom, enjoying their romantic honeymoons on the sun-drenched Pacific. They are Mary Pickford with

### Harlow Role Unlucky For Alice Faye

• Alice Faye, playing a role originally intended for Jean Harlow, fell down a flight of stairs and severely hurt her back. In a state of unconsciousness, she was carried off to the 20th Century-Fox hospital.

While it is not anticipated that her injury will prevent her finishing the picture, doctors are watching Miss Faye's condition very carefully.

Buddy Rogers, and Jeanette MacDonald with Gene Raymond.

Neither couple plans to linger in Hawaii. Jeanette and Gene must return for film work. Mary and Buddy, however, will go to Santa Barbara to visit their very good friend, Lillian Gish.

There are varying reports about Mary Pickford's future. She may return to the film world, this time as an actress. Republic Studios are offering her the stellar role in Faith Baldwin's "Portia On Trial," but Mary has not yet committed herself.

On the other hand, Miss Pickford may give up acting to take part on the faculty of a theatre school.

Mary and Buddy plan to build themselves a ranch home in Southern California when they get around to it.

### Annabella—and Cat

SHADES of Patrick Sullivan and Felix, the cat. Annabella, glamorous French star, has a small kitten out at Denham which can do everything but talk.

The girls in the executive office adore it, but the executives—out of Annabella's hearing, of course—wish it would emulate Felix and "keep on walking" as it plays with typewriter ribbons, climbs on even the most august film shoulders and generally manages to get where it can do the most mischief.

### Niven-Oberon Again

LUNCHING in London Productions', smart restaurant the other day I espied recently-arrived David Niven eating a solitary meal. When he first hit these shores from Hollywood David told an interviewer he "was wedded to his golf clubs."

Working on an adjacent set Merle Oberon recently appeared in a dress with golf clubs as the pattern motif.

On this slender foundation Denham has built romantic dreams.



### LOVERS CO-STAR

• Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have been teamed once more by Fox in "His Affair." The romance between these two is still reputedly alive. Top left, they are seen together. With Taylor (top right) is Victor McLaglen. Bottom left is a group of chorus beauties of the nineties, while the lovely lady is Barbara herself.

### More Australians

AUSTRALIA is invading London's film colonies in ever-increasing numbers. Here are just a few who have already made their presence felt:

Nancy O'Neil, Lorraine Gray, Janet Johnson, Molly Raynor, Nancy Brown, Lucille Lisle, Freddie Carpenter, John Warwick, John Wood, Peter Osborn, Fred Conyngham, and, of course, Cicely Courtneidge, Merle Oberon, Judy Kelly, Margaret Vyner and Betty Stockfeld.

### Powell Still Mourns

WILLIAM POWELL is back on the set at last—the first time since Jean Harlow's death. Bill has been seeing only his closest friends, Warner Baxter, Ronald Colman, and a few others. At his request, the set he is working on has been closed to visitors, because he hasn't the energy to chat with them.

He expects to take another long trip with Ronald Colman as soon as the picture is completed. They will either go to Europe or take a yacht trip.

Jean's mother, Mrs. Bello, has remained in her Hollywood home, but plans to seek a smaller place as soon as she is strong enough.



You can prove it for yourself—this way. Pour out a little Hinds Honey and Almond Cream on your hand and see how much richer it looks. Stir it with your finger—and feel that luscious creaminess of rich ingredients, the kind you get in expensive Dry Skin creams. Then apply it to rough, chapped skin. See how quickly it disappears—saturating your skin with healing skin softeners—leaving it smooth and soft, without a trace of stickiness.

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# LITTLE WHIMS of the FAMOUS

## Hollywood Stars Have Their Weaknesses

By MARY OLIVIER

THE other day I bumped into Merle Oberon emerging from one of Hollywood's most exclusive salons clad in quite the loveliest silver-fox finger-tip coat I have ever seen.

I gasped with amazement as I watched her enter a waiting car and drive off, for it is only a week since I glimpsed her at the Victor Hugo positively dripping with fox furs, and I know for a fact that she also has a mink coat, a sable cape, and an arctic fox evening wrap.

ALMOST enough to start her own shop and a classic example of a movie star's pet extravagance.

Whether you live in Hollywood or Waaga Wagga, it is only human to find certain things irresistible, but few people indulge their whims to such fantastic extremes as do the folk of movie land.

Who would dream of surrounding herself with monkeys? No one but Gypsy Rose Lee, whom Fox recently brought from New York to act in pictures. Gypsy, who was a striptease dancer on Broadway before

Darryl Zanuck persuaded her to come to Hollywood, arrived here with two pet monkeys, startling even the blasé inhabitants of the film colony.

Not content with only two simian pets, she has sent for their three brothers. What she intends doing with her menagerie is something that I have not yet discovered, but up to the present moment and to the best of my knowledge they are leaping about her apartment with carefree abandon.

Dumb pets cost the stars quite a neat little sum. Every fourth Hollywood player has a dog, a cat or a horse. And no common or garden varieties can satisfy your film favorites. Pets of the stars must have pedigrees a mile long or they simply don't get a home.

Anita Louise has a magnificent Russian wolfhound, which cost her 1000 dollars in cold, hard cash. Toby Wing has a prize Persian cat which has carried all before it in the local cat shows. It costs more to nurse and feed them than these two girls spend on their own food.

Clark Gable's horse, Beverly Hills, has never won a race, yet I wouldn't mind being presented with what Clark has outlaid for training, feeding and entrance fees at the various meetings. Bing Crosby is another who has a weakness for horseflesh and possesses a string of thoroughbreds from one of America's leading studs.

There are many famous people who have bought or built homes in and around Hollywood, but Madeleine Carroll's leaning is in a different direction. Whilst she lives in a modest

★  
● **TYRONE POWER**, jun. Memories of his lean days make this young star a consummate shoe. Over a hundred pairs in his wardrobe!

Lovely Loretta Young

● **HERE** is a star with a jewellery complex. It is impossible for her to resist a lovely gem once a salesman manages to display it.



★  
● **LEFT:** Merle Oberon. Furs are her passion; she can never possess enough of them.

car, no personal maid, no swimming pool. Instead, she puts her money away in the bank or invests it in real estate in preparation for the rainy days that might be ahead. Yet show her a star sapphire and she will pay almost any price asked for it.

Loretta Young is another star with a jewellery complex. Loretta is fair game for jewellery salesmen, and her mother, with whom she lives, has her time cut out stalling off the enterprising merchants who know that once the fair Young lady claps her eyes on a gem she fancies, their worries are over.

With Joan Bennett it's clothes, and oh, the money she spends on these luxuries! Many women have claimed the title of the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, but by rights the title belongs to Joan. Her personal wardrobe is chock full of the loveliest gowns created especially for her by the world's leading couturiers—Patou, Lanvin, Schiaparelli, Chanel, Molyneux, Trilling, Hartnell.

### Men's Extravagances

EVERY time Joan goes abroad she brings back trunks full of gorgeous things to wear. When she cannot get away to make her purchases personally, she has her gowns sent from London and Paris, and if she doesn't like them they are sold to her friends.

Men's extravagances, generally, seem to be along sartorial lines. Dick Powell has possibly the most varied collection of ties of any man in the world. It would take the bravery of an army general to wear some of them, but Dick doesn't turn a hair.

Bob Taylor's little weakness is for shirts, specially tailored and of the most expensive silks. Bob has so many shirts he has set aside a separate room to store them in.

Tyrone Power goes mad over shoes, and owns enough pairs to shoe a young brigade. He says it is a repercussion of the days when he walked Broadway with his feet on the ground looking for a job. As soon as he made a hit in Hollywood Tyrone bought himself a hundred pairs of shoes, and has kept adding to them ever since.

Radio is Alice Faye's pet extravagance. Altogether Alice has 25 radio sets in her home—one in every room including the bathroom and the kitchen. In addition she has a portable set which she carries to the side of the tennis court or swimming pool when she entertains.

Unusual as many of these whims may seem, however, none of them comes up to that of Betty Blythe, who used to keep a family of baby snakes in her backyard until one of them escaped and scared the neighborhood. After which Betty made a present of them to the local zoo.

He developed the animal complex. He decorated his house with tiger skins, boars and deers' heads, stuffed snakes and birds. The final touch was a huge ape which cost him a young fortune to ship from Africa, and another pretty sum to get through the Customs. For months nobody felt brave enough to visit the Cooper menage without Gary's assurance that his pet was under lock and key.

The coming of Mrs. Cooper, fortunately, saw the end of the ape, along with his other museum pieces. But something had to replace them, and Gary turned to automobiles for solace. One after the other, he has been the owner of the loveliest cars that have been driven down Hollywood's boulevards. Highly-powered, flashily-built, with all the latest contrivances and no fewer than ten different horns. Gary's cars have never been rivalled, unless once by Lillian Harvey's great Mercedes Benz, which she brought with her from Germany.

### Crazy Carole

ANOTHER car crank is Clark Gable, also the proud owner of a Deussenberg. Since his separation from Rhea, Clark has spent a retiring and particularly economical life, but he has one big weakness—for lovely cars. He has just bought a new 1937 model, the last word in power, appearance and speed.

Mention of Clark's name, naturally, leads one to Carole Lombard, who, despite her apparent craziness (which I believe is really only a publicity pose), is one of the most level-headed girls in pictures. Carole, however, cannot resist sapphires.

Now Carole spends about a quarter as much on living as the majority of her sister stars. She has no huge home (she rents a small apartment), no big





# THEY SMILE all the WHILE Because They Must

By JEANNETTE MACMAHON

"I'LL be arriving in a week's time, Jeannie, so make sure to have our routine all mapped out so I can see 'em!"

Thus an excerpt from a gushing letter I received from a friend of mine recently . . . and unconsciously she provided me with the germ of an idea for a yarn in which many of you may be interested.

AND even if you're not, I'll write it anyway, so don't read any further if you feel doubtful!

To cut a long story short, my movie-struck pal wants to see the stars! She not only wants me to arrange for strolls around the studios so that she may feast her eager eyes on her favorite smiting before the cameras, but she also wants to eat in the same restaurants, and maybe—oh, what a thrill!—brush against the shoulder of Clark Gable or Francis Lederer!

To which I stand right up and shout rot!! I wish my pals would only get into those skulls of theirs that the Glamour Girls and Handsome Heroes of the silver screen are just honest-to-goodness folk like ourselves, working for a living, earning a little more money, perhaps, but still with their human foibles and weaknesses which, only too often, get them into more trouble than ours ever will.

## Things Are Arranged

OH, I'll take my forthcoming buddy to see the sights, sure! But what she won't realise—and far be it from me to disillusion her—is that in her walks around the major studios, inside those hallowed portals where celluloid entertainment is made for the masses, she'll be "just another sucker," taken to see the things which the studio decrees she should see and missing out what's most interesting.

In other words, she'll go on one of those "sucker" walks about which you read so much, and which are, fortunately, so interesting to most people.

She'll see some of the stars, and, if she's lucky enough, have the all-too-thrilling experience of meeting some of them, to dream for many nights afterwards of the way Robert Taylor smiled at her, or Irene Dunne was so friendly and natural to an intruding stranger.

But your old friend, Public Illusion Dispeller No. 1, comes to the fore again with the heartless statement that the smiles she'll get from our cinematic worthies, and the cheery words of welcome on a set where a minor picture is being made, are just the everyday gelatine smiles and platitudes that the stars are so adept at manufacturing because it is part of their stock-in-trade.

Which brings me to the crux of my story! The Stars on Parade are forever smiling, happy people. Like Paillard, they must always put on a show for Their Dear Public. And for that reason, their acting is not confined to the limits of the Sound Stages where they get paid for it. Rather does it begin there, to continue during all their waking hours, except when in the confines of their own boudoirs.

And you can take it from me that it is the wise star who is nice to her lookers-on when she is in public, and who treats photographers like long-lost friends. Because a nice smiling photo, syndicated in hundreds of papers across the Continent, is very, very valuable publicity, and the star has never lived who didn't want publicity. I'm quoting an old adage when I say that it's the lifeblood of the industry.

And so it is that the stars shine all the time in Hollywood. Their daytime dazzle almost equals their night-time splendor.

Only those actually on location or in production snatch hasty bites at the studio commissary. The others, bless 'em, are usually out on an exciting schedule, looking, oh! so well-groomed, and putting on a grand show for their admiring fans.

It is for this reason that Hollywood is the ill of town of such glamorous cafes, whose

reputations are not gained so much for the quality of their Bill of Fare as by the number of Movie Moguls who grace their portals!

When a man opens a cafe in Hollywood, and is favored by the attendance of a few of the Big Shots, he can rest assured that a Candid Cameraman will soon be on the spot, and his future financial well-being is assured . . . at least for the time being!

The syndicate photographers chase the stars, because they're news . . . and the stars do likewise to the cameraman, because being NEWS means being in the Big Money.

With the result that there are places in this City of Celluloid where it is politic to play and to smile for the spotlight, where mobs of autograph-hunters congregate, and where each noted arrival runs the gamut of candid cameras.

There are swanky places to dine, night clubs at which to wear the finest in the knowledge that the crowds will be present, and maybe a little dark man with an instrument that's likely to put that gelatine smile and Silver Fox in the rotogravure section of a dozen newspapers and magazines.

First on the list for a visit during lunch-time is the famed Brown Derby, replete with its 400 caricatures of the stars that adorn its walls and most always the scene of a pressing, milling crowd anxious to eat with the High and Mighty, and disappointed because they hadn't the foresight to reserve a table.

Even starlet Shirley Temple is taken to the Brown Derby for lunch by her mother once in a while, because it's a pretty safe bet that the clever little lass will have her photo taken.

## GALLERY OF STARS

# Irene Dunne

Starred in Columbia's "The Awful Truth"

And those who are alone glance up from their meal every once in a while, to take careful stock of Those Present, and to see if they are being regarded as intently by strangers as they think they should be. It appeases their personal vanity to think they're being talked about by "suckers!"

Outside, they are besieged and begged for autographs, complying with a hesitancy that is timed to the second; sleek automobiles speed them along the buzzing boulevard, where they shop until tea-time. Generally, that is more of a rest-hour, though a great number reappear at the Derby.

## Chromium-plated Sardis's

FROM that famous rendezvous, we come to Sardis's with its chromium-plated facade and an atmosphere that inclines to be more sedate than that of the Derby. Here we may see Warren William, Gladys George, Spencer Tracy, and a few others, dining quietly.

However, let's dash to the Ambassador Coconut Grove. Threading the palms and skimming over the dance floor under an imitation tropical sky, the stars are stared at by local

society and wealthy tourists. It is a race of aristocrats, each high-tensioned feminine spirit stamping the dust to climax her rival's latest appearance.

The Coconut Grove is historic in Hollywood's annals. Screen history has been made there. Rudolph Valentino wooed Pola Negri; Joan Crawford and Ricardo Cortez attracted notice on the polished dancing floor; Bing Crosby's crooning with the orchestra was his step-ladder to a film contract. It is significant that, of all the cafes that have flourished and waned, the Grove survives and still does tremendous business.

And so, wending our way through a preview crowd which has its goodly share of stars, cameramen and consequent autograph seekers, we arrive at the Trocadero.

Then to the Clover Club, the King's Club, Canary Cottage, or the Cuckoo Clock. . . all have their goodly share of the limelight because of the prominence of those to whom they cater.

The Roosevelt Blossom Room, the Cotton Club, the Club Ballyhoo, and the Montaire Club have their devotees.

And so the procession continues, with the candid cameramen bringing them in and out of focus, but always, hope the stars, with a cheery grin or well-groomed coiffure.

And so you'll see there are plenty of places to see your favorites. They're acting all over the place. My friend on her way will have the time of her life . . . but she'll just be another "sucker" to those whom she chances to meet. But . . . I hope she doesn't read this before she arrives!



WILLIAM W. DAVIS



# TRADING In FAMOUS NAMES

By EVELYN  
☆ ENDYNE

"Irving Thalberg has secured from Warner Bros. the services of Paul Muni and Leslie Howard for leads in 'The Good Earth' and 'Romeo and Juliet' respectively. In return Warners get Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery for future pictures."

SOME twelve or eighteen months ago you may have read a paragraph something like the above in any one of your favorite movie magazines. Just a few words—but it is a summary of two or three months

of negotiations, conferences and diplomacy that would make a Disarmament Conference look like a quiet tea-party in the vicar's front parlor.

Borrowing and lending stars is one of the many strange aspects of that mad mix-up called movie-making. It all starts when one of the big production chiefs, looking over a story, for which he has paid more money than you or I are ever likely to see, decides that the leading role is just made for So-and-So.

Unfortunately, So-and-So happens to be under contract to another studio. That little thought starts off a series of manoeuvres that are delicate in the extreme, and fraught with perils for the unwary.

Let us take a hypothetical case. We will suppose that Darryl Zanuck, the big boss of 20th Century-Fox, wants to borrow Clark Gable from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to co-star with Janet Gaynor in "Shattered Dreams."

Zanuck takes the first move by instructing his secretary to call up Mr. Louis B. Mayer, production head at M-G-M, and arrange for a luncheon date. When the movie moguls get together, it's just a nice quiet informal affair. They talk of the weather, and "how-have-you-been" and the like, until, quite casually, Zanuck brings Gable's name into the discussion. Mr. Mayer catches on to the big idea, and after a decent interval of verbal sparring, Mr. Zanuck pops the question.

## Friendly Overtures

MR. MAYER, having discovered that Clark might possibly be free for a time when he has completed his current picture, leaves Mr. Zanuck with the assurance that he will do what he can, and the negotiations pass from the informal to the formal stage.

First, 20th Century-Fox addresses a formal request to M-G-M for the loan of Clark Gable. The latter counter with a request for a copy of the script of "Shattered Dreams," so that they may assure themselves that it is not of a nature which will bring discredit upon Mr. Gable.

The company having looked it over, they pass it on to Clark for his opinion. If either of these parties don't like any part of the proposed script, it is sent back to Mr. Zanuck with a request that the offending portions be altered.

Then ensue a series of conferences between representatives of each studio, until, to the accompaniment of many headaches, a script agreeable to each is evolved.

Up to some three or four years ago requests for loans of stars met with a very cold reception. However, when Darryl Zanuck formed his 20th Century unit—which later merged with Fox Films—he found himself with few stars but plenty of stories.

## Threats Won

AFTER being refused loans of stars by most of the major studios, he politely told the bosses thereof that if they did not heed his requests he would make raids on their star roster, signing up their big box-office favorites as soon as their contracts lapsed.

The threat was sufficient to make his rivals back down, and they soon came to see that the class of product that Zanuck was making added to the prestige and drawing-power of the stars borrowed.

Another factor in speeding up the loaning of artists was the famous "It Happened One Night." If you remember, M-G-M loaned Clark Gable to Columbia for the Frank Capra picture as a disciplinary measure for what they claimed was temperment. The sequel was amusing. The picture was the hit of the year, won Clark the Academy medal, and doubled his popularity.

More often than not, these days, the loan is in the nature of a "swap." Thus, M-G-M got Janet Gaynor for "Small Town Girl" in return for loaning Robert Taylor to 20th Century-



CLARK GABLE. It was while he was "on loan" that this star made "It Happened One Night," his performance in which won him an Academy Award.

Fox for "Private Number." When Walter Wanger lent Madeleine Carroll to Fox for "Lloyds of London" and "On the Avenue," he got Warner Baxter in return.

It is interesting to note, here, that Madeleine has not made a picture for Wanger for nearly eighteen months, but in that time she has played in

such outstanding films as the two mentioned, "The General Died at Dawn," and the yet-to-be-released "Prisoner of Zenda," opposite Ronald Colman. When Madeleine makes a film for her boss, her box-office value will be more than doubled at no expense to him—a clear indication that lending stars often pays.



## Night...

To make the most of go-to-party frocks you need long, sleek lines—curves that are obviously uncontrolled look really rather vulgar. So you'll wear a slinky Satin Step-in such as Berlei 7258, above. It fastens smoothly with a Talon fastener—no hooks to make bulges beneath your frock. This one is for Sway Back figures measuring 23-29 round the waist.

You wear a Berlei Braisiere too, of course. All the new ones give the charming "separated" effect that's the fashion now in Paris and London.

## and Day...

After the party your luxurious satin Berlei is put away with the rest of your "glamour" clothes, to keep it fresh for next time. For office or sports you wear Berlei Wrap-around 7173, an inexpensive but very attractive little garment. It won't cramp your freedom, but it will control those hips and keep you flat in front. For Sway Back types. 23-29 waist.

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		Crease	Dark	Normal	
		Medium	BROWNETTE		
CITY	STATE	Brown	Light	BRUNETTE	Moist
		Baldy	Dark	Light	Dry
		Olive	Light	REDHEAD	
		Sun Tan	Dark	Light	AGE



# HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

**MARLENE DIETRICH'S** marital status continues to mystify Hollywood. Perhaps the explanation is that she is Continental.

At any rate, the fact that her husband, Rudolph Sieber, is in town does not signify that she cannot continue to go places with, say, Douglas Fairbanks, jun.

On Sieber's arrival in Hollywood, the blonde screen siren saw as much of Doug as ever. Furthermore, Doug is as good a friend of Sieber as he is of Marlene. You figure it out.

Just now the Siebers are on their way to Europe.

And while on the subject of Marlene, she wears emeralds in her new picture, "Angel." The magnificent gems are her own, valued at 75,000 dollars.

**GINGER ROGERS** is disturbed and annoyed at the persistent rumors that she and Katharine Hepburn are scrapping their way through "Stage Door," in which both girls are being starred. Ginger says they have never had a row, and that there is no antagonism or rivalry between them.

To prove how friendly their feelings are toward each other, Ginger relates how she happened to admire a pair of brogans that Kathie had brought back for herself from England. Ten minutes hadn't elapsed before the brogans were in Ginger's dressing-room, equipped with English shoe-trees.

That ought to prove that they are not exactly enemies, anyway.

**AFTER** being officially finished and previewed, "Broadway Melody of 1937" is back at the studio for retakes. The reason for the added scenes is the fact that, at the preview, newcomer George Murphy completely overshadowed M.-G.-M.'s white-haired boy, Robert Taylor, so writers were put back on the job to build up Bob's part and cut out a few of Murphy's scenes.

The latter is certainly not as handsome as Taylor, but it was his outstanding screen personality and dancing ability that caused him to steal the show from America's hero.

When you see the picture, however, the studio is making sure you'll see more Taylor and less Murphy.

**IF** you watch closely, you'll see three of Hollywood's wealthiest movie men playing extra roles in "Stella Dallas."

Seems director King Vidor had to shoot a polo sequence for the film, so took a company out to the Will Rogers Memorial Polo Field at Santa Monica. When they arrived, director Frank Borzage and producers Walter Wanger and Darryl Zanuck, all ardent polo players, were doing a bit of practicing on the field.

Vidor wanted to have some players in the shot for "atmosphere," so Borzage, Wanger and Zanuck volunteered for the job, and were accepted.

On completion of the take they marched up to Vidor, demanding regular "extra" pay cheques!

So when you see the film watch for the three men whose joint annual incomes would sound something like the reserve capital of the Bank of England.

Hollywood stars continue to be annoyed by would-be extortionists. A woman was arrested by the Los Angeles police for threatening John Boles and his wife and demanding payment for silence concerning an alleged "dope ring." Mrs. Boles has been receiving threatening letters for four years.

**GEORGE ARLISS** is now working on "Dr. Syn," in which he is a paragon by day and a smuggler by night. After he has made this picture he returns to Hollywood for a visit.

He would then like to return to the London stage in "Old English," for he loves the self-made captain of industry.

He himself is a stirring example of the self-made man, who against all odds won through.

**NOVA PILBEAM**, recently awarded the Plaque of Merit for her brilliant portrayal of Lady Jane Grey, in "Tudor Rose," is scared stiff.

In "Shilling For Candles" she drives an old car down a 12-foot drop into a disused mine. Although "jittery" about the job she has resolutely declined any "doubling."

You see her cutting off corners and madly riding over ploughed fields. Still, she is scared stiff, for in two weeks she is due for her driving test, and is afraid that, with this training, she will be unable to handle her car to the liking of the police officials.

Joan Crawford is the latest to go in for the "page boy bob" fashion of hair doing. She wears it in "The Bride Wore Red," and likes it so well she'll use it off-screen too.

**YOU** find the queerest things happening in Hollywood. Darryl Zanuck, the big boss at 20th Century-Fox, practices polo strokes on a wooden horse while dictating letters to his secretary.

Zanuck and the horse are enclosed in a sort of wire cage, the floor of which is grooved. Zanuck sits on the horse and, as the balls ride past him up and down the grooves, he whacks at them. His secretary is outside the cage, ready to take instructions whenever he has a mind to give them.

**THE** motion picture extra is probably in a better position than any other person to judge the character of a star. Too many people in Hollywood regard extras as a necessary evil, and few realise how little picture-making could be done without them.

The truly democratic star is always

## Popularity Vote by "Extras"

friendly, interested and helpful to the extra. Those not so pleasant either ignore them or regard them as they would a flock of cattle, to be shoved around in a group by a bawling assistant-director.

Therefore, it was with particular interest that Hollywood noted the result of a poll among a group of extras to discover the screen's most friendly and democratic stars.

Among the men, William Powell and Gary Cooper tied for first place in the extras' esteem, with Paul Muni second, and as close runners-up, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, Warner Baxter, Eddie Cantor, Fredric March, and James Cagney.

Among the women stars, Marion Davies led by several lengths, receiving more than three times as many votes as Myrna Loy, who made second place. And following Myrna came Kay Francis, Rosalind Russell, May Robson, Jean Parker, Barbara Stanwyck, Una Merkel, and Bette Davis, all about even. And that should indicate what Hollywood's lower ranks think of the upper crust.

## DOTS... and DASHES

● Bob Montgomery at last securing the long-coveted original manuscript of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," and taking out heavy insurance on it. ● Allan Jones joining the buying and building craze to a degree by purchasing the vacant lot next to his home for the building of a tennis court. ● Hollywood seeming pretty empty with so many movie people off on extended summer vacations. ● Gable hunting. ● Rainer preparing for a European trip. ● Bette Davis and lots of others at the seaside town of Del Mar, where the new race track is.

**OFFICIALS** of Paramount studios are looking about for a suitable tract of land, outside the boundaries of Hollywood, on which to erect a new five million dollar studio.

At present Paramount is one of the few studios actually located in the heart of Hollywood, and its lot, the smallest of all the major studios, covers only a few blocks. Other studios moved out of Hollywood long ago, realising they would later need room for expansion, and most of them now cover at least a hundred acres.

Paramount officials, after considering the matter for some time, have decided it would in the end be cheaper to erect an entire new studio, with room for the building of all necessary outdoor sets, rather than spend a continuous stream of money on sending companies all over the State on location trips. If the new Paramount is built, the present lot may be sold to R.K.O., which is located next door to it in Hollywood.

**MELVILLE COOPER**, well known British actor, told us this amusing tale of his odd matrimonial situation. Some months ago, Mr. Cooper went on tour with the road company of "Tovarich." Returning to his Hollywood home two months ago he started work immediately with Sonja Henie in "Thin Ice," and the day this was completed he began in "The Great Garrick."

In view of all this, for the past several months he has scarcely had time to say "Good morning" and "Good night" to his lovely wife, Rita Paige, who was once a musical comedy star herself.

Now, to many men this business of not having time to talk to one's wife would be pretty ideal, but for Mr. Cooper it has had serious results.

It seems that during her husband's busy period Rita has had no opportunity of asking his opinion regarding alterations to their Beverly Hills home, so has gone ahead with her own ideas which constituted having the entire garden landscaped and planted with expensive roses, starting construction on a swimming pool and redecorating the drawing-room. Costly silence!

**THE EARL OF WARWICK**, who has been rechristened Michael Brooke for film purposes, has moved his alliance from M.-G.-M. to Paramount—and still hasn't made a picture.

His Lordship created quite a flurry on arriving in Hollywood almost a year ago with the idea of becoming a screen star, but the excitement soon died down when, after signing a contract with M.-G.-M., he was not cast in any picture.

Annoyed by the apparent lack of interest in his possibilities as an actor, Brooke waited till the M.-G.-M. contract lapsed, and then signed with Paramount, where he hopes to be given a better chance.

## SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



**RONALD COLMAN** BEGAN HIS CAREER AS A PIE THROWER IN BRITISH-MADE COMEDIES.

**JOHN BARRYMORE** has a peculiar problem these days. For several scenes in "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back," the classic nose is covered with a putty mask.

The trouble is that John's nose has a way of itching, and there is no way of scratching it, short of demolishing the entire make-up.

So poor John is exercising a lot of restraint, and that, thinks he, is suffering too much for art's sake.

Chatted with Una Merkel for a moment on the set and she told us how all the beautiful pictures she took on her vacation were lost... because she forgot to put film in the camera!

**MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN** has undoubtedly one of the sweetest positions in Hollywood—a fine husband, a happy home, regular work with a very good salary, and a good deal of fame with none of the worries of top stardom attached.

And, to add to it all, she was recently given a brand-new contract by M.-G.-M. with all sorts of special clauses in it to add to her comfort.

Most important is the fact that it runs three years with regular salary raises and no options. It also provides she will not be required to work after six in the evening, and will be served morning and afternoon tea.

At the moment the studio is anxious to give Maureen star parts and billing, but she does not want to accept, preferring to continue as a featured player without the insecurity of stardom.

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## PRIVATE VIEWS

### ★★★CAPTAINS

#### COURAGEOUS

Spencer Tracy, Freddie Bartholomew, Lionel Barrymore (M.G.-M.)  
HERE is a picture that illustrates perfectly the full scope and power of the motion picture. With brilliant photography, direction and character portrayal, it brings to life the homely charm and broad sweep of Kipling's epic of the Gloucester fishing banks. It is at once a saga of the sea and of the simple fisherfolk who earn their living by it, and a keen sympathetic study of human character and human emotion.

The story deals with the regeneration of Harvey Cheyne (Freddie Bartholomew), hateful, spoiled son of a millionaire (Melvyn Douglas), who



FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

falls from a liner in mid-ocean and is picked up by Manuel, Portuguese fisherman, out on his dory from the fishing boat, We're Here. Forced to stay aboard the ship until the fishermen make their catch, forced to adapt himself to an entirely new life, Harvey comes to love the simple honest Manuel, and, in so doing, forgets his petty snobbery and deceit.

Told so baldly, it might seem a static, pallid story, most suitable for small boys and didactic parents. On the contrary, however, the surging sea, and the daily excitement of the fishermen's haul, give an ever-present stirring movement to the picture, while there are several moments of real tensi.

The race between the We're Here and a rival fishing boat to get to Gloucester first is stirring drama.

### Week's Best Release

**CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS**  
M.G.-M. feature. Magnificent saga of the sea.

boy; humor and pathos in his simple philosophy. His sympathetic role enables him to overshadow Freddie Bartholomew, Melvyn Douglas, Lionel Barrymore, kindly captain of the We're Here, who, nevertheless, give excellent performances.

The picture has its faults: over-sentimentalising, especially in the latter scenes between the boy and his father; sea scenes somewhat unvaried. Further, by its drastic departures from the original story it will be disappointing to Kipling fans. But for all that it is fine, satisfying entertainment.—St. James; showing.

### ★SING AND BE HAPPY

Anthony Martin, Leah Ray, Joan Davis. (Fox.)

AN infectious little compound of bright, smiling youth, jazz band, and pleasing melody.

Its general atmosphere of good humor maintains a fairly even level of light entertainment.

The story provides a radio background for Anthony Martin and Leah Ray, popular American radio singers. It is centred round the two heads of rival and antagonistic advertising firms angling for a big radio contract from irascible, skinflint Helen Westley.

Anthony Martin and Leah Ray play respectively the son and daughter in rival camps, who do their best to get their parents the contract. They make a bright, pleasant-to-look-at, if slightly dumb, romantic couple.

Direct comedy is supplied by Helen Westley, at her best and nastiest, and Joan Davis, that crazy, wobbly-legged

### OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars... no good.

comedienne, supported—literally—by Chick Chandler in a snappy song and dance number, entitled "Pickles." Joan is the brightest, most original thing in the piece—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

### ★ WHITE BONDAGE

Jean Muir, Gordon Oliver. (Warners.)

ANOTHER one of those sound, well-made little pictures, exposing modern American graft, that make such effective entertainment, the background giving new interest and realism to its exciting melodrama.

In addition, this picture gives a vivid presentation of the homely life of "share-croppers" in the Southern United States—the white bondage of the title referring to that bondage



JEAN MUIR

which exists between the "share-cropper" and the plantation owner for whom he grows and picks cotton.

The story has a good touch of mystery and a nice little twist in its romance. It deals with Jean Muir, granddaughter of "Pa" Craig, a "share-cropper" who, in common with others on the area, is being cheated by Joseph King, plantation storekeeper. A mysterious stranger comes from the north, arouses the hatred of the overwrought croppers by his suspicious investigations, and nearly gets lynched before he can prove his good intentions.

Jean Muir gives a particularly good performance as the simple country girl, and is ably supported by Harry Davenport as "Pa" Craig. Gordon Oliver makes a good impression as the young Northerner—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

### ★ TROUBLE IN MOROCCO

Jack Holt, Mae Clarke. (Columbia.)

A NEWSPAPER reporter leads an exciting life in his search for copy. If he is not solving mysterious crimes for the police on his home territory, he is up to his neck in romantic, colorful adventure on foreign shores. At least that is what pictures of this type would have us believe.

This one is a particularly overdrawn melodrama with probably the most fantastic story ever filmed: a trite medley of newspaper scoop, Foreign Legion, romantic desert, pictures all concerning two rival correspondents for newspaper syndicates, Mae Clarke and Jack Holt, on the trail of a gun-running story in Morocco.

Holt, unfortunately, finds himself a member of the French Foreign Legion, hauled in as a deserter, but is enabled to escape and effect a rescue of his beautiful newspaper rival from the Arabs in true E. M. Hull style—across the saddle, and away, to the accompaniment of pounding hoofs on the desert sands. This is just one of the melodramatic touches.

However, one sees much duller films than this. The exciting element in such pictures always has its appeal, and Jack Holt has a disarmingly earnest way of conducting his heroics.—Lyric; showing.

## EVERYTHING NEW—EXCEPT THE DIMPLES!

IT'S SHIRLEY'S WONDER SHOW!



Shirley  
**TEMPLE**  
in  
**Dimples**

with FRANK MORGAN  
STEPIN FETCHIT  
Six Songs 20 Dances, Too!

WATCH FOR ITS  
EARLY RELEASE  
in YOUR CITY

## Recaptures skin charm

The famous Creme Chamosan recaptures and puts back into your skin the charm and witchery of Youth. It has in it those things which take out of your skin many faults and many signs of age... It takes years from your looks.

Every moment it is on your skin it is making it younger, prettier and more charming. It holds your powder for hours. It protects your skin from the ravages of the sun, dust and wind.

It is a blessing to the woman getting on in years. Why look old?

Creme Chamosan adorns the dressing tables of multitudes of women who have found in it the secret of a young looking and pretty skin.

It is a charm, too, against the sun, dust and wind.

**Creme Chamosan for skin youth**

Big double size jar for your dressing table, 2/6. Handbag tubes, 1/-.

Quite irresistible.

It's Creme Chamosan face powder is French.

It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour...

...you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like...

Chamosan face powder "stays put" how lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours.

It's the best powder money can buy, and costs only 2/6 for a large box.

You can get it in all shades, including suntan. It's the favourite powder of stage and film stars.

It brings enchantment to your skin, no matter what your age. Sold everywhere, including New Zealand.

Here is Taken No. 36 for The Australian Women's Weekly "People of the World in Pictures."

Obtainable for 2/6 and 3 tokens.

**PW 26**

Here is Taken No. 65 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Australians Home Overseas."

Obtainable for 4/- and 4 tokens.

**G 65**

Here is Taken No. 41 for The Australian Women's Weekly "A Month's Wonder Book."

Obtainable for 2/6 and 4 tokens.

**WB 41**



# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN  
President Astrological Research Society

## Virgoans... the Enigmas of the Zodiac

Virgoans (people born between August 24 and September 23) provide some of the enigmas of the zodiac.

They can be exceedingly kindly, sympathetic, wise and helpful; also they may be coldly and ruthlessly selfish (even to the point of cruelty) and quite intolerant.

It all depends on how they respond to the two basic qualities in their general make-up—analysis and criticism.

**VIRGOANS** who learn to direct those faculties into kindly, constructive channels have the power to reach almost any goal upon which they set their hearts.

But those who direct such inborn talents along destructive lines through being over-critical and hard seem to bring upon themselves much unhappiness and failure.

Hence it is that Virgo mothers have a duty towards their children, and their future, as well as to themselves. They should train them with extreme care, continually helping them to see the difference between constructive criticism, wisely applied, and that brand of criticism which develops "niggers" and "whiners."

It must never be forgotten that

Virgo is one of the best "mental" signs of the zodiac, and that the naturally keen intellect of these people must be cultivated and utilised if they are to do their best work in life.

Help Virgoans to realise and appreciate their own mental qualifications and their pride will usually be sufficient to urge them on to successful accomplishments.

Until they do realise these facts, however, there is a tendency to take life rather easily and to give way to other people in the more important things of life, though they often make a fun about matters which really do not matter.

### Modest, But Precise

They are sometimes excessively modest and dependent upon the good opinion of others, due to their inborn desire for refinement and popularity. They simply dread doing the wrong thing.

Virgoans are repelled by coarseness. They are clean-minded, neat, and systematic.

They dislike dirty work of any kind, especially if it soil their hands and clothing. If compelled to do such work, even temporarily, they can often be caught brushing the hands and fingers and picking minute specks off their clothing. They handle soiled objects as gingerly as though expecting them to explode.

They usually have neatly-shod feet and facial features which are either small or rather good-looking.

"Precise" or "precision" should be the middle name of most Virgoans. They like perfection so much that their correctness becomes a byword among associates. In fact, those who have much to do with Virgoans will find that appeals for their help will usually prove more successful if there is an element of tidying-up and method to be incorporated in whatever they are asked to do.

That element of "tussling" which is so much a part of their desire for perfection glories in constructive work of any kind. Add to this an appeal to the really splendid reasoning faculties and common sense of these folk, and the Virgoan will become a strong friend and a faithful and willing helper.

## "STOLEN" Kiss Worth £10'10'.

By Air Mail from our London Office.

A "stolen" kiss is worth ten guineas in the eyes of British justice.

SUCH was the ruling given by Judge Charles Haydon in a Croydon court in the case of a young school-teacher, Miss Nelly Frances Howarth, who claimed she had been kissed twice against her will by her landlord.

Giving evidence, Miss Howarth said the landlord "stole" the two kisses when he came into her room with a receipt for her last payment of rent.

"He told me he thought I looked lonely," she said. "I was sitting in a chair and he sat on the corner of a table beside me. He began to talk about the private life of his wife and himself. Then he put his arm round me and kissed me twice. I was terrified. I didn't know what to do."

"The affair seems limited to the two kisses," said the Judge. "This was an assault of the kind a lady is entitled to resent. I am going to value the two assaults inflicted upon Miss Howarth in this improper way at ten guineas each."

**VIRGOANS** are sometimes excessively "tussy" and, particularly if they do not get their own way through gentle and persistent means, can be surprisingly determined and dominant.

### The Daily Diary

They to see this information in your daily

whenever it will prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 20): Just fair on August 24 (date) 25 and 26.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): You will find your opportunities improve during the next few weeks, so plan well and be sure to begin some new and important enterprises while your luck holds. Make the most of August 27 and 28.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Live very cautiously this week if you wish to avoid disputes, arguments and delays, especially on August 25 and 26.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 21): Quite fair but you on August 21. Continue on August 25 and 26 those matters recently started.

**VIRGO** (August 22 to September 21): Fortune should smile upon you in some degree during the next few weeks. Be optimistic and ambitious. Make the most of August 21 and 28. Work hard and long. Seek advancement.

**LIBRA** (September 22 to October 21): Live quietly on August 28 and 29. Fair on August 25 and 26. Those matters recently started.

**SCORPIO** (October 22 to November 21): Very fair for you on August 31, but guard against losses or disappointments on August 25 and 26.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 to December 21): Little clouds may shade your horizon, so live quietly. This is especially so on August 28 and 30, when extravagance, losses or opposition are likely.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Be alive in your opportunities. Make much of August 27 and 28. Try to begin new enterprises or make changes then. The stars will favor you, so be optimistic.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 18): Routine work best for you. August 29 and 30 may produce small benefits.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 20): There are risks (this week). The stars threaten danger of losses, partings, opposition or disrupted plans. Be more cautious than usual on August 28 and 29. You may thus moderate (or even overcome) the troubles.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## A girl looks smart on a SPEEDWELL

That's why thousands of girls ride to work, to play and for pleasure! Speedwell is the bicycle which appeals so readily because of its ultra-smartness, strength, comfortable design, and sweet running. Speedwell embodies the improvements of fifty-three years' experience in high quality cycle building... all at no extra cost.

Just a few shillings weekly and you can pedal the road to health and happiness on a Speedwell. Free insurance and everlasting guarantee makes Speedwell a lifetime investment.

Just 4/- Weekly buys a SPEEDWELL

Lady's Models from £7/19/6  
Girl's Models from £6/10/-

SEE YOUR LOCAL SPEEDWELL AGENT OR SEND COUPON FOR PARTICULARS

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...YOUR FRIEND IS A SKIN SPECIALIST. ANN? I'LL ASK HIS ADVICE ABOUT MY AWFUL BLACKHEADS.

SKIN SPECIALIST TELLS WHAT TO USE AND WHY.

There's nothing like Rexona Soap to cleanse your skin and keep it healthy. Rexona's specially medicated lather draws away all the dust and germs from deep-down in the pores where your skin troubles actually begin. That's why Rexona quickly corrects skin faults, and guards against blackheads and blemishes in the future.

**FOR SERIOUS SKIN TROUBLE**  
If your skin trouble happens to be persistent, you need Rexona Ointment as well. This wonderful healer destroys germs, soothes affected parts and, with Rexona Soap, makes your skin smooth and healthy again in no time.

YOUR FRIEND'S ADVICE WAS WONDERFUL. ANN, IN THREE DAYS REXONA HAS MADE MY SKIN AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL.

Susp., Sol. Tablet, Ointment, 1/6 Tin. (City and Suburbs)

**Rexona**

5,192.22

## Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Miss Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair: "Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 3 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orice Compound and 4 ounce of Glycerine. There can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolor the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

**TEA**

**REVIVES YOU**

### ALWAYS MAKE TEA THIS WAY.

1. SELECT A GOOD QUALITY TEA.
2. Boil fresh water.
3. Warm clean teapot.
4. Put in one teaspoon of tea for each person and an extra one for the pot.
5. The moment the water boils, pour it on the tea.
6. Let the tea brew for 5 minutes.



When hard work or strenuous exercise robs you of energy, your vitality is lowered and the risk of catching cold increases. Lessen that risk with Tea... Tea lifts vitality, restores energy, helps you to resist the cold. Drink Tea more often this winter. You'll work harder and better, you'll enjoy your leisure more if you always rely on Tea to revive you.

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU  
WT.17



# Outstanding In Style and Value

## GRACE BROS

for **SMALL WOMEN and AVERAGE FIGURE TYPES**

You'll make a "Special Impression" with any one of these outstanding styles, as they have been most meticulously fashioned to impart chic to figures from the "Petite" to the average.

At the Specialised Price of 30/- each, these garments both in style and value, are a triumph of keen buying.

MAIL ORDERS  
SUPPLIED FOR  
ALL THESE  
GARMENTS!

OBTAINABLE IN THIS SIZE RANGE

SIZES	XSSW	SSW	SW	W
Bust	32	34	36	38 in.
Waist	27	28	30	32 in.
Hips	36	38	39	42 in.

**ML72**—REDINGOTE FROCK OF SATIN BACK OATMEAL CLOTH. Inset panel is in contrasting shade, with inverted pleat centre front. The silk embossed leaf design is also in contrasting colour. Knife pleat on side seams. Long sleeves tucked up the wrist. Stitched collar and belt. Shades Navy/White, Black/White, Beige/Brown. Sizes: XSSW, SSW, SW and W. Price Specialised 30/-

**ML73**—"BOX" BOLERO SUIT OF FLAT CREPE, ON TAILORED LINES! Coat has button and loop finishes with stitched collar and cuffs, and is worn over the new plain fitting skirt, which is attached to a White pin-tucked short-sleeved blouse. The little holdover collar is finished at neck with an Indian Red bow tie and belt to match. Shades: Navy and Black only. XSSW, SSW, SW, and W. Price Specialised 30/-

**ML74**—BOLERO ENSEMBLE OF BRITISH CREPE, introducing the new French "Rippling" on the bodice, high neck band, edge of sleeve and coat, which has an inverted pleat centre back. Belted skirt has knife pleats centre front. Shades: Gloucester Green, Kenya Rust, Navy. Sizes: XSSW, SSW, SW, W. Price Specialised 30/-

**ML75**—SLUB LINEN FROCK. Applique trims the yoke and pockets; knife pleats coming from yoke with buttons and Rouleau loops finish neck and sleeves, which are tucked in to fit the arm. Skirt has box pleat back and front. Shades: White, Blue, and String. Sizes: XSSW, SSW, SW and W. Price Specialised 30/-

**ALL ONE PRICE 30/- EA**

## WHEN Dreams COME TRUE Intuition & Radio

As yet, radio has not developed any particular superstitions like the stage.

Nobody worries if an announcer is heard whistling Tosti's "Goodbye," unless the mike happens to be switched on. You don't have to enter the studio with your left foot forward and Friday the thirteenth is like any other day.

DESPITE this, radio people seem to have a deep belief in their intuitions.

Maybe it is because working in front of the microphone for hours on end, without any visible signs of appreciation, they must rely on their intuition to tell them what sort of reaction they are getting.

Julie Russell, singer at 2GB, is a great believer in the value of intuition. "Although I have only been at 2GB for eight months," she says, "I feel that I am perfectly at home in radio."

### Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier.

WEDNESDAY, August 25. — 11.45 a.m.: "London Calling." 3.45 p.m.: "The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, August 26. — 11.45 a.m.: "Things that Happen." 2.45 p.m.: "The Movie World."

FRIDAY, August 27. — 11.45 a.m.: "So They Say." 2.45 p.m.: "Musical Cocktail."

SATURDAY, August 28. — 6.15 p.m.: "The Music Box." 9.30 p.m.: "Jack Hylton and His Orchestra—Alice Faye."

SUNDAY, August 29. — 4.30 p.m.: "Celebrity Singer Recital. W. Florence Austral." 6.10 p.m.: "Conchita Superbia (vocalist) and B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra."

MONDAY, August 30. — 11.15 a.m.: "People in the Limelight." 2.45 p.m.: "Review of The Australian Women's Weekly."

and often have that queer sensation of having lived through it all before."

She has a novel explanation for this. "I have always had a hunch that some day I would leave the theatre for radio, and I think my subconscious mind has been busy dramatising for me just what radio would be like, hence the feeling of familiarity."

Mrs. Jordan has her story of intuition to tell. Recently, faced with the problem of finding an organiser for one of the branches of her work, she worried all one Sunday afternoon, and finally decided that if the work was meant to be done someone would turn up to do it.

Next morning she received a letter from a lady offering her services—and the letter had been written on the Sunday afternoon.

Another radio personality with a deep belief in intuition is Mrs. Stelzer. She recalls a strange series of dreams she had as a child in which there figured fighting in Africa.

The next week the Boer War broke out.

"A dream completely changed my life," says Albert Russell, of 2GB. "It occurred about 10 years ago, and recurred three times. My brother, who had died some years previously, was talking to me in these dreams, and was most insistent that I should go to America and England. I did so, and my broadcasting life started as the result of that journey."

Peter Pinch, one of the younger B.S.A. Players, says he has never had a dream that came true, but he recalls a "flb" that was borne out. Tired of telling people that he had failed to get a radio engagement, he informed an inquirer that he had two engagements the next week at a certain station.

On arriving home he found a letter from that station telling him to report at once for two sessions.

**GRACE BROS., PTY., LTD. BROADWAY SYDNEY 'PHONE M 6506**



## Dreaded Meal Time



after taking  
**'Bisurated' Magnesia**  
can eat anything

Nurse Ward Tells Her Story  
The thought of eating roast pork three weeks ago would have terrified Nurse Ward, but to-day, thanks to 'Bisurated' Magnesia, she eats just what she fancies without the slightest twinge of that stabbing, gnawing pain which made eating a nightmare.

Another Triumph for  
**'Bisurated' Magnesia**

Stomach pains, flatulence, indigestion, heartburn—these are all the direct result of burning, corrosive excess stomach acids. It is in these very acids that 'Bisurated' Magnesia dissolves, liberating the quickest and most effective antacids known to science. Don't suffer another day—get 'Bisurated' Magnesia now from your chemist.

**'Bisurated' Magnesia**  
For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark

### STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

There is a solution to your problems, no matter whether they are PHYSICAL, PERSONAL, HEALTH, or FINANCIAL. Your welfare depends on the decisions you make now. An experienced letter-writer can help you if you will send your troubles. Write with a postal note for 1/6 and a stamped addressed envelope, to:

PSYCHOLOGICAL ADVISER,  
Box 37438, G.P.O., Sydney.

The  
Military  
Touch

ROSALIND

KEITH chooses this glorified forage cap of beige velvet to wear with her beige nubby wool suit, trimmed with matching fox.



## SYDNEY BRIDE in Her TOKIO HOME

"THAT will be nice for me," added Mrs. Katayama, "for it will give me the opportunity of seeing other parts of fascinating Japan. Maybe we'll make a trip to Europe next year if there are sufficient inducements for my husband to give recitals."

"In a way, our family has known

Continued from Page 3

Japan intimately. My mother was once here for ten months. My husband has a brother in Australia, and a sister, now in Tokio, may visit there next year.

"Nohuhiro has a good reputation here as a musician. He plays mostly modern Japanese compositions if he touches Japanese music at all. In general, his programmes include Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin."

Skiing is one of Japan's greatest sports. Mrs. Katayama hopes they will have the opportunity this winter of visiting the Japan Alps for a sport she's tried several times. Swimming, too, they enjoy, and this summer will find them several afternoons at the beaches which are only an hour from Tokio.

She revealed she has not a great deal of enthusiasm for Japanese flower arrangement or tea ceremony. Both are rather tedious and long-drawn-out culture-projects favored by many of the old-style Japanese, but not finding to-day much attraction with modern Japanese women, who love swimming, hiking, golf, and skating.

Japanese painting has an appeal, she relates, and after the household duties are adjusted she may take up a study of the art under a competent teacher.

### First Meeting

"WE first met at the International Club in Sydney, a year ago, July 29," she related to her interviewer. "The young Japanese musician (he's 28) was giving his first musicale. We attended several teas and dinners."

"He didn't have many acquaintances, but we soon found ourselves at numerous functions, until gradually we became well known to each other in personal contacts around Sydney at various parties."

"During his stay there he became popular and well known in social and music circles," she explained in answering a question on their first meeting.

In music she says she's an amateur, but she likes music and loves his interest in the subject. She has no special activities, but Betty confides she will make a good wife.

She loves the locality where they now live, and she hopes he likes the meals she supervises as much as she enjoys arranging them with the assistance of their Japanese cook.

In the interview they emphasised they are living in purely Occidental fashion. They will not adopt Japanese manners or modes of living. So far the young bride has not accustomed herself to Japanese cuisine.

Their address is 627 I-chome, Tamagawa, Nakamachi. Be gaya-ku, Tokio. That's all.

There's no phone in the house, but what young married couple wants to put up with that at the beginning? They are out and around the city many afternoons a week when they are not home or when he is not studying music.



SHE IS TERRIBLY RESTLESS AT NIGHT, AND SO CRANKY AND IRRITABLE DURING THE DAY — SHE WAS ALWAYS SUCH A BRIGHT CHILD, TOO.

WHAT SHE REALLY NEEDS IS CORNWELL'S MALT EXTRACT YOU MOTHERS SHOULD KNOW THE GREAT TONIC FOOD VALUE OF CORNWELL'S FOR GROWING CHILDREN.



The pure natural ingredients of Cornwell's Malt Extract make it the perfect tonic food for growing children. It supplies every essential for sturdy growth, strong bones and rich blood. You'll be amazed at the difference Cornwell's will make. Sold by all Grocers and Chemists.

**CORNWELL'S MALT EXTRACT**

Famous for over a Quarter of a Century

**2GB**  
presents

### "DRUMS"

Featuring William Farnum as Philip Lawrence.

On Wednesday next at 7 p.m. "Drums," the outstanding mystery serial of the year, enters on a new phase. The scene of Philip Lawrence's adventurous shifts to the glamorous South Seas, and from the very first episode new mysteries and entanglements surround him and his friends. Four nights a week, Monday to Thursday, at 7.15 p.m. "Drums" sounds the call to strange adventure!

### TRUE LIFE TALES

What does your life hold of romance, adventure, and comedy? Tune in to True Life Tales, and hear these interesting episodes in the lives of people who might live in the same suburb as yourself. If you, too, have a story to tell, you will hear how it may be dramatised as part of this unusual entertainment.

Note the new time —  
Every Sunday at 8.15 p.m.

**2GB**  
The Favourite Station



## GUARDING THE EYES OF A NATION...

Like the Royal Australian Navy Crompton Lamps live up to their tradition for efficiency and service. There are none better made.

AT ALL STORES  
Prices from  
1/4 each



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**NOYES BROS. (Sydney) LTD.**  
115 Clarence St., Sydney. 11 Wall St., Newcastle.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, SYDNEY announces a

## FREE LECTURE ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Entitled: "Christian Science Illumines Prayer."

By MR. GAVIN W. ALLAN, C.S.B.

Member of the Board of Lecturers of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts.

IN THE TOWN HALL, SYDNEY.

On SUNDAY, 29th AUGUST, 1937, at 2 p.m.  
THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND.



# FEVERISH COMPLAINTS Are Attacking the PEOPLE EVERYWHERE

REPORTS received from different parts of the State indicate that complaints of feverish origin are rife at the present time. Feverish Colds—Sore Throats and 'Flu attacks strike quickly, and just as quick action on your part is essential to prevent the development of feverish complaints. The proved antidote for feverish conditions is 'ASPRO' owing to it being, after ingestion in the system, an anti-pyretic, or fever reducer, and an internal antiseptic and germicide. 'ASPRO' quickly reduces temperature—stops aches and pains and creates a healthy action of the skin. It is quickly effective when used as a gargle for Sore Throats and is indispensable when feverish conditions are about. Always keep a packet in the house.

## 'ASPRO' Quickly Reduces Temperatures

### Feverish Condition Speedily Dispersed —No Trace of 'Flu Next Morning

16 Victoria Street,  
Avondale,

Dear Sirs,

I wish to tell you of the good results I have had from 'ASPRO' for Colds and Influenza. I have suffered with Influenza at various times and was eventually led to try 'ASPRO' through your advice. I took 5 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink upon retiring on one particular occasion when I felt Influenza developing and the result was really marvellous. The feverish condition was speedily dispersed and next morning there was no trace of Influenza whatever.

(Sgd.) J. TREDWAY.

### Nursing Sister Praises 'ASPRO'

22 Bellevue Street,  
Thornleigh, N.S.W.

Dear Sirs,

Having derived great benefit from 'ASPRO' during my nursing and having used 'ASPRO' throughout the terrible Influenza Epidemic, I can testify to its great value in reducing temperatures and relieving Headaches.

Your faithfully,  
(Sgd.)  
SISTER JANE STARKEY.

### Professional Advice Was to Use 'ASPRO' for Influenza — Temperature Soon Disappeared

Russell, 11/9/36.

Dear Sirs,

I have used 'ASPRO' with wonderful effect for Influenza as well as Sore Throats and Colds. Just recently one member of the family was threatened with a severe attack of Influenza. The doctor was appealed to for advice and a regular dose of 'ASPRO' with a hot lemon drink was recommended every three or four hours. These instructions were followed and the temperature disappeared within a few hours and within twenty-four hours all traces of Influenza had vanished. I might add that we are never without 'ASPRO' in the house.

(Sgd.) (Mrs.) A. F. BAKER.

### 15 Proved uses for 'ASPRO'

- 1—It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
- 2—It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
- 3—It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
- 4—It will ease the Nagging pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia.
- 5—Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache.
- 6—'ASPRO' taken as directed will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in 24 hours.
- 7—It brings relief without harming the heart.
- 8—It soothes away irritability.
- 9—It speedily reduces Temperature.
- 10—The stabbing pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO.'
- 11—It can be taken at any time, in Train, Tram, at Home, at Business, anywhere, everywhere.
- 12—It gives great relief to women when depressed.
- 13—It relieves ill after effects of alcohol.
- 14—It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever.
- 15—As a gargle, 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore throats and Tonsillitis.

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## TAKING IT on the CHIN

Continued from  
Page 22

EVEN then, with the obstinacy of despair, she went to meet him. One gesture of his and she would have thrown herself in his arms, crying her heart out with weariness and desire for peace. But as she saw him she stopped short. Here was some change for which she was not prepared, which struck her with an icy consternation. He stared at her, his eyes glazed, his face flushed. He looked, for all his meticulous dressing, beggared and disrupted.

"Rob, where have you been? Why didn't you come home?"

"Why should I come home? What's there to come home for? Food out of a can? Thanks for nothing. I prefer to eat decently at the club—"

"And drink," she struck at him. Just because her heart had softened it was the more vulnerable.

"Well, why shouldn't I drink? I don't ask you to pay for it. It's your home, your food, your children, your everything. But my drink is mine. You can't take that from me—"

He laughed a little. She'd taken everything else from him—his confidence, his self-respect. She had knocked the ground from under his feet, exposing him to contempt and ridicule. Everyone knew—Martha, the children, the men at the club, the superintendent of the apartment, even old Frankie. "Rob Norton's wife is working in a restaurant. Rob Norton's wife is keeping the roof over his head. Rob Norton's through—"

She hadn't even understood what she had done to him. She understood nothing, because she had never really loved him.

Suddenly he knew what he had to do. The last drink had given him the final clarity of purpose. "The fact is—" he said—"I'm an intruder here. I'm a parasite. I don't belong. So I am getting out. I am leaving it to you. You can have everything I've got."

It was as though he had hit her squarely over the heart. The very pain of it forced a defiant smile to her lips. He saw it. And laughed too. "Of course—I haven't a darned thing. You don't have to say it. That's why I'm clearing out. What, in Heaven's name, do you think I am?"

"I don't know who you are," she flung back. "I know now that I never knew."

HE swung on his heel. He went out, slamming the door for the last time. It only dawned on him as he reached the corner of the street that he had nowhere to go. He hadn't a penny in his pocket—not even car-fare. He had to bite his lips to keep them steady.

Jim Peters opened the door to him. He held the door open with his shoulder, his hands being occupied with a half-dried plate. He was in shirt-sleeves and wore a kitchen cloth tied round his middle like an apron. The small, not very tidy sitting-room smelt warm and friendly of a recent meal.

"Well—if it isn't my late, long-lost partner in misfortune! Come in, man. Jane, it's Rob Norton. Had supper, Rob?"

He shook his head. He hadn't had lunch or supper.

"Jane, woman, I think a slab of that pie of mine would put heart into this fellow. Sit down. Don't talk. It's the purest concrete. It'll give you such indigestion you won't remember you have another trouble in the world."

He let them do what they wanted with him—fuss over him, spread a table for him, push a cushion behind his back. He felt like a lost child that had been found and brought home. He wanted to put his head down on Jane's thin shoulder and cry his heart out. He felt humbled and broken by their kindness.

"We've got to talk sotto voce," Jim said. "I've just put my son to sleep for the third time, and if I have to do it again I'll murder him. I'd hate to have to do it. He's a nice son. I didn't realise it before, when I was slaving at old Lancaster's. Never had the chance. Too busy. But now he takes me for walks in the park and teaches me all I never knew. We're sort of getting properly acquainted. I'm glad to find that he has inherited all his father's charm."

He was talking for the sake of

talking—giving poor old Norton time to get his nerve back. What on earth had struck him? There were rumors, of course, that Rob Norton had gone queer, was high hating people, talking big and drinking too much. That was bad—if it were true. And with that pretty, sporting wife of his—

"How are the cats, man?"

"They're swell," Rob mumbled.

"There—you see!" Peters turned exultantly. "I said that pie was the best ever. Jane said she couldn't get her teeth through it."

Jane kissed him lightly on the top of his head.

"He's so inflated with himself as a domestic archangel," she said, "that there's no holding him. I'm tired and going to bed. You two can wash up and tell each other how swell you are. If he wants to stay the night, put Rob on the sofa and make him comfortable. And don't boil tomorrow's eggs to stones."

Jim Peters stacked the dishes in the tiny pantry and handed Rob an apron and a dishcloth.

"I guess," he said, "that you'd rather dry. Beginners always do. It's a great mistake."

Jim Peters didn't seem defeated. He seemed perfectly normal and even cheerful.

"Well, I guess we've about weathered the storm," he said. "Things looked bad for the Peters' for a while. Mercifully, Jane held on to her job. She says she was so insignificant they forgot to fire her. The truth is she's a swell secretary and the boss knows it. Of course, we've had to do without things—domestic help and all that. But I'm a swell cook. I'll quite hate to give it up. I've got a new job next week. Prazer offered it to me. It's not much to start with. But it will lead to something." He swished round the sink with gusto. "Well, that's enough about us. Sit down and tell me about your funeral."

"Oh, it's just that Ray and I are through," Rob said easily. "It happens all the time. Nothing spectacular."

"Someone else turned up?"

"Lord, no. Neither of us is that sort. Just circumstances. I lost my job and she got hers. It didn't work. She didn't understand what it felt like, and I got to despise myself. I could stick most things. But being kept by my wife—"

Please turn to Page 38

### Ease the Pain and SLEEP!



"We're lucky to have this bottle of Sloan's in the house to-night."

"You said it! That pain won't keep me awake now. It feels better already!"

### LAME BACK

Ease the pain — Sleep!

The one sure relief for backache is Sloan's Liniment. Because Sloan's rushes fresh blood to the sore spot instantly—and this fresh blood stops pain, relaxes muscles, warms and soothes you. Your sleep is not spoiled. No wonder so many millions of people call Sloan's a godsend! . . . And remember—it costs only 1/9d!

## SLOAN'S LINIMENT



## WHAT TO DO IF YOU ARE THIN, WEAK, RUNDOWN NERVOUS...

Get "VIKELP"

Tablets' Natural  
MINERALS and  
FOOD IODINE  
into Your Blood  
and Glands.

Accept this Startling  
"Prove it" Offer—

1. Your money back if "VIKELP" Tablets do not...
2. Correct Malnutrition.
3. Add at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh.
4. Strengthen nerves.
5. Banish systemic disorders such as constipation, rheumatism, goitre.
6. Make you eat and sleep better.
7. Give Radiant Health, New Strength, Tireless Energy.

If you are weak, thin, run-down and suffering from malnutrition—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your health, strength, endurance and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel well. Medical men and nutrition experts have at last got right down to the real trouble with these conditions and explain an amazing, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicine can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. They hinder glands—especially the thyroid—control the health and body-building process—glands which require a regular intake of the 12 life-giving MINERALS and FOOD IODINE (not the ordinary kind, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.).

The simplest and quickest way to get these precious needed substances (Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus, Magnesium, etc.) is "Vikelp" Tablets, the astounding mineral concentrates from the Pacific Ocean. They are 1,300 times richer in iodine than ordinary iodine considered the best source. "Vikelp" Tablets' MINERALS and FOOD IODINE, you quickly restore your weight and strength, building glands, correct malnutrition, promote assimilation, enrich the blood and build up a source of enduring health and strength. Your body is not only rejuvenated but fully individualized, constipation, gastritis, goitre and other systemic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely.

Try "Vikelp" Tablets for 10 days. Notice how much better you feel, how you add sleep, how your appetite improves and colour comes back into your cheeks. And if you don't gain 5 lbs. of good, solid flesh in the first 10 days your money will be refunded. Your own doctor will approve this way. They cost but little to try. Obsolete everywhere.

**SPECIAL FREE OFFER.**  
Write to-day for fascinating, instructive 50-page book on New Facts about Minerals, Iodine and Vitamins. How to Build Rich, Red Blood, Eliminate Blisters, Disasters, Gain New Energy, and Strong Nerves. Mine's Contacts of Food and their Effect on the Human Body—absolutely free. No obligation. "Vikelp" Tablets, N.W.W. Co., G.P.O. Box 3075 N.S.W., Sydney, N.S.W.

**VIKELP** HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets  
Sold at Kelpmatt in U.S.A. 3/25

## Coughs relieved instantly

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure is the most popular and effective Home Remedy for Coughs and Chest-Colds obtainable in Australia.

After Influenza, HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure will take care of any Chest Condition and will minimise risk of Pneumonia.

Always insist on...

**HEARNE'S  
BRONCHITIS CURE**

## THIS Wins £1/1/- PRIZE

### Outback Drama

A MATE and I were in search of work and health in Central Queensland. We were walking from Longreach to Blackall.

We reached Isisford without mishap, and set off from there with our swags and a quart billy of water each.

We were new to such dry country. By the first night we had finished our water and had lost our way. All next day we went without water, and by nightfall we were parched.

Then we found an old, deep, disused well. Lying near it was an old wire cable which I carefully untwisted. Then my mate tied it to the billy, and lowered it into the well.

He lowered away for quite a time, then the wire slipped through his fingers down into what seemed a bottomless well.

Fearing that we might lose the other billy we abandoned that hope and went on.

All the next day we walked on in the blistering heat without finding habitation or water.

Our tongues were swollen, and our bodies feverish. We were craving for water.

Next morning we stumbled on in desperation. Being in poor health I became semi-delirious.

I could see and hear water everywhere, but I could not reach it. I felt I could go no further. So my mate said he would go on.

After about half an hour I heard a shout. Looking up, I beheld my mate holding up a tin. He had found an old abandoned camp where someone had left a kerosene tin of water, plugged up to stop evaporation.

It was red with rust, but it was the finest drink I had ever tasted. To whomever had left that water there we owed our lives.

Although this happened many years ago, I still cannot bear to see water wasted.

£1/1/- to D. Thompson, Applethorpe, Qld.

**Moved in Time**  
WHEN my baby was less than a month old I took him out to nurse him on the terrace of our Swiss home.

My husband was already there, and as I came up he said: "Look, Mum, look at those clouds over the forest. We're in for a big storm, I think."

I glanced carelessly at the angry clouds, but as the sun was shining on the terrace I had no fear.

We had our afternoon tea and I lingered on chatting to my husband while he watched the oncoming storm.

Suddenly my French nurse appeared on the balcony above. "Quickly, madam," she cried, "come in. It is too cold out there for baby and you."

I got up immediately, and I had hardly reached the side door when a terrific gust of wind burst the upstairs French windows, sending a shower of fine glass down on the chair in which I'd been sitting.

I stood trembling, and watched while my husband arose, unhurt from the next chair, and casually shook a few splinters of glass off his coat.

Then he held up the cushion from my chair. It was a mass of glass spikes—some three inches long!

And even now I feel sick and giddy when I think of my baby's narrow escape. Only my promptitude in obeying my nurse averted a terrible accident.

5/- to Mrs. W. Walker, 33 Magill Rd., St. Peters, S.A.

**Collision at Sea**

JUST after the war, while employed as stewardess on the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services Line, we were involved in a collision with a Canadian freighter off the coast of Newfoundland. The pilot, guiding us through what

is known as the danger zone (where towering icebergs abound in great numbers at that time of year) had allowed down and given the order to anchor. Suddenly there came two violent impacts which threw us off our feet.

We were in a heavy sea mist, which is generally in the vicinity of icebergs. This had deadened the sound of the ship's bells, etc., and there was no visibility.

At the time I was changing into afternoon uniform when a steward knocked at the door, and his white, scared face told me something was wrong.

I learned there was a huge hole in the bow of the ship, and that the stewards' messroom had been smashed in. They were very lucky not to have been sleeping at the time.

I hurried on deck, my duty being to reassure the panic-stricken women. Providentially, the hole was all above water line, and we were able to proceed slowly up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, where we disembarked.

The stewardesses were sent back as passengers on the Corsican, another of the company's boats.

Had the hole been a little lower we might have been resting with the ill-fated Empress of Ireland, whose masts we had seen on that route previously.

5/- to Mrs. M. P. Harvey, 324 Halifax Street, Adelaide.

### Locked in Ice Room

I WAS employed in a freezing works in Brisbane, chiefly storing export butter for the London markets, and on this particular day a large quantity was being transhipped from one of the freezing rooms to be loaded into insulated wagons.

It was my customary duty to go through each room and see that every box had been cleared.

When I entered the first room through the airlock I left it partly open while I walked into each room. There was an intervening trap door between each.

In the meantime, another employee closed the door I had left partly open and locked me inside.

I tried all manner of means to find

**EYE STRAIN!**  
corrected  
WITHOUT GLASSES

THOSE suffering with impaired eyesight CAN NOW, WITH EYE CULTURE, DISCARD GLASSES FOREVER.

You can restore perfect vision, yourself, in your own home by EYE CULTURE's simple, natural, harmless, effective treatment.

NO GLASSES! NO OPERATION! NO MEDICINE! NO DRUGS! Just a course of Eye Culture which removes all congestion from the strained, weakened eye muscles, then by simple exercises those muscles are strengthened until they function normally, and the eyes regain their natural sight, beauty, and tone.

If you suffer from NEAR SIGHT, FAR SIGHT, OLD SIGHT, ASTIGMATISM, SQUINT, SORE EYES, or STRAINED eyes or other eye troubles, you need Eye Culture to help you.

A grateful user of Eye Culture wrote us last week: "I am very pleased to be able to tell you that my eyes are now perfectly well. I did not write before because I was taking another position with additional eye strain of negative retouching and colouring, and I wished to test them thoroughly."

Write or call to-day—you are under no obligation, and get our expert knowledge by which you can preserve and improve your eyesight without the use of glasses. To those who cannot come to our rooms we will be pleased to send upon request our booklet, "PERFECT EYESIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES." Expert treatment can be given in your own home. Write or call to-day, mentioning your particular eye trouble, to "EYE CULTURE," care Irvine Ltd., No. 1 St. James Building, 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone, MA3187.

### Now—Tell Your Best Story

MEMORABLE incidents in the lives of readers are told on this page every week.

All are invited to contribute. Simply set down, in a letter of about 300 words, the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned—it may have been about your childhood, schooldays, work or home life.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best letter each week, and 5/- for others published.

Address letters: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 3.

a way out, but it was of no avail. I was a prisoner in a death trap, 10 degrees below freezing point.

Each room has an alarm bell which is connected with the engine-room. This I continued ringing for fully ten minutes, but without response.

I was then at my wife's end what next to do, but a thought came quickly into my brain to keep walking up and down so that my blood circulation would not be reduced.

Gradually I began to feel my ears and fingers becoming numb, and I could almost feel death's presence.

I was fully twenty minutes in this predicament, when I heard the door open and the engineer's head appear inside the chamber, exclaiming, at the same time, "Who is in here?"

I moved over towards the door, and fell, frozen stiff, into his arms.

Assistance arrived shortly after, and, first aid being applied, I quickly came to my senses. It was two hours before I could reach home.

Readers can well understand my thanks when taken out of death's embrace.

5/- to Harry Devine, 75 Portman St., Zetland, N.S.W.

### Almost Buried in Sand

WITH my 12-months-old son in my arms, I proceeded, some years ago, to inspect the small garden of our new home.

Marking out the disposition of each portion of the garden into flower plots, etc., I suddenly felt the earth giving way beneath my feet.

Seeking to regain my balance, I must have dislodged what solid earth I was standing on and I was precipitated into an old disused well.

Realising the futility of attempting to climb out, I stood still, calling loudly for help.

Suddenly I felt the warm sand creeping round my feet!

Realising our dreadful plight, I struggled to climb out, thereby further dislodging more sand, till the rotten planks on the sides of the well fell in, and a mountain of earth seemed to be enveloping us.

Raising my arms, I put baby in a sitting position on my head. The sand was now up to my waist; now it had crept almost to my shoulders. Surely we would not die this dreadful death, with neighbors all around us!

Half-demented, I at last heard a voice above saying encouragingly, "Keep calm," and I felt baby lifted from my arms and head.

"I cannot dig you out alone," said my helper, "but there are some workers in the next street, and I have sent for them."

I now saw that my rescuer, a woman, was lying face downwards on the top of the well, scooping away sand with her hands from before my face, but how inadequate was her help.

The all-enveloping sand still rose. It was around my neck. Soon it would have suffocated me, penetrate my eyes, my mouth and nose!

"Here are the men!" I heard. Then I fainted.

5/- to M. Clarke, 58 Oakover St., East Fremantle, W.A.



Her lips said "Darling"  
but her breath said

### "Stale Tobacco"

MANY a promising romance has dwindled to nothing because of unpleasant breath. Romance cannot thrive if your breath keeps on saying "Stale Tobacco."

And yet, it isn't necessary to give up smoking. May Breath antiseptic tablets will clear your breath in a minute—non-scented, good for you. A tin of May Breath tablets occupies no more space in your bag than a coin or two.



## MAY BREATH

CLEARs YOUR BREATH

1/- a tin at all Chemists

See  
that your  
brassware  
is polished  
regularly  
with

**Brasso**  
Liquid Metal Polish





"KEPT!" Jim Peters snorted. "I'm not kept. Hang it all, man, don't I keep the place clean and make the beds and wash the kid and take it for walks and cook amazing meals so that hussy can go down town and have a nice easy time with her feet on an office desk! Say, who are you insulting?"

He broke off. He bent forward and patted the younger man's bowed shoulder. "You go home and be kept," he said. "Take it from me—it's hard work. And you bet she knows it."

Rob Norton shook his head. "I've made her despise me, too," he said. "It's all over with us—"

It was cold. Kay hadn't brought her rubbers, and didn't wear a hat. Her shoes were the kind the charming hostess of the Albrecht Restau-

## TAKING IT on the CHIN

Continued from Page 36

rant would wear—dainty, high-heeled, and guaranteed to drop to pieces at first contact with the harsh realities. They were also expensive. It was ten o'clock. She was tired, footsore and cold. Charm was at low ebb. She had received the last belated dinner with a smile that had been a thin disguise for loathing.

By the time she got home the children would be in bed. There seemed no reason why she shouldn't stand where she was for ever. There was nothing to go home to—

She wished she could get Rob out of her mind.

Perhaps if they had ever sat down and talked things over, not as a man and woman in love with each other, but as devoted friends, they would have found out what was

wrong with both of them. She might have understood—even the dishes.

Well, she was being sentimental. She sighed and stepped out of the shelter of the restaurant awning. A taxi sidled ingratiatingly alongside.

"Taxi, lady?"

"No," she said.

"It's a bad night, lady. You'll get your feet wet. It's going to rain."

She stopped dead. It was his voice. He stopped with her. Under the lamplight they considered each other intently. He was one of the smart sort—youthful, with a jaunty chauffeur's cap set at a challenging angle.

She opened her mouth to speak. And said nothing. He bent round and opened the door for her.

"Step right in, lady. It's cheaper than a cold."

She murmured her address automatically and because she did not believe her senses. He touched his cap. "Suits me fine, lady. You're my last customer and my garage is over your way." He slipped smoothly into second. "It's going to be a bad night. But a bad night is a blessing to us taxi-drivers. The wetter the better, as the saying goes."

"Does it?" she murmured.

"Sure," he said. "Now on fine nights we don't make enough to buy a cup of coffee. It's a hard business making a living, lady. I guess you know it, too."

"Not that I'm grouching, lady. Business is picking up. So long as you can keep going somehow it don't seem to make much difference how. I finger compared to some guys I know I ain't done so bad—"

"Haven't you?" she asked, spell-bound.

"No, lady. I don't say I haven't had a bump or two. I haven't always been a taxi-driver. No, lady. Not me. I used to run my own car. Had my own home and a wife and kids. No end of a smart guy—"

"Don't you think," she managed to say faintly, "it would be safer if you didn't talk?"

"Safer? Gee—no. I can drive with my eyes shut." He glanced back at her. "Not feeling nervous, are you, lady?"

"A little."

"You don't need to. I ain't never had an accident. And I like talking. My idea is we don't talk enough. You take husbands and wives now—"

"I think," she said, "I'd like the window shut."

"Sure, lady."

HE shut it smartly. And she was conscious of a startled regret. But he opened the window again at the next stop.

"I gotta wife just like you, lady. Nervous as a cat. Never could believe I wasn't going to run into something. And she was a good driver herself. A swell driver. I hated having to sell the old bus. Kinda made me sore—"

"Really?"

"Sure. It makes a man sore. And if he don't say nothing it makes him sorer. You see, lady, I'd lost my job, and I couldn't get another that was good enough for me. I just couldn't believe it. A smart guy like me—why, it just didn't seem natural. I was kinda stage-struck about myself, I gue— Made a hell of a mess of everything. Stuck round with my nose in the air waiting for Rockefeller to take notice. Wouldn't soil my jily-white hands. Used to let the wife wash the kids and the dishes—"

"And was she sore too?" she asked with a sudden flash of temper.

"You bet, lady. Sore as a bear. And I don't blame her. I've learnt a thing or two since then. She was worth two of me and then some. One of these days I'm going to tell her so. But I gotta wait till I make good—"

He pulled up smoothly at the kerb. "There you are, lady. No, not so much as a nickel, lady. It's been a pleasure. What I say is, we workers have got to stick together."

She stood on the pavement, hesitant, her heart hammering.

"Thank you," she said. "Good luck!"

"Thank you, lady. You go right in or you'll get your feet wet."

He slid off, touching his cap.

She didn't sleep that night. Which fact may have accounted for a certain air of distraction which she wore throughout the succeeding day. Even her favorite customers were aware that she didn't care whether she lived or died. At ten o'clock she was outside the restaurant. She didn't know what she hoped or feared. A taxi that had been lying in wait pulled up alongside. She walked on. She pretended it wasn't there. It followed her obstinately. It stopped when she did. He held the door open. This time not a word was spoken on either side. From that time on, throughout the succeeding nights, he maintained a disconcerting, decorous silence. On the night he didn't come she went home and cried with fatigue and nerves. The next night when he was outside waiting for her she didn't pretend anything. She stepped right in. He apologised.

"I JUST couldn't make it, lady. I had to go and see a guy about a job. You see, lady, I ain't always going to be a taxi-driver. No, sir, I'm going up in the world. And this job is just a step along the way, so to speak. It ain't a big job, but it's going to lead to something—you bet your life."

"Your wife will be pleased," she said; "I mean about the job. She must miss you."

He cocked his head attentively, as though he were considering the finer shades of that remark.

"I don't know, lady. I'd kinda like to know. I wasn't much to miss and that's a fact. Maybe I'll ask her some day."

"I should," she said. "It wasn't snowing any more. But it was bitter cold and the streets were frozen. He clambered down and opened the door and helped her out. The warmth of his hand seemed to go up her arm and straight down into her heart."

"It's kinda hard-going, lady."

"Yes," she said. "I know. For everyone." She stood looking up at the bright stars, careful to avoid the eyes watching her from the shadow of the chauffeur's cap. "I'd certainly tell your wife," she said, "I mean about the job. And every-thing."

"Maybe I will. Maybe after my last run. I'll be off at midnight. It's a bit late, though. And she'll be tired."

"I think," she said, looking at him steadily, "that she will be waiting up for you."

(Copyright.)

## LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

### —GUARDS HEALTH, PREVENTS INFECTION



The hand that clutched this strap before yours may have left behind the dangerous germs of infection.



Here is one of the easiest ways of picking up infection—dangerous germs pass from hand to hand.



A single coin may pass through hundreds of hands in a day: it is bound to carry infectious germs.



Every hand-clasp—a gesture of friendliness—may also be a deadly danger through the possibility of passing on the dangerous germs of infection.

### GERM-FREE CLEANLINESS FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE AGAINST DANGEROUS GERMS

## A Simple Precaution Against Infection!

THERE is no surer or more simple precaution against the dangers of infection than the regular use of Lifebuoy Medicated Health Soap. The rich, antiseptic lather of Lifebuoy—containing the famous health element which is distinctive to Lifebuoy—gets right into the pores of the skin, removes not only every speck of hidden dirt, but the dangerous germs in the dirt.

HANDS ARE DANGEROUS GERM CARRIERS. WASH THEM OFTEN WITH LIFEBUOY

Your children's friends can be their enemies, too!

Your children's friends can easily be their enemies, too—through infection. Make sure that they are safe from this danger. Give them the protection of Lifebuoy. See that your children wash their hands with Lifebuoy after playing and always before eating.



### How LIFEBUOY PROTECTS!

The rich Lifebuoy lather gets right into the pores of their skin, removing not only the dirt, but the dangerous germs in dirt. In this simple, pleasant way you remove the source of danger—give them the protection they rely on you to give.

## LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Removes germs as well as dirt

2-365-18

A LEVER PRODUCT



Now you can often  
**ESCAPE COLDS**  
AT THE FIRST  
SNEEZE, QUICK!  
JUST DO THIS

THAT first sneeze or snuffle is Nature's warning that you are catching cold. Heed it—and you can escape many a cold entirely. Just put a few drops of Vicks Vapo-nol up each nostril.

**Helps Nature's Defences**  
3 out of 4 colds start in the nose and upper throat. Vapo-nol is specially created for this danger area. Swiftly, it spreads through the hidden passages. Its tingling medication relieves irritation, rouses Nature's own defences to throw out the invading cold.

**Clears "Stuffy" Heads, Too**  
Vapo-nol even brings quick relief from miserable, stifling head-colds. It clears away mucus, shrinks swollen membranes, helps to drain the sinuses—and lets you breathe!

**VICKS VAPOR-NOL**  
Great New Ally to Vicks VapoRub



### Neuralgia used to drive me crazy

but now I never let it get beyond the first twinge. I just take a 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder and in a few minutes the pain disappears. If you have never tried 'Bayer' A.P.C. a revelation in quick relief awaits you. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders in relieving Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness and those prostrating attacks to which many women are liable. To doctors and chemists the world over the name 'BAYER' on any remedy is the Hall Mark of reliability, and it is your best guarantee of quick relief from pain.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6.  
Box of 24 powders, 2/6.  
Of all Chemists.

**'BAYER' A.P.C.**  
QUICK-SURE-SAFE



# What Women Are Doing

## For Her Thesis

THE development of the skin and hair of the Australian opossum was the subject of the thesis of Miss Helena Gibbs, who recently was awarded the degree of Ph.D. in Zoology at the Leeds University.

Miss Gibbs is a New Zealander and gained her B.Sc. degree at the University in Wellington before going to London.

## Youthful Champion of the Skating World

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Betty Cornwell had to return to lessons at the Church of England Girls' Grammar School, Melbourne, after retaining her title of woman figure-skating champion of Australia in Sydney at the annual championships recently.



Betty Cornwell

Betty began skating when she was seven, and in the years since then has acquired 17 cups. She first gained the Australian title last year, when she was only 14. She also indulges in tennis and swimming, but her ambition is to be a professional skater.

## Jewish Women's Guild Elects New President

MRS. J. DANGLOW, who was recently elected president of the Melbourne Jewish Women's Guild, has over twenty-five years' work with the Guild to her credit.

In addition to sewing for the poor and needy of their own and other faiths, the members visit many homes, giving advice and speedy help in an unobtrusive way.

During the past year, at the fortnightly sewing meetings, some 5200 garments were made and distributed among forty different organizations and institutions.

As the wife of Rabbi Danglow, it is inevitable that Mrs. Danglow should lead a very busy life.

As well as being vice-president of the Girl Guides, a delegate to the National Council of Women, and on the general committee of the University Women's College, she has been vice-president for many years of the Jewish Bachelors' Ball, held annually to raise money for Jewish charities.

## Happy in Her Work At Launceston Hospital

MISS MARGARET MACK, who went from Melbourne to Launceston six months ago, is now a matron at Launceston Public Hospital. She was a student at Melbourne University, and after the completion of her training did honorary work at the Alfred, the Melbourne and the Children's Hospital. She also worked in a special school for mentally and physically backward children.

## Winner of Dramatic Art Scholarship

MISS EVALINE WHITE is the fortunate winner of the Academy of Dramatic Art Scholarship, and left in the Oxford for a year's tuition with Miss Elsie Fogarty, at the Central School for Speech Training at the Albert Hall, London.



Miss White

Miss White has been successful in Trinity College examinations, and has studied for fourteen years with Miss Grace Stafford. She is chiefly interested in the teaching of elocution and dramatic art, and wishes to further her studies in this direction.

Miss White will be accompanied on her trip by Miss E. Spillbury, who is also keenly interested in dramatic art and who will study at the same school of speech training.

## Y. W. C. A. National Secretary

MISS JEAN LAW arrives in New Zealand this month from Canada to take over from Miss Jean Stevenson the office of National General Secretary of the New Zealand Y.W.C.A. She is a native of that country, but has lived for some years in Canada doing Y.W.C.A. work.

After spending two months with her, Miss Stevenson, who is well known in Australia, will leave for a long holiday in the East.

## Returning Home After Thirty-five Years Abroad

AFTER an absence of 35 years, Mrs. Marie Benda, who will be remembered as Kate Samuels, of Bendigo, Victoria, is returning in the Nestor for a brief stay in Australia.

Mrs. Benda sang with considerable success in Germany, France, England and Canada before the war. She was the first singer to give Minnehaha's role in its entirety in "Hiawatha," in Montreal, and was famed for her work in oratoria in the great European music centres.

Since the war she has specialised in teaching, and has been the friend and adviser of many young Australian students.

## Outstanding Exhibit In Needlework

ONE of the most outstanding exhibits in the needlework display at the Brisbane Exhibition this year was the ice-green raffia flannel cushion, the work of Miss B. Noble, Glen Innes, New South Wales. The work on the cushion is called pictorial applique. Miss Noble depicted a scene of some children playing in the snow. The figures were of fine flannel buttonholed on the background and painted. It was an exquisite piece of work.

## Interesting Exhibition By Two Women Artists

ON view at the Wynyard Book Club, Sydney, this month, has been an exhibition of watercolours and line prints by two artists, Misses Ethel Palmer and Katharine Sheridan. The exhibition closes this week.

Miss Palmer was born in Johannesburg, and has spent a number of years in England and France. She finished her scholastic career at the Sydney High School, where she gained the Art Scholarship for the Technical College. After experience in commercial art, Miss Palmer now makes a specialty of color prints and is influenced by Japanese art.

Miss Sheridan, who shared the honors of the exhibition, was a fellow-student with Miss Palmer, and also gained the groundwork for painting at the Technical College. She studied in London at St. Martin's school, and with Reginald Eves, the celebrated portrait painter.

Miss Sheridan is the director of the Quest Haven boarding-school at Mona Vale, where an interesting experiment in new co-educational training from the age of three is carried out.

## Universal Aunts to Supply All Needs

TWO Perth women, Mrs. Victor Harwood and Miss Myra Mason, will begin an interesting experiment in bureau, when they open as "Universal Aunts" on September 1.

The idea, originally from London, and the name are not new, but the "aunts" will be new to Perth, and the interpretation of the "aunts" work is original. The two organisers plan to fit the hitherto unexploitable and unclassified abilities of gentlewomen to the private needs of private persons—the personal touch throughout. They will have a membership of such women who can cook, sew, exploit social or artistic graces, look after children or old folk, or do those many very important services which usually money cannot buy.

The experiment should prove interesting.

## Became Novelist Through a Bet

SOPHIA CLEUGH, one of the playwrights of the sparkling comedy, "They All Do," chosen by the Little Theatre, Melbourne, for its performance on August 27, started her literary career in a most amusing manner.

A friend bet her that she could not write a novel. She took the bet, and went one better, saying that she'd take one of the oldest stories in the world and "get away with it."

So she modelled her novel, "Matilda," on the lines of "Cinderella," with a bit of Crimean War stuff thrown in, and was agreeably surprised when it turned out to be a best seller.

Miss Cleugh's first love was the piano, which she studied in Germany and at the college of music in London, but on taking up a literary career she had to forgo her music. In ten years she wrote eleven novels and a number of translations.



Sophia Cleugh

## Made Fashion Buying Trip

MISS RETA M. PINLAY, who recently returned to Melbourne after a fashion buying trip abroad, saw many other things besides fashions. She had a splendid position near the Abbey for the Coronation, and afterwards saw it again by television, when visiting a friend's house, one of the first to install television.

On attending a gathering of professional women in London she was delighted to find that Norman Hartnell, Digby Morton and other well-known designers were to give fashion advice. After their talks were over, Miss Pinlay was asked to say a few words.

She attended several fashion conferences, including that of the Fashion Guild of New York, a body of stylists who are interested in fashion for fashion's sake.

She flew from New York to Vancouver on July 4, and along with the magnificent scenery was able to have the best possible view of America's fireworks.

## Studio Accompanist For A.B.C. in Adelaide

SELECTED from more than 20 Adelaide pianists, Miss Jessica Dix has been appointed studio accompanist for the Australian Broadcasting Commission in Adelaide.

Although still in her early twenties, Miss Dix is a practised accompanist, as she has held the position of official accompanist at the Adelaide competitions for the past three years, and only resigned at the conclusion of the last competitions. She has done quite a lot of broadcasting during the last two years, and is one of the few Adelaide pianists who have given recitals over the national network.

Miss Dix has studied the piano for eight years at the Elder Conservatorium as a pupil of Mr. George Pearce, and has the degrees of A.M.U.A. and L.A.B. She also passed the final executive examination for the degree of Bachelor of Music at the early age of 20.



Miss Dix

## Honorary Secretary For Mothercraft Society

MISS HILDEGUND VON PLOEN-NIES, of Brisbane, a qualified pharmaceutical chemist of Queensland, has practised her profession in the city, suburbs, the Far West, and in the jewellery district of Birmingham (Eng.).

She is honorary secretary of the Queensland Mothercraft Association, and a member of the executive. She is also honorary treasurer for the Association for the Welfare of Mental Deficients.

Another activity is broadcasting, which she enjoys immensely. She is very fond of reading, and her hobbies are tennis and gardening.



Miss von Ploen-Nies

## Guarding the Interests Of Housewives

NEWCASTLE now has an active organisation of housewives, banded together under the banner of the Newcastle and District Housewives' Protective Society. Its inaugural meeting was held in May, 1937, and in a short time it has done effective work as well as concentrating on a membership campaign. The publicity campaign culminated in a big conference held in the Newcastle Town Hall a short time ago.

Mrs. D. McHagan is president of the society, Mrs. G. Jones, hon. treasurer, Mrs. D. Hornbrook, hon. secretary, and there is an enthusiastic committee of representative women of the district.

## Partner and Manager Of the Firm

MISS BETTY COWELL, of Brisbane, holds the responsible position of manager for a firm of well-known chemists.

She was educated at St. Margaret's school, where she matriculated in Arts and Science. She took her degree of Bachelor of Science in 1930, and then entered the firm of which she is now manager.

She was admitted a partner of the firm in 1933, and became manager in 1936. She is a member of the Brisbane Lyceum Club and the Pharmaceutical Society, and for recreation enjoys golf and motor-ing.



Miss Cowell

—Geoff Maitland.

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NAME (Print in Block Letters) ADDRESS

## DON'T YOU Cry For ME

Continued from Page 5

"MY Godfrey," said the chief clerk, "you got two eyes in your head, ain't you? Your brain ain't all fat, is it? Just you try to think." Froude March moved slowly toward the tall desk which had been assigned him.

"What did you have for breakfast, Froude?" his brother Moses asked him.

Froude thought a moment, and then he smiled gently.

"I remember the doughnuts," he said. "The doughnuts were mighty good. I've got two in my pocket now and now I remember what I was doing. I was looking at something printed on a piece of paper. The shadows went across it this way." Froude moved the stubby fingers of his right hand through the air. "They were interesting, the shadows."

"Froude," said Jonas Good, "something will happen to you some day and you won't never know it." Then Froude saw that Mr. Good was looking beyond him in a startled way. He followed the direction of the chief clerk's glance to find that the door of the private office had opened and that his father, Thomas March, was standing in the doorway, frowning. This did not surprise Froude, because his father generally frowned at him.

"What's the trouble here?" asked Thomas March.

"Nothing, Mr. March, sir," said Jonas Good. "There ain't no trouble. Master Froude is doing fine, really he is, Mr. March."

"Stand up straight, Froude," said Mr. March. "Try to look like a gentleman. What have you got in your coat pockets?"

"Doughnuts, sir," said Froude. "I thought I might be hungry." Mr. March still frowned, but his face grew slightly redder.

"Take that darn truck out of your pocket," he said, "and throw it out the door. Now listen to me carefully. I'm holding a packet of papers in my hand. You see them, don't you, Froude?"

"Yes, sir," said Froude March, but sarcasm never bothered him.

"Very well. Let us see if you can surprise us to-day, Froude, by doing something right, something which a boy of ten might do. Take these papers and give them to Captain Fearon aboard the Myra at the end of the wharf. If he is not there, go and find him. Get a receipt from Captain Fearon, please, and please don't keep me waiting."

"Yes, sir," said Froude March, and he watched his father retire to the office and close the door. Then he heard his brother Moses whispering to him.

"Froude," Moses was whispering, "keep your mind on the papers. Don't think of anything else except the papers. Remember, father's getting angrier all the time."

Once outside the counting-room, Froude March passed the new warehouse recently built on filled-in ground, a long double-story building with the firm name above the wide-open door. Then he was on the heavy planking of the wharf itself, threading his way past coils of cable and barrels of salt meat, supplies for the Myra's voyage.

HE walked with a steady, untroubled step to the planking which led over the bulwarks of the Myra. Once he was on the deck, the pleasant odor of deep fat met his nostrils. It was coming from the galley, where he could see Wong, the Myra's Chinese cook, in undershirt and white apron, standing at the door.

"Good morning, Wong," said Froude. He always admired Wong because he was integrated and peaceful. Wong smiled at him, clasped his hands and bowed. "Morning, Mr. Froude," Wong said. "You look very good."

"Are you cooking doughnuts, Wong?" Froude asked.

"Yes, please," said Wong. "Cooking plenty doughnut for old man. You wantee doughnut?"

"Yes, please," said Froude. "Wrap me some in a paper, please, and put them in my pocket."

Mr. Gibbs, the first mate, was standing by the main hatch, swearing because the hoisting tackle had jammed.

"Curse you!" he was shouting into the hold. "Don't you understand plain English?"

"Mr. Gibbs," said Froude.

"What do you want, Fatty?" Mr. Gibbs asked. "What blew you aboard?"

"I'm looking for Captain Fearon, please," said Froude.

"Well, he ain't here, is he?" said Mr. Gibbs. "He's over at Mr. Higgins' shop."

"Mr. Higgins' shop," repeated Froude, and he walked in the direction of Mr. Higgins' shop, still holding the papers in his hand. He walked slowly, looking at the trees and the roofs against the sky. The clock in the South Church was striking nine. As he walked he began to think of various things, slowly and aimlessly. Then a voice was rousing him from the depth of his own thoughts.

"Hello, Froude," a voice was saying. "Where are you going, Froude?" Froude paused and blinked, and found himself looking at Sylvia St. Clair. He was not surprised to see her, because he had met her often at odd times all summer. She was like a part of his thoughts which had

suddenly, quite naturally, become real. She was dressed in green, soft yellowish green. Her hair was yellow, the color of gold. Froude blinked again.

"Your dress is good," he said. "You look very beautiful." He heard the girl laugh. She tossed her head back, showing her white throat.

"You say the queerest things," she said.

"Do I?" said Froude. "I suppose I do. You're the only girl I know who is pleasant to look at always. I painted a picture of you yesterday. I painted it on the back of a board."

"Where is it now?" she asked.

"Where is it now? I left it somewhere, but it wasn't very good." He heard her laugh at him again.

"But what are you doing now?" she asked him. "Where are you going?"

"Anywhere you want to go," said Froude. "It doesn't really matter."

"I guess I'd better take you with me," said Sylvia St. Clair, "or else you'll get lost. I don't see what you're doing here." Froude March looked about him slowly and carefully, and became aware for the first time that he was no longer in the town. He was walking along a country road near the salt marshes.

"I don't know why I'm here either," said Froude. "I don't recall what I was thinking. I believe I wanted to see the ocean. I meet you here quite often, don't I? I suppose I thought I might meet you here."

"Darling!" said Sylvia St. Clair.

"What?" said Froude.

"I said a forward and unladylike word," said Sylvia St. Clair. "But you are a darling. If I take you to the little hill there, you can see the ocean. If I take you there, will you draw a picture?"

"Why, yes," said Froude. "I think I might. I believe I have a pencil in my pocket."

"You did one yesterday, you know," she said. "It was beautiful. I have it in my room."

"What time is it?" asked Froude.

"Why," she said, "it's nearly two o'clock."

"I thought it must be late," said Froude, "because I'm feeling hungry. I have some doughnuts in my pocket." They were sitting on the hill looking at the ocean. Froude offered her a doughnut and ate one very carefully.

"They are not so good as the ones Katie makes," he said. "These are too heavy. I can make them better myself. You see, he's very greasy. Perhaps all people are in China."

"Who is greasy?" she asked him.

"Why, Wong," said Froude, "the cook aboard the Myra. I was aboard her this morning."

Sylvia was looking over his shoulder, and her shoulder was touching his. Her hair smelled of lily-of-the-valley.

"You remember everything you see, don't you?" she said.

"Yes," said Froude. "I remember nearly everything—that is, when I think of it. I wish you'd take off your hat. Your hair is pretty in the sun."

"I wonder why I always like to be with you," she said. "I wonder why it's peaceful."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Froude. "Would you like another doughnut, Sylvia?"

"No," she said. "No, thank you."

"Then I'll eat it," said Froude—"that is, if you don't mind. I can't imagine why you're happy with me. Most people aren't. I annoy nearly everyone."

"Well, I'm happy with you," said Sylvia, "always happy. You never try to kiss me. You never try to hold my hand."

Please turn to Page 41

## Rheumatism

### Sufferers can now get Permanent Relief

This great "mystery" disease claims more victims every year than almost any other complaint suffered by the human race. This agonising disease not only makes the lives of men and women a torture, but Rheumatism is responsible for more loss of employment than any other complaint.

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# DON'T YOU Cry For Me

Continued from Page 40

"GOOD Heavens," said Froude, "I never thought of trying."

"Would you like to hold my hand?" she asked him.

"Yes," said Froude March, "I should like very much, because I love you, Sylvia."

"May I have the last doughnut?" she asked him.

"Yes," said Froude March, "If you really want it, Sylvia. It's almost the color of your hair."

"Do you really love me?" she asked him.

"Why, yes, of course," said Froude. "Then you can have the doughnut," she said.

"Sylvia," said Froude, "you're always very kind. You're the only one who's always kind." He suddenly realised that he wanted Sylvia with him always. In some inexplicable way, it was an answer to all difficulty.

"If you feel that way," said Froude, "I wish you'd marry me." He did not even realise that he was making a momentous proposal, and nothing in Sylvia's manner made him realise it.

"Do you really mean it?" asked Sylvia. "You're not thinking of something else, are you, Froude?"

"No," said Froude. "I'm only thinking about you, Sylvia. You're very sensible when you're with me. You're not when you're with other people."

She smiled in a strange way; the corners of her mouth moved, so that you could not tell whether she wanted to laugh or cry. The entire expression of her face was different from any that Froude March had ever remembered.

"I wonder if I'm losing my mind," she said.

"No," said Froude. "I'm sure you're not. I've never thought you were peculiar." She was looking at him; she appeared to be speaking to herself.

"I don't see why I've done it," she said.

"Done what?" asked Froude.

"Made you ask me to marry you," she answered.

Froude turned toward her almost quickly. For the first time in a long while he was startled.

"You didn't," he said. "I made myself, because I think it's a very sensible idea."

"But how can we live?" she asked. "I shall paint," said Froude. "It won't be very difficult."

"Very well," said Sylvia. Her dress rustled as she stood up. "We will go and speak to my Uncle Welles about it right away. Don't forget your hat and don't forget your papers, Froude."

"Thank you," said Froude. "It's nice to have you tell me."

As he walked along beside her it occurred to him that he was hungry. He did not realise that anything more serious or less usual had happened.

His interview with Sylvia's uncle gave him no different impression. Froude March had never been afraid of Mr. Nathan Welles since he had trespassed on his land ten years before. Since then, everything in Mr. Welles' manner indicated that they were friends, and Froude liked Mr. Welles because he was different from his father. For many years Mr. Welles had allowed him to use the library; he had even given orders that Froude March could enter the house any time he wished, but, in spite of this degree of familiarity, Froude always found the house impressive. There were paintings from France and Holland on the walls, most of them spurious, he was to find out later. The library had fine books of prints, and there were

always fruit and wine and biscuits and a leg of ham upon the sideboard. The knowledge that Mr. Welles did not like Thomas March was continually gratifying. It had always seemed to Froude that all the difference was in favor of Mr. Welles.

Froude and Sylvia found Mr. Welles reading a book of poetry. He was a comfortable-looking man, with a handsome regular profile, and trimmed side-locks.

"Well, well," he said when he saw them. "So you've brought the town's most unpromising boy back with you, have you, Sylvia? How do you do, Froude? Have you been working hard? Remember what I've told you—never try too hard."

"Yes, sir," said Froude. "I remember. How do you do, sir?"

"Not badly under the circumstances, thank you, Froude," said Mr. Welles. "So you and Sylvia have been for a walk, have you? I'm glad there's someone to amuse her."

"Your aunt and uncle aren't always amusing, are they, Sylvia?" Sylvia sat down. "Tell him, Froude," she said.

"What?" said Froude. "Oh, yes, of course. I think Sylvia is going to marry me, Mr. Welles."

"What's that?" said Mr. Welles, and Sylvia spoke before Froude could repeat his statement.

"I am going to marry Froude," she said, "and no one's going to stop me."

Mr. Welles said:

"It is kind of you to tell me, Sylvia. I hope I'm among the first to know. For the life of me, I had not been able to see why you wished to come here this summer instead of going with your parents to Saratoga. Well, this is very interesting. I'm sure your father and mother will be delighted. They've been worried about you so long."

You see, Froude, Sylvia has always been somewhat difficult.

"I don't find her so," said Froude.

"That makes everything much easier," said Mr. Welles. "But females are seldom difficult at your age, Froude. Yes, this is very interesting."

"Now, Froude, I have a suggestion to make. What are those papers in your hand?"

Froude looked down at the papers, and the sight of them jogged his memory.

"My father gave them to me to give to Captain Fearon," he said, "this morning. I forgot about them, I suppose." Mr. Welles consulted a heavy gold watch.

"I'm afraid you're late in delivering them, Froude," he said. "It's a quarter before six. You had better get them off your mind. Your father is at the counting-house, I suppose. It's pleasant to know that I can always find him when I want him. Say good-bye to Sylvia, Froude."

"Uncle," cried Sylvia, "you're not being kind! You're laughing at us. Why are you laughing?"

"I'm not laughing at you, my dear," said Mr. Welles. "I'm laughing at the eccentricities of life. Please do not argue with me. Please be quiet, Sylvia. I dislike to lose my temper. There are enough fools in the world without my making a fool of myself."

"Good-bye, Sylvia," said Froude. "I'll see you to-morrow morning."

"Yes," said Mr. Welles, and he shook hands with Froude. "To-morrow and to-morrow, till nothing is but what is not."

"I'm going with him to the gate," said Sylvia.

"No, my dear," said Mr. Welles. "Froude might forget his papers. I'm

going to walk to the gate with Froude. I think a stroll along the wharves will do me good. . . . Are you ready, Froude?"

"Certainly, sir," said Froude. Welles patted Froude's shoulder gently.

"I've always liked you, my dear boy," he said. "You take life so easily, Froude."

At such times as Froude March's mind was alert, he was gifted with an unexpected clearness of perception which gave him an understanding of unspoken things. Silences, small details of facial expression, trivialities of gesture, would all register themselves accurately behind the vagueness of his glance. Although there was no definable change about the house or grounds when he reached home, he was aware at once of an ominous watchfulness. Katie, the cook, was in the hall waiting for him, and that was a sign of storm.

"Holy saints, what's been keeping you, Master Froude?" asked Katie.

"I've been busy," said Froude. "Is supper ready, Katie? I've had nothing but six doughnuts since breakfast."

"Lord save you," said Katie. "It's a sorry supper you'll be after getting to-night, Mr. Froude. Your father, he's waiting for you in the study." It was not the first time that Froude had been faced with such a piece of news, and his thoughts moved to the obvious remedy.

"Where's mother?" he asked.

"Lord help you, Master Froude," said Katie. "Your mother won't be helping you this time. She's given way to the master for once, and she's been after going to her father's house, so she won't hear the trouble."

Please turn to Page 42

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"I'm not afraid of my father." And Froude walked down the hall beyond the staircase to the back of the house and knocked at his father's door. His father was seated behind a bare pine table, on one of the three chairs which furnished the study. Captain Fearon, of the Myra, was occupying a second chair, which he had tilted back against the wall. Captain Fearon was rubbing a bony jaw carefully with his index finger. When he looked at Froude, his blue eyes beneath his grizzled eyebrows were chilly. Thomas March was resting his chin on the palm of one hand. He smiled at Froude in a faint, thin way, which proved that his mood was dangerous.

"Go into the next room, Captain Fearon," he said, "and wait until I call you." The chair creaked as he unbent himself and rose. Without speaking, he moved toward the

door communicating with the back parlor, cautiously, as though the floor might give a lurch, and Thomas March and Froude were alone.

Froude prepared himself for unpleasantness, because nothing agreeable was apt to occur when he and his father were alone together.

"Stand up, Froude," said Thomas March. "I did not ask you to sit down. I have been patient with you, Froude." He was speaking carefully, and Froude knew it was not a time to interrupt. "Yes, I've been very patient, Froude, but this evening I have reached the end of patience. I shall answer for what I'm going to do before my Maker. I saw Mr. Welles an hour ago."

"Yes, sir," said Froude. "He said he was coming to see you."

"And he did see me," Froude

# DON'T YOU Cry For ME

Continued from Page 41

could see that his father was making a physical effort to control his voice. The tones grated discordantly against Froude's ear and they aroused an answering emotion in him such as he had never experienced. "I never thought that I would have to say what I am about to say to one of my flesh and blood. I have spoken of your sloth and of your obstinacy. I have recognised them. You have heard me say as much as this before."

"Yes, sir," said Froude. March Thomas March half rose from his chair and leaned across his table.

"That will be enough of your impertinence, Froude," he said. "I have struggled with your dullness. I have known you as useless, but I never knew that I could be shocked by any such news as I have heard to-day. I have been humiliated by Mr. Welles."

"I don't understand you, sir," Froude said. And he heard his father's fist smash on the table.

"Don't you lie to me, Froude March," his father said. "I'm speaking of your goings-on with Sylvia St. Clair. I understand that you offered to marry her when you know that you're in no position to marry anyone."

"Your intentions were not serious, and you know it. Everyone knows that Sylvia St. Clair is unbalanced in her mind, a little fool, and you know it as well as anyone."

"That isn't so," said Froude. "She's a very sensible girl. I'm going to marry Sylvia St. Clair. It doesn't matter what you say, sir."

**M**R. MARCH pushed his chair back, laughed, and walked around the table. Froude turned and faced him. He had the obstinacy of all the Marches: his obstinacy surprised him then.

"It doesn't matter what I say," echoed Thomas March. "It's time you faced the cold truth, Froude. I pay for the food you eat. I pay for the roof above your head."

Froude's eyes opened wider. "Why shouldn't you?" he asked. It was the first time he had not taken for granted the obvious facts of food and shelter.

"Why should I?" echoed Thomas March. "You're old enough to work."

"You mean," said Froude slowly, "you wouldn't support Sylvia and me, when you're rich enough to do it?" He felt incredulous as he faced the problem. His father's smile was making the ground beneath him insecure.

"Indeed I won't," said Mr. March. "You can face the truth, you milk-sop, for the first time in your life."

Froude sighed and faced the truth for the first time in his life. Although it was not pleasant, he faced it as casually as he had all previous existence. "Very well," he said, "I'll have to look after Sylvia by myself. I'll leave here to-night."

"Yes, Froude," said Thomas March very carefully. "You are going to leave this house to-night. The Myra is sailing to-morrow. You are going to leave aboard the Myra as helper to the Chinese cook."

"No, father," said Froude patiently. "I won't go. I never liked the sea."

"So you've never liked the sea?" said Mr. March. "You're going and you'll like it, Froude. There must be some good in you somewhere. There must be."

"No, sir," said Froude. "I'm not."

"Very well," said Mr. March. "Captain Fearon, bring the men in, please."

Froude turned his head quickly. The door to the back parlor had opened. He saw Captain Fearon bend his head carefully as he passed through it, and he was followed by two sailors. Captain Fearon rested a hand lightly on Froude's shoulder. "Come along, Mr. Froude," he said.

"Call him Slope," said Mr. March. "He's the galley boy, Captain Fearon." Froude felt his face grow as hot as if he were standing by the kitchen fire.

"Take your hand off me," he said. "Hold that boy and take the rope to him," said Thomas March. "Haze him, Captain Fearon, and beat him again if you hear any insolence out of him." Froude March did not utter another sound. It was the first time that he had ever received a beating. He was humiliated by his helplessness, but he was still. It was the first time that he had felt his helplessness and the intensity of physical pain.

"Have you had enough?" asked Captain Fearon. Froude turned his back on his father.

"Yes," he said. "I've had enough, but it won't do any good. I'll marry Sylvia when I get back."

The harshness of American ship-masters in those days gave American shipping an unenviable reputation. The March ships were noted for the meagreness of food allowance. There was a saying in the 50's that you never had a full stomach on a March ship unless you filled up on salt water. Off the coast of Brazil, on a day of very light breezes, the Myra hailed the ship Indian, bound for New York, and sent over a boat with letters, largely for the benefit of the cabin passengers. The letter which Captain Fearon sent the owners is still extant in the March books.

"Froude March is doing fine," Captain Fearon wrote in his sprawling hand. "He was kind of dull at first, so that Mr. Gibbs had to spread-eagle him once, but now he's doing fine. He is quiet and don't complain. He cooks as good as the Chinaman. I have set him cooking dainties for the passengers, such as pies and doughnuts. Froude is doing fine."

The letter may be enough to prove that Captain Fearon was a conscientious man. Once the Myra was in blue water, the captain and Mr. Gibbs and the second mate put on brass knuckles and waded into the crew to show them they meant business. Froude March and Wong watched the proceedings from the galley window.

"Old man plenty rough," said Wong. "All time plenty rough."

Froude March nodded.

"Yes," he said. "I never liked the captain, Wong. When we get to San Francisco, I think we'd better leave the ship." Wong laid down his cleaver.

"What you do ashore?" he asked. "I suppose I shall have to make some money somehow," Froude said, "because I want to marry." He was never able to tell that Wong thought.

"All right," said Wong. "I go."

Froude March and Wong jumped the ship in San Francisco Bay. Another letter from Captain Fearon in the March Brothers' correspondence explains the method which they used. "I thought Froude was getting to be a good boy," Captain Fearon wrote. "I entrusted him, and the Chinaman with a sum of money and sent them ashore to buy a few special delicacies for the cabin. I treated Froude like my own son."

Please turn to Page 43



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# DON'T YOU Cry For ME

Continued from Page 42

THE last was not entirely true. Captain Fearon was too sensible a man to permit shore leave while the ship was in San Francisco Bay, where there had been too many instances of entire crews being taken with the gold fever and deserting for the diggings.

On the day before the Myra was to weigh anchor, with a cargo of hides and a few disillusioned men with enough to pay their passage home, Captain Fearon stopped before the galley.

"You, Froude," he said, "you, Cookie, turn out here. The quarter deck's going ashore."

"Yes, sir," said Froude March.

"And you two are going with it," said Captain Fearon. He took a paper from his pocket and two twenty-dollar gold pieces with it. "See if you can fill out this list of groceries," he continued.

"Yes, sir," said Froude March.

"And no monkey business ashore," said Captain Fearon. "No hanging around grog shops, no forgetting, or your father will hear of it. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," Froude repeated.

He had never seen a place like that town where he found himself that day.

There have been a dozen San Franciscos since from California to Australia and the Yukon, wherever money has come easily from the ground. Life has fallen in the same pattern since and similar men have gathered at the news of easy money, hopeless men and happy men, ne'er-do-wells and adventurers, all who might be cursed with discontent or who might be desirous of excitement, with parasites and gamblers and women trooping on behind.

They made a strange procession for Froude March to watch, but he was used to reality then. Reality had not changed him.

Froude stood at a street corner, near the open door of a saloon. He stood on the corner watching the crowd go by until Wong pulled at his sleeve.

"We'd better go buy them things," Wong said. "No good wait here all time."

Wong's voice brought Froude away from his thoughts. "I'm going out of town to hide," Froude said. "The ship will be gone to-morrow."

"What?" asked Wong. "You no go back? No likee ship?"

"No," said Froude.

"All right," said Wong. "No likee either."

They went back to town next morning when they saw the Myra putting out to sea.

"We'd better eat," Froude said. And then he had another thought. "We'll buy some groceries and a pot, and cook some doughnuts, Wong."

Froude March had the ability, which is the gift of some creative minds, of taking life for granted. It did not seem strange to him that he and a Cantonese cook should have lighted a fire beside one of the streets of San Francisco and have suspended a kettle of deep fat above it, and no one else seemed to think it strange. Then he became aware that some men across the street were watching him. They might have come from anywhere, as far as Froude March knew. They had two donkeys with bags and shovels strapped to their backs.

"What you cooking, fat boy?" one of the strangers asked. "Sinkers?"

"No," said Froude. "Doughnuts."

"Well, someone said, 'I don't blame you much. The food is rotten here.' There was a silence, and Froude watched Wong scoop out another doughnut and place it on a board. One of the men moved nearer.

"By cracky," he said, "they look like nice doughnuts, Fatty. Gimme a doughnut, will you?"

"I'm sorry," said Froude politely.

"Listen, Fatty," the man said; "here's a silver dollar. You give me one of them doughnuts or I'll bust your dough face in." Froude looked up mildly.

"Why, certainly," he said. "You may have a doughnut for a dollar."

THERE was no ripple of excitement when Froude March came back again to the town where he was born. The town was too used to the comings and goings of its sons to exhibit more than indifference when one of them returned, and yet the return of Froude March is remembered now when the works of Froude March are forgotten.

As far as anyone could tell, Froude March might have come from nowhere. He had been absent for three years, but he had not changed. He walked with the same dreaminess and he spoke with the same quiet courtesy. He arrived at the counting-house of March Brothers at nine o'clock on a windy autumn morning. He opened the door and entered as casually as though he had been away for a night and not for years.

His brother, Moses March, was the first one who saw him, and Jonas Good was the second, but no one was greatly surprised. They always knew that some day Froude would get tired and come back.

"Why, Froude," said Moses March. "Why, Froude, where have you been?"

"Out in California, Moses," Froude March answered gently. "I suppose you heard I left the ship. I've been there ever since."

"Have you seen father yet?" Moses asked him. It was the only question that had any real importance. Too many had come back from the China Sea and the Malay Straits and South America. The only strange thing about the arrival was that Froude March's clothes were new.

"Why, no," Froude answered. "I haven't seen anyone at all."

"Then you must see father right away," Moses said. "You mustn't mind if he's angry, Froude."

"No," Froude answered. "I don't think that I shall mind."

There was a painful silence and he heard Jonas Good give a nervous cough as Moses March knocked on the door of the inner office.

"Father," said Moses, "Froude is back. He's waiting to see you, father."

Then Thomas March strode into the outer office exactly as Froude remembered him—stiffly, head high, with his dangerous half smile.

"Good morning, Froude," said Thomas March. "Get behind your desk and take off your coat."

"Thank you, father," Froude said. "I'd rather not. I simply came to ask for yours and mother's health. I'm sailing for Paris next week to study painting."

"Oh, are you?" said Thomas March. His words grated dangerously. "Are you indeed? May I ask you how?"

"Certainly, sir," said Froude. "I shall pay with my own money. I have eighty thousand dollars in the

bank. I made it in California, father."

"Froude," said Thomas March. "don't you lie to me."

"No, father," Froude answered. His eyes moved dreamily about the stuffy, crowded room. "I'm not lying. I had to do something. I needed money—that was all. I made the money selling doughnuts, father."

"Selling what?" shouted Thomas March.

"Doughnuts," repeated Froude mildly. "They buy doughnuts for a dollar in San Francisco, father. Wong and I put up a store and began cooking doughnuts. Wong is still cooking them, father. Last week I married Sylvia St. Clair in

Philadelphia. Her family seemed pleased to have me marry her."

"What?" shouted Thomas March.

"They seemed pleased to have me marry her," Froude repeated. "They didn't seem exactly to know what to do with Sylvia."

Thomas March passed the back of his hand across his forehead.

"You mean to tell me that doughnuts sell for a dollar apiece in San Francisco?"

"Yes, sir," said Froude. "It doesn't seem right, but it's true." Thomas March stood up straighter. He was smiling benignly, kindly, holding out his hand.

"Froude," he said, "I always knew you'd amount to something. No matter how they start, the Marches always make money."

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"MADAM," said I, "I have yet to learn that a sense of humor is deprecatory."

"Good for you," said Old Harry. "And now let metaphor go. For me to move in this matter would be to fail; and for me to fail in this matter would bring me into derision. If not contempt." As I made to protest, she held up a sparkling hand. "I don't expect you to agree. You'd cheerfully sell my soul to buy your pretty darling an easy hour. But what I say is true, and, though you will not admit it, you know it as well as I. Very well. Now listen to me. I am going to move in this matter, cost what it may. And this, not because I am bound, for nobody can be bound to bring themselves into contempt; but because, if I do not do something, Caroline, Countess of Brief, is going to lose her life."

Before this blunt prediction, the thanksgiving, which I had ready, died on my lips; and I think that I must have turned pale, for the Duchess surveyed me grimly and then went straight to the point.

"I seem to have shocked you Mr. Exon."

"Naturally, madam. I—"

"Naturally" my foot," snapped Old

Harry, and flounced in her bed. "It isn't natural at all. If you weren't a fool, Richard Exon, you wouldn't have to be shown what an infant in arms would remark."

"Madam," said I, "you told me not to reflect."

"I didn't say 'Shut your eyes. I didn't say 'Look through the obvious, as though it didn't exist.'"

I made no answer to that, and after a pregnant pause the Duchess went on.

"In her cousin's sight, the removal of Caroline was always to be desired. Once he had forged her name, her removal became expedient—I think that's clear. But in view of what has occurred in the last seven days, her removal is now essential to Percy Virgil's health. A week ago she could have sent him to prison for seven years; to-day she can send him to the gallows for the murder of Max. Why? Because she—and nobody else—can switch on that current which makes all evidence live. Motive. Prove the theft of the jewels, and you prove the abduction; prove the abduction and you prove the murder

# COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 6

of Max. . . ." The sweat was out on my face, but still Old Harry laid on. "Do you see now, Richard Exon? Have I chipped the scales from your eyes? Now do you see why I deplored your omission to kill that man when you held his life in your hands? Because, the instant he knows that his victim is safe, the dog will return to his home and use his utmost endeavors without delay to put your darling to death."

I can set down the words she spoke, but I cannot present the sinister note she sounded or the dreadful air of conviction she lent to her prophecy. Enough that she shook me so much that, without knowing what I did, I made to get up; but she laid a hand on my arm, to bid me sit still.

"There, there, Richard Exon," she said, "don't take it so hard. We are not going to let it happen. Between us we shall be able to curb the power of the dog. And don't go and brood on your failure to read sharp practice at sight. My acquaintance with evil is very much wider than yours, and I have known men and women beside whom Percy Virgil is almost a philanthropist. Don't lose sight of two things—any day now Virgil is going to turn into a desperate man; and, secondly, that if you come into collision, you must not expect him to keep to the Queensberry Rules. Oh, and one thing more. All that has passed so far is between you and me. Caroline is to believe that I have come into this business because I

rule I have made, and you may expect us on Tuesday at five o'clock."

"I had invited to stay at Tracery a Mr. John Herrick, whose uncle I used to know. He is staying at Raven, by Dever, not far from you. Since I cannot now receive him, I shall be obliged if he and his friend, Mr. Exon, may be invited to Brief for the length of my stay."

"Now I think that will go very well."

"You see, Brief can't refuse to do as I ask; and so we shall all be together within the enemy's camp. Brief will be ill at ease, because he will have to pretend to be the brother I knew. And Virgil won't be at his best, not only for reasons we know, but because to entertain Herrick will undoubtedly shorten his life."

"I've set the stage, Richard Exon; and on Tuesday at five o'clock the curtain will rise. But I can't give out any parts, because I have none to give. The performance will be improvised, but it shouldn't be dull."

That I was staggered I must most frankly confess. At most I had been expecting that the Duchess would give me some orders, and, possibly, hint at the line she was going to take. Instead, she had laid before me a vivid plan of action—bold, clean-cut and sweeping, to be put into force at once. I think the truth is that my powers of conception were strained. The nut to be cracked was so hard that she had not had time enough to lay any plan; yet there was the plan before me, consummate and unexceptionable.

Old Harry continued slowly. "We have no choice in this case, but to take the bull by the horns. Sooner or later Caroline must go back; and if Brief is to be unseated, we are not going to bring that off without coming to grips. Besides, a change of air will do my digestion good. And now you be off, young man." I prepared to leave. "See your darling first and send her to me. How long will it take you to get to Raven and back?"

Please turn to Page 45

## Surprise for Mrs. GREENE of "The Wattles"

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## GIRLIGAGS



"PERHAPS THE reason a woman is so persistent in her desire to marry the man who tries to throw her down is that there's nothing like revenge."

desire to honor my ancestress' bond." "May I tell Herrick, madam?" Old Harry wrinkled her nose.

Then— "Yes," she said. "He should know. If he resembles his uncle, he wouldn't be 'one of the best.'"

"Lord Naseby dislikes him," I said. "Ca va sans dire. To find favor in Naseby's eyes, you must be sanctimonious and servile and reap where you have not sown. He demands, but never supplies, and he still has family prayers. But I understand he's failing."

"Herrick gives him another three years."

The Duchess picked up a tablet and made a note.

"I'll have that checked," she said, and laughed at the look on my face. "My agents are paid to find out what I want to know. Some people, when they retire, devote themselves to the study of bygone days; each to his taste, of course, but I've always preferred a live ass to a decomposed lion. For me, the creation took place some sixty years back, and while I respect the ages that went before, the present is the hill on which I shall always scratch."

"And now to business."

"Caroline must stay here—no doubt about that. You will return to Raven, to fetch her things. Nothing of hers must be left there, and everyone living at Raven must forget her visit as though it had never been. Very well. To-night I shall write to Brief." She picked up a pencilled sheet. "And this is what I shall say."

"I have the pleasure to inform you that the Lady Caroline Virgil is now at Tracery, happily none the worse. I am loath to part with her—I wish I had known her before—and since her place is at Brief, she has persuaded me to restore her to you myself. This will entail a visit; but the occasion warrants a breach of the

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Because of the vital elements they supply to the blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills multiply the red corpuscles that give strength to your body. The enriched blood carries new life through your veins, improves digestion and gives firm flesh and a graceful form; your skin becomes fresh and clear, while health and beauty become apparent, thanks to the remarkable effect of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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All chemists and stores sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, price 2/- per bottle.

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3/9—REFILLS, 2/6

FACE POWDER - EAU-DE-COLOGNE

**LENTHERIC**  
PERFUMES - ROUGES

**Acids in Stomach Cause Indigestion**

Create Sourness, Gas and Pain. How to Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sour, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any chemist some Salix Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia (in powder or tablet form) is harmless, inexpensive, and is a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.

**MADAM.** I said, "I can do it in less than five hours."

The Duchess glanced at a clock, which said it was a quarter past two.

"Then do it in six," she said, "and dine here at half-past eight. Bring Mr. Herrick with you. What are you going to say to that very beautiful girl?"

"Madam," I said, "I shall quote from the Queen of Sheba: 'Behold, the half was not told me.'"

Old Harry smiled.

"I like your style," she said gently. "Partly because you always mean what you say." She put out her hand for mine. "Try to look upon her as a picture—glorious museum-piece. Find her exquisite, Richard; but glaze her—rope yourself off. Start doing that now. It'll cost you something, of course. But you'll find it a good investment—before you're through."

"Madam," I said hoarsely, "I'll engage you never did that."

The piercing eyes grew sightless.

"I know," said Old Harry slowly. "That's why I hope that you will."

The festival held that evening in Tracey's Music Room was one of such intimate splendour of matter and mind that, though I subscribed to it, I wonder now if it was not a dream.

I sat between two Old Masters—on the left of the Duchess of Whelp and the right of the Countess of Brief. Each glowed with the sterling quality of a forgotten age. Lost arts made up their being. Sheer beauty lived with kindness; sheer brilliance beamed with goodwill. And each admiring the other was thus exalted.

And there I will leave an event which neither Herrick nor I will ever forget, for that evening we two hobnobbed with the stuff that queens were made of in olden days.

That Herrick found instant favor I need not say. Indeed, Old Harry and he were as good as a play, for, as I have said before, his address was beyond compare, and I think that each of them whetted the other's wit.

When dinner was done, Herrick and I were left with orders to "join the ladies" in ten minutes' time; and when they had gone, we were led to a glorious salon, whose sixteenth-century tapestries filled the eye.

These were so very lovely and so cunningly lighted and cleverly hung that you had the rare illusion that you were not confined by walls, but were standing on some high place, commanding a living landscape of which the depth and detail bewildered sight. (I afterwards learned that they were beyond all price; that they had been woven in Flanders of threads of gold and silver, as well as of silk and wool; and that they had been designed by a master, to please a king.)

**THOUGH** the evening was warm, a fire of logs had been lighted upon the hearth; before this the Duchess was resting upon a mighty chaise longue, and Caroline was standing beside a jamb of the fireplace, one of her beautiful hands on the chiselled stone, regarding the leisurely flicker that hovered above a hillock of rose-grey ash.

As the door closed behind us—"I have ordered your car," said Old Harry, "for half-past ten. That gives us just half an hour, which should be enough. I've one or two things to say, and I'll say them first."

"I think we all know where we are and where we shall be next Tuesday at five o'clock. On no account try to conceal that we have already met. That way madness lies. We have all met here to-night—for the very first time. Let no one be ill at ease. Except for Richard Eton, I don't think anyone will."

"Oh, madam," protested Herrick. "Don't interrupt," said Old Harry. "Besides, you'd be at ease with a gaggle of elders discussing the wrath to come."

I very nearly laughed and Caroline covered her mouth.

"If you feel uneasy, Richard, always remember at once that though Brief is doing the honors, you are Caroline's guest. And that, I think, should bring your confidence back. You will take your man, Winter, with you, and I shall take three servants to look after me. One will be Parish—that excellent English page whom you have already seen. Should need arise, we can communicate through them, with all convenience. Tell the police that you have been invited to Brief, as you understand, to meet me. That will set you above all suspicion, such is this snobbish world."

"One thing more."

"As luck will have it, Caroline's mother's jewels were held by the firm of goldsmiths whom I have always employed. Bauble and Levy—you probably know the name. She

## COUNTERFEIT Coin

Continued from Page 44

has, therefore, written to them to say that by my advice she will have the gems reset and desiring them to be ready with new designs against her coming to London in six weeks' time. That letter will send the ball flying; and since she gave this address, the reply will come to this house and will go on to Brief by hand, in my private bag.

"And now can anyone think of anything else? Because, if they can, let us have it—for better or worse. We shan't see each other again until we strut on to the stage."

There was a little silence.

"Very good," said Old Harry. "And now I want to see Mr. Herrick alone. Take your leave of me, Richard, and then make the best of the terrace until Mr. Herrick appears. Caroline will go with you."

I stepped to her side.

"Madam," I said, "I have much to thank you for."

"I don't know about that. Never mind. I've much enjoyed your visit—and that's a thing I can say to very few guests."

"Thank you, madam," I put her hand to my lips. "I hope you're not very tired."

"Tired be hanged," said Old Harry. "I never felt so fit in my life."

"Till Tuesday, madam."

The Duchess smiled and nodded, and I followed Caroline out of the handsome chamber and, presently, into the air.

As though Nature were on her mettle, the world seemed to be without end and the terrace was magnified. The moon, which was low in heaven, was whitening the flags with silver and slanting a print of the parapet down their length;

and the sleeping country beyond had the look of a spreading woodcut, from which all imperfection was done away.

Caroline led the way to the head of the steps.

"It's all your doing," she said.

"Which is absurd," said I. "She's mad about you."

"My dear, you gave her the lead. I had a claim upon her. How could she fall me, when you, upon whom I had none, had done so much?"

I shook my head.

"You must thank yourself," I said.

"I say you—and that was enough. And as with me, so with her. The king's ring got you inside; but, once you were in—well, supposing you'd asked for the moon, she might have told you off, but when she was through, she'd have sent for a pair of steps."

Caroline laughed. Then she slid her arm through mine.

"I wish I was going with you. I've been so happy at Haven; and if this morning I'd dreamed that I shouldn't come back, I—I wouldn't have gone. It may have been out of order, but I know I'd jump at the chance to do it again. I've—much enjoyed—my week-end with a couple of men."

"They'll miss you terribly, Caroline."

"Sit in the meadow to-morrow—I'll think of you there. Close to the stream—by yourself; between lunch and tea. And, if I can, I'll sit here—at the head of the steps. Oh, and please be very careful and always go armed. Remember, he knows where you are, and the woods about Haven are thick."

"I promise," I said. "And on Tuesday—"

"Please turn to Page 46"

## SKIN DISEASES

FREE DIAGNOSIS FOR "WOMEN'S WEEKLY" READERS

### Chemist's Remarkable Success

**MR. RICHARD DIAMOND**

EVEN the most difficult cases of skin disease which have failed to respond to medical treatment have been successfully relieved by the well-known chemist, Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Ph.C., according to reports received from readers all over Australia and New Zealand.

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Complete relief has been given from eczema, psoriasis, scurf, dandruff, body rash, pruritis, varicose veins, ulcers, tropical ringworm, and many other skin diseases.

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"I suffered from itchy eczema on my leg for twelve years, but your treatment has completely cured me."—A.K. Randwick.

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Hundreds of letters like the above provide remarkable testimony to the success of Mr. Diamond's treatment.

**CONSULTATIONS PERSONALLY OR BY POST.** Readers are invited to call or write mentioning their complaint for free diagnosis, to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, Qualified Chemist, Diamond's Pharmacies, (note new City address), 27-29 Rawson Place, Sydney, also at Bondi.

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**Build up his strength, the natural way.**

**Give him APPLES Every Day**



Apples are the most beneficial fruit a child can eat. Apples aid the digestion of other foods, provide sugar for energy in its best form, and promote the growth of sturdy bones with their valuable mineral salts. The consensus of dental opinion is that apples are essential to strengthen tiny teeth and protect them against decay by perfect natural cleansing.

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Remember... pears are delicious too!

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EAT APPLES EVERY DAY

Every child needs several apples daily to maintain health. Always keep an adequate supply of ripe, juicy apples in the home. BUY APPLES BY THE CASE FROM YOUR LOCAL FRUITER.

Issued in the interests of the health of the community by the Australian Apple and Pear Council.



"O N Tuesday I'll see you again. And on Wednesday we'll ride before breakfast—that's natural enough. Besides, it'll be my job to entertain you as a guest."

"I'll never be easy," I said, "when you're out of my sight. Here I know that you're safe; but at Brief—I drew in my breath. 'Can you trust your maid? I think she should sleep in your suite.'"

"Perhaps you're right. I'll see what Old Harry says."

"I'd be easier, Caroline. You see, by day I can always be within call. But by night I can't. And if you want me to sleep—well, you'll do as I ask."

My lady lifted her head to the lambent sky.

"You don't look back," she said, "do you—when you've put your hand to the plough? You're not going to rest till—till you've carried me out of the wood?"

## COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 45

"Men don't lay down their honors before their time."

"And then?"

"They lay them down," I said slowly, "and go their way."

There was a little silence.

"What way shall you go, Richard?"

I drew myself up.

"I don't know. Perhaps John Herrick will help me. We might do something together, until Lord Naseby dies. But I'll always be at your service. You'll only have to call me. I'll always come."

"Why do you say that, Richard?"

"Because you have made me your servant—for as long as I live."

"I don't want you to be my servant."

I laughed at that.

"Then you shouldn't have your eyes, or your mouth, or your beauti-

ful ways. You shouldn't move as you do, or throw a smile over your shoulder, or push back your hair from your temples with one of your lovely hands. And you shouldn't have your nature—which makes a man want to pay tribute with all his heart."

"And what does he get—in return?"

"He's paid in advance," said I. "That very question shows that you don't understand. To have to do with you is to run into debt—your debt. And at once one's instinct is to do what little one can to pay you back."

Caroline raised her eyebrows.

"I'm afraid you're an idealist, Richard. And that's a mistake, my dear. Red Lead Lane should have shown you. But then the complete idealist never learns. If it makes you

happy to set me up in a niche, why then you must have your way. I'll smile upon you from there. And sometimes, when you're not looking, I might climb down and be a good-looking girl, with the usual human passions, a weakness for animals and a definite love of dress." She plucked at her frock. "Can any good thing come out of Salzburg? My dear, you wait. If you like the look of me now, you'll get up and walk at Brief."

"There spoke Old Harry," said I, "but not Caroline."

She whipped her arm out of mine and started aside.

"What ever d'you mean?"

I set my hands on her shoulders and turned her round.

"That you are a work of nature and she is a work of art. And you cannot play on her piano, and she cannot play on your pipe. I think you only did it to—to make me alter my focus and see that you're not the nonsuch I think you are. But it only upsets me, my lady, and doesn't do any good. I know you've got failings—you must have, because you're of flesh and blood; but you're rather exceptional—the heavens such grace did lend her. That she might admire be! Well, you must let me admire you in my own way."

"All right," said Caroline meekly. "But don't bring me garlands, Richard. I couldn't bear that."

"You wicked girl. You—"

"That's better. And there's John coming. Say good-bye nicely. Quick."

SHE had put up her beautiful mouth and I had stooped and kissed it before I knew where I was.

So much for Old Harry's counsel. So much for the voice within me that told me that she was right. So much for the knowledge that I was hastening to that terrible valley of torment, where hearts are broken in pieces and the light of the eyes is put out. Indeed, from that time on, so far as I was concerned, the future cared for itself. For me, the wind was with me, the tide was full; and though I knew I must shipwreck and could see that coast of iron upon which I must come to grief, I gloried in my present condition, found myself the favorite of Fortune and rejoiced as a giant to run my desperate course.

Though I have not said as much, to please Caroline, Herrick and I had gone armed for exactly a week; and a pistol had been purchased for Winter, because we had only two. Approaching and leaving Raven, we used to sit with these drawn, for, if we were to be ambushed, the road which ran down to the farm especially favored attack; and though, of course, it was clear that if we were

fired upon, we should be hit or missed long before we could use our arms, by having them drawn we should at least be ready to make some sort of reply.

It was half-past one in the morning before we once more entered this dangerous zone, and, remembering Old Harry's words, I found myself thanking Heaven that Caroline was not with us and would not have to run such a gauntlet again. Thus thinking upon the matter, I presently grew quite sure that we were to be attacked, and, since I was driving, I made Herrick take my pistol because, for once in a way, he had left his behind.

He did so reluctantly.

"And at what do I fire?" he said.

"At the spot where the rude noise came from before I was plugged? Before I have time to reply, we must be out of range. I mean, that's our only chance. We can come back after they've gone and have a smell round, but this is a place to come first to—or not at all." As I slowed for the first of the bends, he continued ruefully. "Of course, I wasn't meant to carry a gun. It spoils the set of my coat and all day long it gives me a series of shocks. And I think the wine likes warmth; if I don't watch it, I find it nursing my groin. I hope Brenda's all right. So as not to forget it, I left it out on my bed. Let's hope she's had the sense to leave it alone."

Winter lifted his voice. "I don't think she'd touch it, sir. I showed her mine last night and I warned her off."

"Good," said Herrick. "All the same, she'd have to touch it, if she was to make the bed."

Our alarms were without foundation.

We were not fired upon, and Raven was fast asleep. And since we were very tired, we shared a bottle of beer and stumbled upstairs.

I had put on my pyjamas, when Herrick opened my door.

"What d'you make of this?" he said. "The fire-arm has gone."

"Gone?" said I, staring.

"Gone," said Herrick. "As I told you just now, I left it out on the bed. Well, the bed's been made; so, of course, it had to be moved. But it's not in the room."

"It must be," said I. "You've missed it."

"Come and see," said Herrick, and led the way.

For fully five minutes we sought it, and sought it in vain.

At length—

"Brenda must have it," said I.

"The thing's not here."

"I don't think that's likely," said Herrick. "In view of what Winter said. And yet I can hardly believe that Percy Elbert the Good would steal it away. And tell me another thing. Why do these crises arise, when one is so drunk with sleep that one can hardly stand up?"

(To be Continued)

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Here's news indeed! Now only 4d. a cake everywhere in City and suburbs for Lux Toilet Soap... the supercreamed soap... so fragrant, pure white... so much more a luxury than ordinary toilet soaps! Now everyone can enjoy its soothing, beautifying supercreamed lather. Buy a cake—or a dozen cakes—to-day!

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## Kidney Acid Germs Killed In 3 Hours

The underlying cause of much ill health and most kidney and bladder disorders is irritating germs which develop in the body during colds and from bad teeth and tonsils or other bacterial diseases, so it's no wonder that many every one may suffer from the danger of germs in the kidneys, bladder, and urinary system. These irritating germs cause a gradually rundown condition and many dangerous symptoms, such as: Getting up Nights, Frequent Urine, Leg Pains, Dizziness, frequent Headaches and Colds, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Dark Circles under Eyes, Dry Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching passages.

### Helps Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers, most chemists now have a new twin-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex acts in 3 positive ways to overcome the cause of your trouble: 1. It kills the germs responsible for most kidney and bladder disorders. 2. It soothes and heals irritated membranes and stops pain. 3. Gently stimulates the kidneys and helps them to remove Urine Acid and other poisons from the blood.

No matter how long you have suffered or how many medicines you have tried, you cannot expect to get the satisfactory result you desire until you attack your trouble and the underlying causes in these 3 ways with the doctor's prescription Cystex.

Feel 10 Years Younger

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex.

Many of them can not praise it highly enough. For instance, Mr. B. M. recently wrote: "For six years kidney trouble and bladder weakness caused me to suffer from backache, nervousness, stiffness, swollen joints, rheumatism, and a thoroughly rundown condition. My appetite was gone. I couldn't sleep well, and I felt only half a man. I learned of Cystex and although sceptical, decided to try it. Within 24 hours I noticed a marked improvement. I felt new energy returning. Within three days the improvement was so decided that I knew I had found a remedy that would restore me to health. After a 24-day treatment my health and vigour were completely restored. I can eat anything, sleep soundly, my nerves are steady as a rock, and I feel ten years younger."

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You do not need to risk any money in putting Cystex to the test. Simply get Cystex from your chemist under this written guarantee. It must stop your pain, make you feel younger and stronger and full of life and vitality and satisfy in every way, or you simply return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole judge as to your satisfaction. Within 48 hours you will begin to notice a tremendous improvement. But under the guarantee we want you to take the full 8-day supply and see for yourself the amazing things that this new twin-tablet treatment can do for you. Get Cystex from your chemist today. The guarantee protects you.



Germ Irritate Your Kidneys



Germ in Your Kidneys Make You Old Before Your Time



# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOMEMEAKER

August 28, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Homemaker Section . . . Page One

## FOR A COMPLEXION *Like a ROSE*



WHEN BEAUTY of complexion rivals that of the rose. This young lovely, Rochelle Hudson, 20th Century-Fox, has clear, fresh skin. Read below how you, too, can attain complexion beauty.

It comes from the inside out—that glow of radiant health, softly diffused through an exquisitely clear skin that suggests the bloom of a rose

If you want a gloriously beautiful complexion—if you have a skin that is the despair of your life because of unsightly blemishes and a sallow, muddy condition—or if you just want radiant health—then follow the advice given on this page and you will be thrilled with the results.

By  
Evelyn

THE softening creams and cleansing lotions you put on your face obviously do your skin a lot of good, but more important is the state of your blood and general health.

If you want to have a fresh, clear skin, you must have in your system enough iron to make your blood rich, enough sulphur to make it pure. You must eat sufficient vegetables and fruit to balance the meat you eat.

Here is a list of the food-stuffs that will do most to give you a good skin. After three weeks of this diet you will notice a considerable difference in your complexion—enough improvement to make you continue with the idea.

### Make a Habit of This

EVERY day you should take some vegetable broth made from chopped celery, carrots, spinach, and parsley in the following proportions: 2 teacupfuls of chopped celery, 2 teacupfuls of chopped carrots, three-quarters of a teacupful of chopped spinach, and 2 pinches of parsley.

Heat 2½ pints of water; when it is boiling throw in the vegetables and let them cook for half an hour—no more. Strain, and salt to taste.

This amount of broth will last you for two days. Drink a cup in the morning when you wake up, another before going to sleep, and the rest during the day. It contains iron and sulphur, and will help a lot to purify your blood.

Half an hour after taking your morning broth, complete your breakfast by a plateful of dried prunes, which contain a large amount of iron. Prepared in the following way they are excellent for your inside, which in turn affects your skin.

Put the prunes in a bowl, sweeten them with a teaspoonful of honey, and cover them with water. Leave them like that for twenty-four hours before eating them (you must always prepare them a day in advance).

Greens, spinach, and lettuce eaten raw will also put iron in your blood. Generally speaking, all vegetables which are dark green in color

contain a lot of iron and are good for you. Give plenty of them to children; they are an excellent remedy for anaemia.

Vegetables which contain sulphur are carrots, onions, and lettuce. You can buy them quite cheaply just now. Eat a lot of onions; they are particularly good for your complexion. For people who don't like onions, it is a good idea to mix them with mashed potatoes; the onions hardly taste that way.

Avoid as much as possible all fatty and indigestible food; eat a lot of fruit instead. This sort of diet will not only give you a pink-and-white complexion, it will also make you feel healthy and good-tempered.



A PLATEFUL of this vegetable broth night and morning will help in clearing up a muddy skin. Recipe for making is given here.

If you suffer from skin eruptions, pimples, acne and other distressing complaints you will find the vegetable broth and prune breakfast particularly helpful in clearing up your skin.

It is a good idea, also, to drink first thing every morning two glasses of hot water to which you have added the juice of one lemon. Do not add sugar.

Grapefruit is an excellent internal cleanser and if you are unable to obtain or make the vegetable broth for yourself, have a breakfast of grapefruit and milk, followed, if you are still hungry, by a wholewheat biscuit and weak coffee or tea.

For external treatment of skin blemishes, thorough and regular

cleansing combined with the use of an almond meal mask will help. The mask should be used in the morning or at any time during the day, but not at night.

To make the mask add sufficient peroxide of hydrogen to one cup of almond meal to make a thin paste. Then add rosewater until the mixture is a creamy consistency and stir until smooth.

Before applying the paste cleanse the skin thoroughly and then place two hot towels to your face, letting them steam for two or three minutes to open the pores. Apply the paste and allow to dry for about 15 minutes. Then remove with cold water; rinse and dry the skin thoroughly and massage in a little cleansing cream to soften.

The Epsom salts facial is good, too, for skin eruptions. It is also a splendid rejuvenator for occasions when you've had a tiring day and have to go out at night to some function.

### Cleanse With Cream

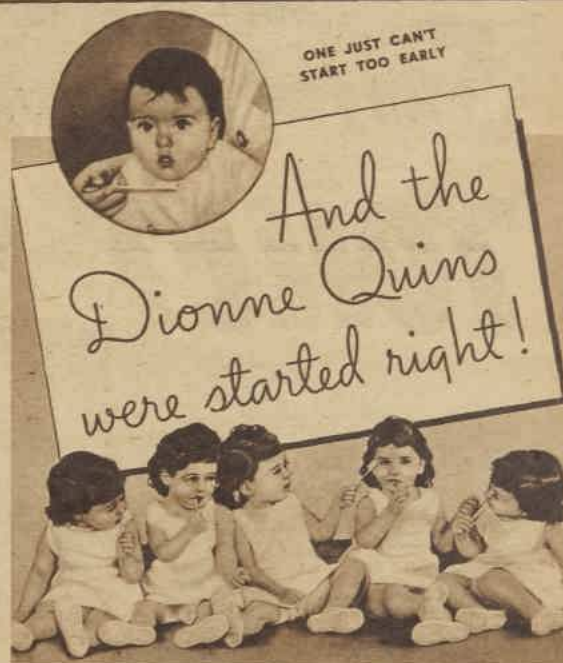
CLEANSE the face and neck first with cleansing cream, wipe off and then apply a second application of cream. Allow to remain on while preparing the facial. Fill one bowl with very warm water and another bowl with cold water and ice. Into each bowl put two tablespoons of Epsom salts. While the salts are dissolving wipe off the surplus cold cream from face and neck. Then saturate a cloth with hot Epsom salts water, wring out a little and hold to the face and neck. Repeat the hot applications three times.

Take a second cloth, dip into the iced Epsom salts water and without wringing out hold to face and neck. Repeat iced applications twelve times. Pat the face dry and if the skin is naturally dry apply a thin film of nourishing cream and allow to remain on for a few minutes before removing.

Now look into the mirror and you will be surprised. Your skin will be clear and sparkling with life and color, while tired lines round eyes and mouth will have disappeared.

If blackheads are your particular trouble try a clay pack treatment once a week in addition to the usual cleansing and almond meal masks.

To make the clay pack, add equal parts of peroxide and witch hazel to a quarter pound of fuller's earth. Spread this paste thinly over the affected areas of the skin, allow to dry and then remove with cold water.



### Why Dr. Dafoe Chose Colgate's Dental Cream

All you mothers who want your children to have sound, healthy teeth—read these important facts about early dental care.

To the specialists in charge of the Dionne Quintuplets—and to Dr. Dafoe particularly—the daily care of their teeth is most important . . . And rightly so!

Because the second or permanent teeth are forming in the jaw even before infancy. Thus, defects in the first, or baby teeth, are communicated to the permanent teeth . . . affecting their colour, shape, quality, and position in the mouth. Moreover, defects in the first teeth may even affect the general health of the child!

#### Why Dr. Dafoe Chose Colgate's

This is why the utmost care is taken of the Quins' baby teeth . . . why Dr. Dafoe chose Colgate's Dental Cream exclusively for these famous babies!

For Colgate's Dental Cream cleans teeth so thoroughly—yet so gently—without the slightest harm to delicate enamel, or irritation to tender gums.

And the delightful peppermint flavour of Colgate's Dental Cream makes children like to brush their teeth.

Colgate's Dental Cream is the choice of dental authorities for adult teeth, too. Its special penetrating foam sets into those tiny crevices between your teeth . . . cleans every surface . . . keeps your breath beyond reproach!



Happy little Quins! How carefully their good friend, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, has guarded them . . . watched over them!







SIDE VIEW of the simple ringlet coiffure suitable for girl in her early teens. A little bow keeps the hair in place and adds a youthful touch.

## Attractive and Picturesque . . . COIFFURE For The EARLY TEENS

A Simple but Charming New Hair Style for Miss Fourteen-year-old.

DESIGNED in a pretty ringlet style this coiffure is most attractive for the very young girl.

It is especially suitable for wearing on special occasions when "Miss Teens" likes to look her best and yet retain a youthful appearance in keeping with her years.

DECIDING on a hair style from twelve to sixteen—is simple enough for such occasions as school and general everyday wear.



LEFT: Another side view of the ringlet coiffure, and (above) back view showing clusters of curls across the nape of neck.

## Doctors Recommend it!



### for Beauty..for Safety!

CARE for your skin the Protex way. Wash your face with Protex to clear your skin of impurities; shampoo with Protex to rid your hair of dandruff germs; bathe with Protex to avoid the risk of offending. Protex tones up your skin, makes you feel wonderfully refreshed, and really clean. But it leaves no tell-tale medicinal odour.

Protex is a perfect family soap. Being completely free from alcohol, it is gentle enough for even baby's tender skin, and it is so economical that you can afford to let all the family use it every day . . . which is just what doctors advise. Protex contains Ti-Tree oil. It is triple-milled, and therefore long lasting. A generous-sized cake costs only sixpence.

11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC, YET NON-IRRITANT

Melaleuca Alternifolia (showing the leaf) from which Ti-Tree oil—the powerful Australian antiseptic used in Protex—is distilled.

# PROTEX

MADE BY COLGATE

MAKERS OF QUALITY SOAPS FOR 131 YEARS

But there are times when your young daughter goes out, attends such functions as birthday parties or young people's dances, and her hair requires to be arranged in a style most flattering to the young wearer.

The coiffure illustrated on this page is specially designed to meet such requirements, and, although formal to a certain extent, is delightfully youthful.

The hair is brushed back off the face and the top is kept fairly straight with just a slight wave across the front. The ends are then finished in clusters of ringlets or curls all round. The curls begin high up on either side of the head, and cascade downwards as they cross the back of the head.

The small bow adds a girlish touch, and helps to keep the hair in position. It will be noticed that the curls are worn cheek-length at the sides and drop to the nape of the neck at the back.

### Early Training

NO girl is too young to be taught how to look after her hair, for it is early training along sensible lines that results in many girls blossoming later into very beautiful womanhood.

The hair of children should be washed once a week. As they grow older the period can be lengthened to a fortnight or, for very dry hair, to three weeks.

In any case it is a good idea to give the hair an oil shampoo now and then. The roots of the hair should be massaged with warm olive oil; the head should then be wrapped in a towel for an hour and then shampooed in the ordinary way. Sometimes it is advisable when the hair is very dry to leave the oil on all night and shampoo next day.

The only disadvantage of this method is that it tends to darken the hair; so use oil sparingly on the very blonde daughters.

For slight cases of dandruff a shampoo with tar soap is beneficial. The shampoo should be preceded by an application of warm liquid vaseline hair oil.

For advanced or stubborn cases which will not yield to this treatment, try the following ointment:

Equal parts of olive oil and mineral oil, mix together, and add sufficient



FRONT VIEW of the pretty ringlet coiffure worn by Edith Fellowes, Columbia starlet.

powdered sulphur to make into a thin paste.

Vigorously massage the oil and sulphur into the scalp just before shampooing. Follow the application of the sulphur oil with a good application of warm olive oil also, before shampooing. This will aid the shampoo in removing all the sulphur oil from the scalp.

Many mothers are at a loss to know how to keep their daughters' fair hair light. Proper shampooing with pure lemon soap will help. You should be able to obtain this soap from a chemist. Cut it into small pieces and add to it a quarter-teaspoon of borax. Put in an enamel saucepan, cover with pint of water and allow to dissolve over a slow fire. Remove and allow to cool.

### Soap Jelly

Taken about half a cup of the lemon soap jelly and add to it the stiffly-beaten white of one egg. Wet the hair thoroughly. Apply the soap jelly and massage the scalp until clean. Then rinse three times in warm water and three times in cool water. Follow with a lemon rinse, made by adding the strained juice of two lemons to one pint of water.

When a child's hair is very dry and does not improve with olive oil treatments, use instead equal parts of olive and castor oil mixed together. Massage into the scalp very thoroughly until saturated. Shampoo an hour later or next day with pure soap jelly made with castile soap.



# ROOMS with a FRIENDLY AIR

Instead of conforming to rules, they reflect the personality of their chatelaine

By Our Home Decorator

WHEN you furnish a lounge-room you can follow all the rules laid down by interior decoration experts to the letter and achieve a very beautiful effect. Or you can be more casual and, providing you use your colors with discrimination, allow your own individual ideas certain play.

If you want your lounge-room to have a delightful atmosphere of friendliness and comfort, then the latter method will probably be the more successful. Usually the more casual the manner in which a lounge-room is furnished, the more friendly it is in appearance.

Rooms such as these belong only in shop windows!

The color scheme in this lounge-room has been very cleverly combined—the keynote being in the old-world couch which is covered in a striped brocade incorporating faded rose, sage-green and old gold.

These colors are repeated in plain velvets for the chairs, one being old gold, another rose, and a third green. The all-over carpet is in the green



CHARMINGLY INFORMAL LOUNGE-ROOM decorated in shades of sage-green, old-rose, and dull gold. The couch is covered with a striped brocade in three shades, and the chairs are in plain tones.

standards of comfort, is the cocktail bar.

Originally an entrance porch off the side verandah, the door leading to the interior was blocked up and fitted with shelves and cupboards.

The color scheme of this tiny room, which is adjacent to the lounge-room, is striking, being in scarlet and black. The shelves and cupboard doors are black. The curtains are black oil

is upholstered in scarlet oil baize—all very practical for a room where liquids are dispensed—and likely so often to be spilled. Accessories are also scarlet and add cheerful touches of color to the room.—J.K.



DELIGHTFUL LITTLE COCKTAIL BAR. The room was originally a porch off a side verandah.

Moreover when you have furnished your room in a way you like yourself, it reflects your particular personality, and for this very reason it can be a very charming room.

A good example of informal furnishing and of a room with individuality is the one pictured on this page.

The owner, who has a flair for interior decoration and for combining colors, abhors, at the same time, hard and fast rules which allow no scope for personal expression. She has furnished her room with many lovely pieces of furniture which she bought because their individual beauty appealed to her and because she saw their possibilities from a practical point of view.

The result is a room which is friendly and restful, and asks to be used—not the sort of room in which the moment a certain chair or cushion is moved out of its particular place it upsets the entire scheme of things.

toning, while the Chinese rug in front of the fire is old-gold with a design of green leaves and pink roses.

The walls are done in cream paper and the windows have full-length curtains of brown taffeta, but no glass curtains.

## Repeat Color

THE cushions in this room also repeat the color scheme of old rose, sage-green and gold.

The room contains many valuable pieces, too—treasures collected from far and near by the owner. There is the quaint Chinese opium table in front of the couch, the Venetian mirror with its ornate frame over the fireplace, and numerous charming pictures arranged informally round the walls.

Another delightful room in the house, which is one of the older type converted to conform with modern

## Every recipe IS A SUCCESS

In any oil cook stove, Laurel vaporises at the tip of the wick and burns as a GAS, with a HOT blue flame, free from any smoke or odor. It gives, in stoves, the perfect cooking heat. Steady, clean, and adjustable to just the right temperature that will ensure Success.

# LAUREL KEROSENE

For Lighting, Heating, Cooking, Cleaning



# Rules for Boiling MEATS and PUDDINGS

Here, too, are instructions for cooking a complete dinner on one burner

**BOILING** is a popular method of cooking food, mainly because it is the simplest. But it is necessary to observe a few rules if you want boiled foods to be as appetising and nourishing as possible.

**BOILING** is plunging food prepared for cooking into boiling water. Boil for 5 minutes, then lessen the heat and allow to cook slowly at boiling point the required time.

This simple method of cooking is suitable for puddings and for various cuts of meat such as:

**Mutton:** Leg, neck, and corned breast.

**Beef:** Silverside, rib, brisket.

**Pork:** Corned, ham, bacon.

## TO BOIL MEAT

Place meat into rapidly-boiling water (no salt), boil for 5 minutes. This hardens the albumen and forms a covering preventing the juices from escaping. Then lessen the heat to simmering point, and keep at that heat the required time.

Allow about 15 minutes to each lb., and 15 minutes over. If cooked too

long it cannot be carved economically and will be tasteless.

Tie the vegetables in net or thin cloth and cook in the water with the meat this way. They can easily be removed from the boiler.

White sauce to which parsley, onion, or capers have been added should accompany boiled meats.

The water in which the meat has been boiled should be saved and used

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

In the making of broths, stock, or sauces.

When the liquid is cold a layer of white fat can be skimmed from the top.

## TO BOIL PUDDINGS

Suet—not ordinary kitchen fat—is used in the making of boiled puddings. Beef suet makes the richer

pudding, while mutton suet makes the lighter.

Suet should be firm and dry, thinly flaked, then finely chopped.

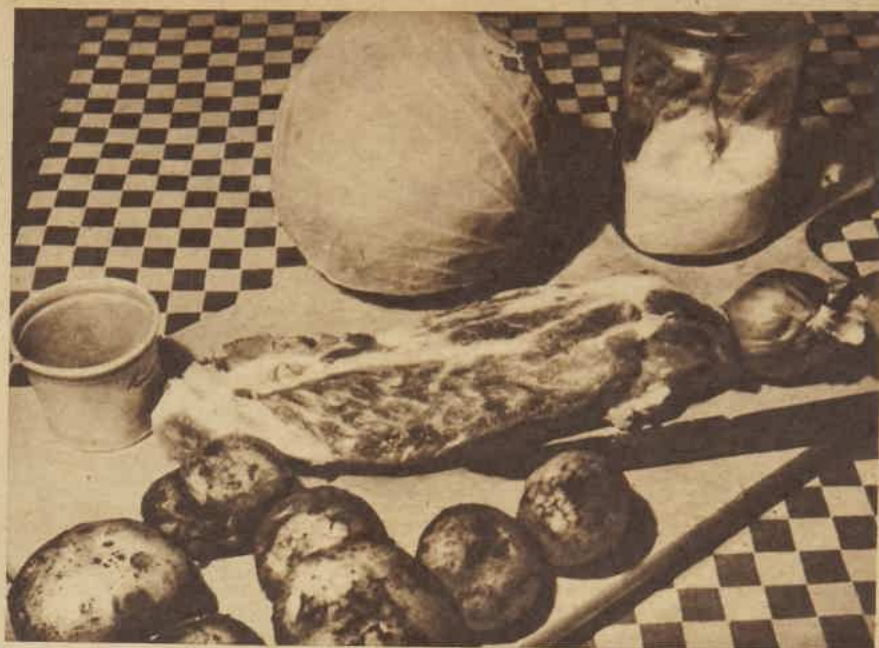
Clarified fat or butter can be used in the place of suet and will not take quite so long to cook.

Breadcrumbs can be used in boiled puddings. They assist in making the pudding lighter.

The mixture for boiled puddings should be mixed stiffly. The cloth should be clean and free from holes.

To prevent sticking, the cloth should be floured well. Tie firmly and allow a little room for swelling, but not enough to let the water in.

Plunge into boiling water. Boil rapidly all the time, and keep up the



ABOVE: The basis of a good, nourishing dinner—foods which are cooked by boiling—potatoes for cooking in their skins, onions, cabbage and steak for stewing.



RIGHT: An actress whose favorite bobby is cooking, Billie Burke, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Here she is cooking a savory stew for dinner.

## WELL-KNOWN HOUSEWIVES SIT ON JURY 10 OUT OF 10 SAY—

# Corn Flakes— MUCH MORE DELICIOUS!

BLINDFOLD  
TEST No. 18



**KELLOGG'S** gave each of these housewives, who composed this special jury, four different breakfast foods to taste whilst blindfolded. Each juror was asked to vote for the breakfast food which tasted best. 10 out of the 10 voted for Corn Flakes—another overwhelming victory for Australia's most delicious breakfast cereal. In all the homes where Kellogg's have made this amazing blindfold test, not one person has chosen any other breakfast food. Everyone agrees that Kellogg's Corn Flakes are on their own. Once you taste these bigger, crisper flakes, you'll soon realise why everybody loves them.



## The Jury comprised:—

Mrs. M. Cogle, Warrambool St.

Mrs. Price, 2 Gipps St.

Mrs. A. Lyons, Carlton Ave.

Mrs. Graham, Hollingden River

Mrs. L. Rowe, 39 Warrambool St.

Mrs. Hughes, No. 7 Warrambool Road

Mrs. M. McLachlan, 4 Hill St.

Mrs. L. Cogle, Argyle St.

Mrs. M. Stanfield, 160 Castlereagh St.

Mrs. Goulaby, Gipps St.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian white corn, are the only Corn Flakes you can get in Australia.

supply of water by adding more boiling water at intervals.

Pudding cloths should not be washed with soap.

Let the pudding stand for 2 minutes after taking from the water before removing the cloth.

Serve very hot with sauce or custard.

## COMPLETE DINNER ON ONE BURNER

Fill a large saucepan about 3 parts full with water and place it over heat. In this put one of the following—a leg of mutton or lamb, a piece of corned beef, a steak and kidney pudding or a meat roll, with such vegetables as carrots, parsnips, and turnips.

Now take a steamer which fits tightly over the saucepan and in it put the pudding basin with the pudding in it. The pudding basin should be well greased before the pudding is placed in it and the top of the basin should be covered with greased paper.

Place vegetables, such as potatoes, around the sides of the pudding basin and there you have, in one compact unit, a complete dinner that will be cooked to perfection over one burner.

Don't throw away the liquid in which the meat has been cooked. It is an excellent foundation for soup-making on the following day. All you have to do now is to make the sauce for meat and pudding: make double quantity of white sauce, divide into two. To one portion add salt, cayenne and either parsley, capers or onion. To the second portion add sugar and essence to taste. Serve in sauce bowls.

## CORNEB BEEF

Corned meat, water, vegetables, suet dumplings, onion sauce.

Wash joint to remove salt, allow 30 minutes to each pound, and 30 minutes over. Place in tepid water and bring slowly to boil to soften fibres of the meat; six cloves, 12 peppercorns and mace can be added if liked; skim frequently. Add vegetables, tied in

cheesecloth, 1 hour before meat is cooked, and the suet dumplings half-hour. Serve on hot dish with dumplings round meat; vegetable in vegetable dish and sauce in sauce bowl. After dinner return meat to water in which it has been cooked and allow it to cool therein to keep it moist.

## BOILED MUTTON

Mutton, water, vegetables, parsley sauce.

Wipe meat with a damp cloth, trim it if necessary, weigh, and allow 20 minutes to each pound, and 30 minutes over. Plunge into boiling water, the thickest end down, cook rapidly for 10 minutes to form a hard covering on outside to keep in juices. Lessen heat and cook slowly required time. Add vegetables tied in a piece of cheesecloth one hour before meat is to be finished. Serve meat on hot dish, with parsley or onion sauce in a sauce bowl, vegetables in hot vegetable dish. Some of the liquid the meat is boiled in can be used in making the sauce, also for second stock for soup, etc.

## PRESSED CORNEB MUTTON

Three pounds corned mutton, 3 sheep's tongues, small onion, cloves, peppercorns.

Soak meat in cold water half-hour. Place in saucepan with water, whole onion, cloves, and peppercorns. Simmer gently till tender. Remove the bones from the mutton, and cut into slices. Skin tongues, remove bone, and gristle, and cut in slices. Put alternate layers of tongue and mutton in a plain mould. Put a heavy weight on top and press well. When ready, turn out and cut in thin slices.

## DOUGHBOYS

Two cups self-raising flour, 1

tablespoon dripping, salt, water. Sift flour, rub in fat, make into dough with cold water. Turn onto floured board, knead slightly. Roll into balls. Plunge into boiling water, and boil not longer than 20 minutes. Lift out with an egg slice. Serve with meat or as a sweet with golden syrup or honey.



# MORE ENTRIES in OUR £500 Recipe Competition

## Winners of Weekly Prizes in Various Sections

The recipes below, entries in our big £500 recipe competition, have been selected as the best for the week, and are awarded cash prizes.

Also on this page you will find conditions of the competition and entry coupons. Send in your favorite recipes now. Simple dishes stand as much chance of winning a prize as the elaborate kind.

**I**N addition you may win not only a big cash prize in the competition, but a weekly prize if your recipe is published on the best recipe page.

### Jam Section

#### BEGGAR'S JELLY

Take cores and peelings of any fruit available (what is left after making fruit salad does splendidly), i.e., pineapple core and skins, passionfruit skins, apple cores and peels, orange or lemon skins (minus the white pithy part). If quince cores or peelings are available, they are a particularly good addition. Wash all well, place together in preserving pan, cover with water and simmer for about two hours. Let drip through jelly bag without squeezing for some hours or overnight.

Next day measure resulting liquid. Add one cup of sugar to each cup of liquid, and boil together very rapidly until a little tested on a cold saucer will jelly; the time varies according to the mixture of fruits. A delicious amber jelly will result, but if many passionfruit skins are included, the jelly will be deeper in color. If a tart jelly is preferred, add lemon juice when adding sugar; this also helps the setting properties.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. L. Davies, 20 Mayasia Street, Canterbury E7, Vic.

### Cake Section

#### COFFEE NUT-CAKE

Half pound butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 3 well-beaten eggs, 2 breakfast-cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten eggs gradually, then flour, soda, and cream of tartar, mixed together, and lastly milk and nuts. Bake 40 minutes in loaf-tin in moderate oven.

**ICING.**—Tox butter, 1 lb. icing sugar, 1 large tablespoon boiling water, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

Make a depression in sugar, add butter, essence, and boiling water, heat till well blended, sprinkle the top of cake with cinnamon and chopped almonds.

2/6 to Mrs. Evelyn Becke, 264 Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

#### PUMPKIN FRUIT CAKE

Beat to a cream 1 cup sugar and 1 cup butter or margarine. Add 2 eggs well-beaten, then 1 cup warm mashed pumpkin, and 1 tablespoon syrup.

Stir in 2½ cups self-raising flour and 1 teaspoon baking soda. Then add 1 packet mixed fruit and a little vanilla.

Line tin with greased brown paper, and bake from 1½ to 2 hours. This cake will keep moist for a few weeks.

If a lighter cake is preferred, leave out baking soda.

2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Smith, Pacific Highway, Charlestown, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

### Puddings and Sweets Section

#### COFFEE TAPIOCA

Half-cup tapioca, 3 cups strong cold coffee, 1 cup sugar, vanilla to taste.

Soak tapioca in coffee overnight. Next day add sugar and salt, and cook thoroughly in a saucepan or double boiler. Keep well stirred, and when cooked pour into a mould to set. Serve with cream or custard.

2/6 to Mrs. H. von Stieglitz, Llanstynau, Swansea, Tas.

#### JELLIED GRAMMA

Two large slices gramma, 1 cooking apple, juice of 1 large lemon, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups water.

Boil all together until gramma is just soft, then add 1 large packet jelly crystals (orange flavor), put aside to set. Serve with cream or custard.

2/6 to Mrs. Evelyn M. Pearce, Chertburg Aboriginal Settlement, Murgoo, Qld.

### Economical Dinner Section

#### MENU:

Tomato soup, crumb sausages, cauliflower and parsley sauce, mashed potatoes, steamed ginger pudding and sweet white sauce.

**Soup:** Cut up 1½ lb. ripe tomatoes and 1 onion, a few bacon rinds (or 1 teaspoon butter), 1 clove, sprig mint, salt and pepper to taste and 1½ teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons sago, 1½ pints water. Boil all together for an hour or till tomatoes are well cooked.

Strain through sieve, pressing tomatoes through. Keep hot. Heat 1 pint milk, and add to tomato puree just before serving. Serve hot with small squares toast.

**Crumb Sausages:** Put 1½ lb. beef sausages in hot water in pan and boil 15 minutes. Take off, and while hot remove skins. Roll in flour, egg, and breadcrumbs and fry crisp and brown. Serve with boiled cauliflower and white parsley sauce, and mashed potatoes.

**Ginger Pudding:** Two tablespoons butter or dripping, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 egg, 1-3 cup milk, 1½ breakfast cups plain flour, 1½ teaspoons carb. soda, and 1 dessertspoon ground ginger and 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt. Beat butter and sugar together, then

add syrup and beat well. Add egg, beat again, then milk, and lastly flour sifted with ginger, cinnamon, soda, and salt.

Steam two hours. Serve hot with sweet white sauce. If liked, add 1 dessertspoon of finely-chopped preserved ginger to sauce.

2/6 to Mrs. S. J. Levy, Abbotsleigh Rd., Holland Park, Brisbane.

## £500 for RECIPES

ONLY those entries which are submitted according to the rules are eligible.

Readers may send in as many recipes as they like, but each must be accompanied by one of the coupons printed on this page. Four coupons will be printed each week until the competition closes on September 8.

There is no objection to readers submitting, for example, two or more cake recipes, but a No. 1 coupon must be attached to each extra entry. The same procedure applies to extra entries in other sections.

Entries submitted are eligible for the weekly prizes of £1 and 2/6 that will be awarded until the £500 competition closes.

Write your recipe or letter clearly on one side of the paper only, in ink or typed. Not in pencil.

Sign name and address CLEARLY on each recipe.

Give exact weight or measurements in level cups, tablespoons, and teaspoons; not rounding, heaping, or scant measurements.

List ingredients accurately in the order in which they are used. Directions must be clear, complete, and concise.

If recipes are taken from books or current magazines and newspapers, please make this clear, giving name of publication.

Points will be awarded for recipes which are original, practical and economical.

The decision of the Editor will be final. No entries will be returned and no correspondence can be entered into concerning recipes.

All recipes submitted become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to print or publish any of them on payment of 2/6 per recipe.

### THIS WEEK

## JAM RECIPES

Here are some exciting new jam recipes for you to try. They range from a delicious "Candied Strawberries" to an intriguing rose petal jam.

THEY have been selected from recipes submitted by our readers as this week's popular subject.

Every week in this section a popular subject is chosen by our cookery expert from recipes sent in by readers, and a prize of 2/6 each is awarded for every recipe published.

So send in your recipes now!

#### CANDIED STRAWBERRIES

Two cups of sugar, 2-3rd cup of water (cold), 1-8th teaspoon of cream of tartar, 1½ teaspoon of vanilla.

Boil gently and do not stir after sugar is dissolved, or it will make crystals. To test density dip in a spoon lift but quickly, and let the syrup drop from the spoon. If it makes a thin thread it is right. Turn out to cool, and when cool work until creamy. Put into a double boiler, and melt until it is like thick cream. Then keep over hot water while dipping the berries. Do not wash, but wipe each with a soft cloth. Dip carefully, holding each by the stem, but do not let contact come on the stem or any leaves that may be on the fruit. Cool on marble or wax paper. They are ready in a few moments. Place on ice as they will only keep a few hours.

2/6 to Winnie Matheson, 25 Farnham Street, Grafton, N.S.W.

#### NECTARINE CONSERVE

Allow 1½ lb. sugar to each pound prepared fruit. Wash, halve, remove stones, add sides unpeeled fruit and weigh. Put fruit into basin, sprinkle with half the amount of sugar and leave overnight. Next day strain syrup from fruit into preserving pan, and add strained juice of half a lemon to each pound of fruit. Heat to boiling point, simmer for 10 minutes. Add fruit and simmer till tender. Beat remaining sugar in even add to fruit, stir till dissolved, then beat quickly till the mixture is on cold plate, when the fruit should be quite clear and the syrup thick. Put into dry hot sterilized jars, and seal securely before storing.

2/6 to Mrs. D. Fordham, 116 Mt St St., Osley, N.S.W.

#### CRANBERRY JELLY

Four pounds of cranberries and juice of 3 lemons and 2 cups of water, 4½ sugar.

Place cranberries, juice of lemons, water and sugar in a bowl and let stand overnight. Next day boil for 2 hours, then strain through a jelly bag, put liquid in a preserving pan and boil briskly until a nice clear jelly is formed when tested. Add a few drops of cochineal added improves the color. When cold, bottle and seal.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Bakke, 25 Herbert St., Stk. Pimpian, S.A.

#### LEMON ROSE JELLY

Take a handful of fresh, dry rose leaves, and a large handful of well-ripened rose-hips. Wash and dry rose-hips, cut in halves and remove seeds and whiskers with a pointed knife. Weigh and put with rose leaves into preserving pan, and barely cover with water. Bring to boil, then add pound of sugar to every pound of hips. Boil till hips are tender, then strain. Return juice to pan, then add the thinly-sliced rind and juice 1 lemon. Boil again quickly for a few minutes. When it jellies, by testing on a glass, pour into prepared glasses, and stand in a warm place for a few days, then cover.

**Honey Rose Conserve.**—Return the jelly pulp quickly to preserving pan, after weighing. To each pound of pulp add 1 tablespoon of honey, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, and 3 cloves. Boil quickly, stirring until the mixture is thick and leaves sides of pan. Press with a spoon into small jars, and seal.

2/6 to Mrs. C. Ridley, 48 Kellett Street, Anthonwer, Brisbane.

#### PERSIAN MARMALADE

Two lemons, 1 quart green tomatoes, 1 cup preserved ginger, 2½ sugar, 1 slice sliced pineapple, 1 cup water.

Cover lemons with cold water, bring to boil, simmer 20 minutes, or until skins are soft, then lift out to cool. When cool, slice in thin rounds, rejecting seeds. Place in a dish with ¼ cup of water; add chopped pineapple, and 1 small cup shredded ginger. Blend overnight.

Next day cut in rounds enough green tomatoes to make 1 quart. Place in a preserving pan with sliced lemons, etc. Add 2½ sugar, then cook until tomatoes and lemon skins are clear, and syrup rich and thick.

2/6 to Mrs. Martin, 313 Macquarie St., Merewether, N.S.W.

## You Must Use These Coupons

You MUST cut out these coupons and pin one to each entry in the £500 Recipe Competition.

<b>1. BEST CAKE RECIPE</b> Is this your own recipe?..... State on the recipe when and where you originally got it. 28/8/37	<b>3. PUDDINGS AND SWEETS</b> Is this your own recipe?..... State on the recipe when and where you originally got it. 28/8/37.
<b>2. ECONOMICAL DINNER RECIPE</b> Is this your own recipe?..... State on the recipe when and where you originally got it. 28/8/37	<b>4. JAM, JELLY, PRESERVED FRUITS</b> Is this your own recipe?..... State on the recipe when and where you originally got it. 28/8/37

**REMEMBER.**—Your full name and address must be written on each recipe. Address entries: £500 Recipe Competition, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of Page 3.



INSTEAD OF BREAD  
*Lovely women eat*

PEEK FREAN

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 THE BEST OF ALL BISCUITS FOR SAVOURIES



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"Recipe Book" containing a collection of appetising, nutritive "Barley and Groats Recipes" will be sent you post free if you write to Colman-Keen (A/asia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503 M.M., Sydney, N.S.W.

## FOR YOUNG Wives and MOTHERS

### The Problem of the Adopted Child

By MARY TRUBY KING

A reader sets us an interesting problem this week. She writes: "Not long ago I read an article from your pen on the folly of having an 'only' child. Unfortunately, my doctor tells me I can never have another child of my own, and my husband and I are seriously considering adopting a baby to keep our little one company."

"WE have the necessary means to give her all the advantages we give our own daughter. Under these circumstances, do you think it is advisable to adopt a permanent playmate, and if so, what age should the adopted child be? Our own child is nearly three years old."

It is generally best to adopt an infant of under one year, as the helplessness of a baby makes you start off with a feeling that it is more your own, it being so dependent upon you.

Also it is wise to have the training of the child as early as possible, so that there shall be no break between the ways it is used to and your ways.

Anyone wishing to adopt a baby should get in touch with the Adoption Branch of the Government Child Welfare Bureau, or pay a visit to various local orphanages, where the babies may be inspected.

### Orphans Best

ADOPTION of an orphan is more satisfactory than the adoption of a child who has either or both parents living.

It is rare that the adoption of a child who has a parent living in satisfactory in the long run to all three parties—the child, the adopting parent, and the natural parent.

This is specially true in cases where the mother parts with her child because of financial difficulties.

Once the child is legally adopted it is lost to the natural mother forever, as there is usually no provision in the laws covering adoption for allowing access of the natural mother to the child, or access of the child to the natural mother, if this is desired by either party. Nor, I think, is there provision for annulment of any adoption, once it has been passed by the magistrate.

However, the case is quite different where a child has lost both parents and is in the care of some orphanage. Then, legal adoption into a loving family who have moderate means is

infinitely to be preferred to existence in an orphanage, however well run. Orphanage authorities are only too glad to help prospective adopting parents, and a number of visits may be made to any orphanage before making up one's mind as to which child it would be best to take.

To revert to our correspondent who wishes to adopt a playmate for her little girl. It would be best to take an infant of from three to six months, who is medically certified to be healthy and who is without living parents.

### Food Question

BEFORE bringing the little one home, make full inquiries as to how she is being fed, and procure from your nearest Mothercraft Nurse directions as to the best method of preparing her milk-mixture. Then (if necessary) gradually take her off the mixture she has been having and put her on to one which is more suitable to her age and weight, and nearer in composition to the human milk of which she has unfortunately been denied.

Sooner or later there will arise the question, "When is the best time to tell her that she was adopted?"

This would depend a great deal on the individual child, but keep in mind that the truth hurts less if it percolates gradually, and is not sprung upon one as a shock.

In fact, there is no need for the truth, in this case, to hurt at all, if from the time she is capable of understanding, you tell her that you got her from a place where there were lots of little babies, and that you chose her because you loved her best.

Make no pretence of being her "real" mother. It is far better to let her know that her real parents are dead, but that you and your husband love her very, very much, and like to hear her calling you "Mummy" and "Daddy."

When she is older, if she wishes to call you both by pet names of her own, this should be allowed.

Her attitude to her "sister" will be dependent on her upbringing. If treated with the same love and affection as your own little daughter, there should be no jealousy.



Why shatter your system with sledge-hammer blows?

Here's the truth about Common Constipation

Usually it's the result of insufficient "bulk" in the meals you eat. At the very first sign you decide to do something about it. Down goes a "good dose of medicine." It's not long before you have to dose yourself again. Before you know it you're caught in the vicious trap of taking harsh medicines every day. The intestinal muscles become so weak you must constantly shock them into action. If things have gone too far see a doctor immediately. But, whatever you do, stop taking those harsh medicines before it's too late. Thank goodness there is a pleasant, easy and safe way to correct common constipation.

Kellogg's All-Bran supplies the natural "bulk" your system needs. Within the body it absorbs moisture, and forms a soft mass. Gently this exercises and cleanses the intestinal walls. The intestines are at last given the natural exercise they need. They lose their limpness and once more function normally instead of being blasted into action. Within a week you should have no more worry.



See All-Bran just like any other breakfast cereal with milk and sugar. Two tablespoons, once a day, are sufficient. Your grocer sells Kellogg's All-Bran.

## Marvellous Complexion

without 'Made-up' Look



NEW 'AIR-FLOATED' POWDER

INVISIBLE ON THE SKIN

A fresh fascinating loveliness—no suggestion of make-up. Face powder so fine and light it is actually invisible on the skin—no one can ever guess it is not all your own natural beauty. The secret is the amazing new 'air-floated' process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. Whirled by powerful currents of air at hurricane speed. Ten times finer and lighter than ever thought possible. Try the new 'air-floated' Poudre Tokalon to-day. Work all day in office, shop or home—you never look hot or shiny. Dance all night—your complexion stays fresh and lovely. Get to-day the captivating and lasting complexion beauty that only Poudre Tokalon can give. 1/- and 2/- a box at all Chemists and Stores.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

BY A DOCTOR

PATIENT: What is the cause of kidney disease?

THE kidneys, as you probably know, take from the blood certain chemical waste products, including water, and all these, through a most complicated and marvellous kidney machinery, are combined and passed out of the body.

When albuminous substances, however, are allowed to pass, some kidney disturbance is at fault. This may be the beginning of definite and serious kidney disease—what used to be called Bright's disease—or it may be, comparatively speaking, of insignificant consequence.

Whether violent emotion, unusual stress and strain, overabundance of food rich in albumen or other similar conditions cause albuminuria is perhaps open to question. Certain authorities claim that they can. There is no question that albuminuria may occur as a temporary condition in fever cases, in certain neurotic conditions, in goitre and in injuries.

### ASTROLOGY

What are my future prospects? When will my luck improve? Will I realise my ambitions? What is my Lottery? Luck? Marriage? Travel? Finance? All questions answered and Reading for 2/- Send P.N. birthdate, stamped addressed envelope. A. Moore, Box 34578, G.P.O., Sydney.



# PREPARE NOW For SUMMER Displays

This is the time to make beds for sowing the seeds of summer flowers.

—Says the Old Gardener

HERE we are in the last week of August, with spring in all its glory. Gardens are gay with spring flowers, stocks, iceland poppies, pansies, ranunculi, anemones and dozens of other varieties that paint the landscape with color.

But spring passes all too soon, and with it fades the glorious display. So the home gardener must now prepare for summer flowers.

In warmer climates, many seeds for summer display can be grown in the open, but in colder districts the young plants must be raised under cover. Seed-frames can be made quite easily at very little cost.

Select a position facing the north or north-east, in a corner of your garden. Put in four posts, the two back ones to be about 2ft. high, the front ones about 18in. Tack battens around the sides both top and bottom, back and front.

Onto these battens tack old bags or hessian and see that they are pulled tight before tacking over the top. More bags or hessian are tacked on along the back and made so that the whole of the frame is completely covered.

The top covering can have a piece of round wood, an old broom handle for instance, or a piece of waterpipe sewn on to the bottom of it so that the covering can be rolled up or down at will. This form of frame will give ample protection from the cold weather, rain, frost, etc., and can also be used during the summer



MANY OF THE SCREEN STARS are enthusiastic gardeners. Here is Jean Parker, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, transplanting some seedlings from boxes.

months to protect young and tender plants from excessive heat.

Should you desire this frame to be made into a hot bed, dig out about 2ft. of soil and fill in with any kind of animal manure. Tramp this manure down and leave for a few days, when it will generate heat. Give it one turn over after that period of time, tramp down again, then spread over the surface about 3 inches of good loamy soil. Mark it out into small beds and give a good watering. About one hour after, sprinkle the seed over the surface of the tiny beds. Cover lightly with well-decayed manure rubbed through a fine sieve, and water lightly after completing the planting. Roll down the covering and you will find that this will serve as a miniature hot-house.

## Green Shoots

THE seeds will germinate very quickly. In a few days you will notice the tiny green shoots. The top will then gradually have to be rolled up a little further each day. By this method the plants will be gradually hardened off as they grow. When large enough to handle they can be pricked out into small boxes, placing the plants an inch apart each way in the boxes. At planting time the boxes can be carried to the garden plots and so transplanted with very little difficulty.

Each plant can be removed from the box by cutting round with a knife and so taking a portion of soil with it and the plant will receive no check in the work of transplanting.

The box of plants, of course, should be given a thorough watering about one hour before the transplanting operation takes place. In this way plenty of soil will adhere to the roots.

Another good method of making seed-frames is to build them up from the ground three to four feet high and as long as required for the number of plants to be planted.

In making a frame of this kind, have the bottom or floor made of narrow battens placed about half an inch apart. The sides would need a board about a foot to 18 inches high.

When the frame is completed, line the floor with cinders, charcoal, broken pieces of stone, or any material that would be suitable for drainage purposes. Over this place a lining of old grass or straw to prevent the soil from mixing with the drainage. Then place in some good loamy soil, make this soil perfectly level, mark out into beds, and sow the seed as directed for the smaller frames.

A covering for this frame can be made by nailing battens in the form of a gable. On this tack some hessian, having it so that it will roll up or down, similar to the small frame already mentioned.

See that this type of frame faces the north or north-east also. A second frame can be made similar to this one and be kept for pricking the plants out into. Then the covering can be rolled down over them, and in the moving from one frame to another the plants will receive very little check. The reasons for building seed-frames up off the ground three to four

feet high is to keep away slugs, snails, slaters, and other pests.

In the raising of seedlings be careful with the watering. Over-watering is detrimental because they will damp off. Be careful and not sow the seed too thickly. Better to sow a couple of beds than try to put all the seed in one. Don't sow too deeply. You will find the method of rubbing the well-decayed manure through a fine sieve the most successful covering, for then the tiny plant has no difficulty in pushing its way to the surface.

# NEW-



## THE Sweet FLAVOURED GUM

A.R.27 A

## No More Coughing or Sleepless Nights

BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE certainly makes short work of the stubborn old hang-on coughs and colds, that no other cough remedy will budge, according to Mr. H. A. Allen. Mr. Allen says: "For years I suffered every winter with a terrible cough. I have had many sleepless nights and coughed until tears ran, and my stomach ached. I started again with the same old cough this year—but after a few doses of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE my cough was gone."

You can't go wrong on Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardy old Canada. One or two doses ends a stubborn cough and even the toughest old hang-on coughs leave for good in a day or two. And it's only 2/3 at any chemist. Money back if not delighted.

## Piles Go Quick

Without Salves or Cutting.

Thousands who have piles have not learned that quick and permanent relief can only be accomplished with internal medicine. Neither cutting nor any amount of treatment with ointments and suppositories will remove the cause.

Bad circulation causes piles. There is a complete stagnation of blood in the lower bowel and a weakening of the parts. Dr. J. S. Leinhardt found the remedy and called his prescription "Vasculoid". He tried it in 1,000 cases with the marvelous record of success in 85 per cent., and then decided it should be sold by chemists everywhere under a rigid money-back guarantee.

Don't waste any more time with outside applications. Get a package of Vasculoid to-day. It has given safe and lasting relief to thousands, and will do the same for you, or come you nothing.

Get rid of the Curse OF THE  
**DRINK HABIT**  
by the famous "EUCRASY" Remedy

Thousands of wretched homes have been made once again happy by the simple but SOLE use of Eucrasy. Can be given with absolute secrecy, by wife or mother, or taken voluntarily. NOT CROSSLY. Write or call for FREE SAMPLE. Booklet and hundreds of testimonials. Dept. B EUCRASY CO., 291 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

ESTABLISHED 41 YEARS

## Gay colors make delightful rooms!



The bedroom of Miss Sheila Helpman, of Adelaide (at right), expresses the artistic feeling expected in the sister of Robert Helpman, distinguished ballet dancer. The walls are painted a pale green, while the woodwork and furniture are done in deep cream. The charm of the modern dressing table is accentuated with long handles painted a gay, bright scarlet.



"There's no time wasted with Taubmans Dulceita", says Miss N. Watson of Moss Street (left). "I put it on right over the old paint and it covered it in one coat. And I love all the smart colors."



"I heard the radio announcer say, 'Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel'—and it's true! I've never seen anything so easy to use", says Mrs. Margaret Patterson of 55 Darley Street. Dynamel covers smoothly and dries in one hour—it's perfect for furniture and accessories.



Send for Anne Stewart's free book "The Colorful Home"

This amazing book was written for every woman who wants to make her home more lovely without a lot of expense. In it you learn how Anne Stewart herself has painted walls, done over old furniture, redecorated a whole series of rooms in charming color schemes. It's full of practical suggestions and useful information—every woman ought to have a copy. Send for it today—it's free!

**FREE**

Anne Stewart, Director, Taubmans Home Decorating Service, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Dear Miss Stewart, Please send me my FREE copy of your book "The Colorful Home". I enclose 3d. to cover posting and handling.

NAME

ADDRESS

A8

Listen to Anne Stewart every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, 2UW, 10.30 a.m.; 2AW, 11 a.m.; 4BK-AK, 10.45 a.m.; 5AD-MU-F, 11.30 p.m.



# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

Patterns  
Available  
Now!

## PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.



**SMARTLY SIMPLE**  
WW1809.—Simple and smart, this attractive frock features the new square neckline with buckles at neck and on belt. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required, 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



**SNAPPY BOLERO**  
WW1810.—Charming bolero frock. The small puff sleeves and Peter Pan collar are attractive touches. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard for bolero. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



**SMART FOR STRIPES**  
WW1812.—Here is a smart striped frock with feminine jabot. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 5-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



**NEW REDINGOTE**  
WW1814.—Simple to make, yet very effective with its gay color and contrast underskirt. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## NEW EMBROIDERY

WW1811.—Embroidered frocks will be popular this spring. Transfer may be obtained for scalloping and embroidery on pockets. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1. TRANSFER SHEET, 1/1.

## DELIGHTFUL SPRING MODE

WW1813.—Short cape sleeves and wide white revers give charm to this afternoon frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 5-8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

## PEASANT APRON

WW1815.—Delightful peasant apron, requiring only a remnant to make. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 1 3-8 yards, and ½ yard contrast, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d. TRANSFER, 9d.

## OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



## Dainty Styles for Girls

Aged 4 to 10. Patterns Cost 3d.

THIS week's three-in-one concession pattern provides for three delightful styles for little girls. Pattern is cut in three sizes, 4 to 6, 6 to 8, and 8 to 10 years, and each pattern in each one size costs 3d. To obtain, fill in coupon below and send to our pattern department. Material required for No. 1: 1 7-8 to 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. For No. 2: 1½ to 2 yards, and 2-8 yard contrast. For No. 3: 1½ to 2 yards.

## CONCESSION PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments, illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.  
BRISBANE.—Box 400F, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE.—Box 188, G.P.O.  
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.  
PERTH.—Box 401G, G.P.O.  
SYDNEY.—Box 2208Y, G.P.O.

If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street, TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....  
Address .....  
State .....  
Size ..... Pattern Coupon, 28/8/37.



**DRESSY JACKET**  
WW1816.—Useful for day or evening wear. If made in floral crepe, it is charming with your daytime frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

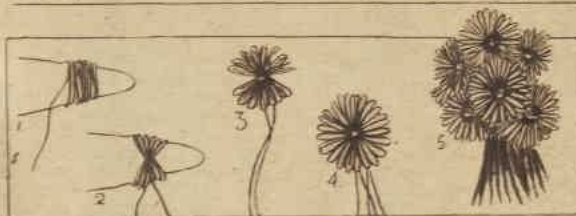


# THREE Exquisite D'OYLEYS in Needlework Notions

## CUT-WORK

Fascinating new designs, "Christmas Bell," "Waterlily," and "Tulip," especially created for all needlework lovers.

THE three d'oyleys are in white or colored linen, and are obtainable from our Needlework Department stamped with designs ready for working.



Above: DIAGRAM showing how to make floral posies from scraps of colored wool left over from winter knitting. The flowers are made by winding the wool round a hairpin. Green wool is used for the stems.

(3)

Right: THE posies made in various colors can be worn on day or evening frocks.



## Dainty Floral Motifs

So easy to make with scraps of colored wools.

JUST take a hairpin and open it out till the ends are 1½ inches apart, and wind the wool round the hairpin for 34 turns as shown in diagram 1.

Now take a piece of green or brown wool about 10 inches long, and turn twice tightly round the strands on the hairpin and tie the firmly, leaving the ends to represent stems (diagram 2).

Cut off the loose ends of the flower wool, and slip off the hairpin, when the "flower" should assume a somewhat circular shape, as in diagram 3.

Now take another 10-inch strand of wool, and separating the "petals" of the flower take two turns across the previous two, and tie the ends at the back of the flower (diagram 4).

You now have four strands of wool forming the stems and your dainty flower is complete.

Make seven or eight of these, varying the shades if you like, arrange and tie them together as in diagram 5, then attach a small gold safety-pin, and your posy is ready to start its decorative career!

Choose the softest wools, 2, 3 or 4-ply.

Charming variations may be carried out. You may thread a darning needle with black wool and work two or three stitches in the centre of each flower.

A delightful spray of wattle may be made by using pale yellow and green wool in 2-ply, and working with the ends of the hairpin an inch apart.

## SPECIALLY DESIGNED for BABY

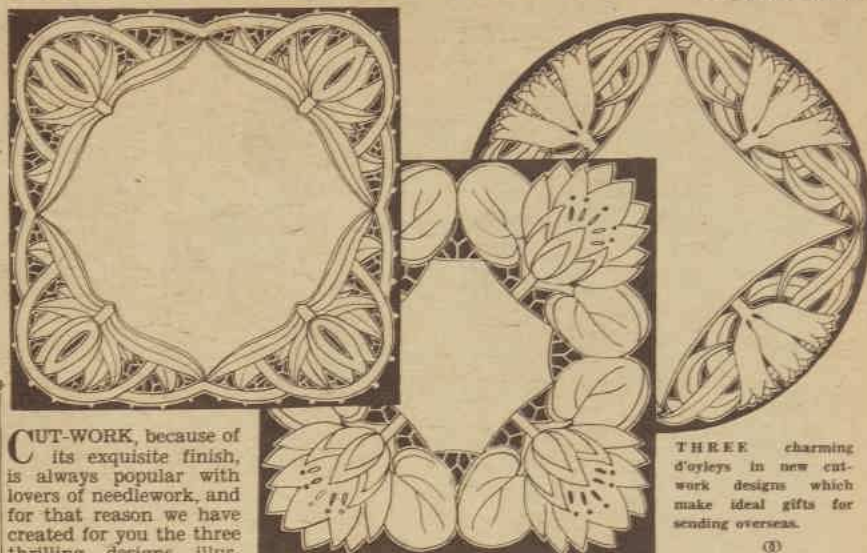
The sweetest little pillow covers stamped with dainty design ready for working.

You can obtain these pillow covers in shades of blue, pink or white lawn, and you have a choice of two designs.

The size is 17 by 15 inches, and the covers are obtainable in two different finishes, one with spoke-stitched edges for crochet and the other with hem-stitched edges.

The price of these baby pillow-covers traced with design is 2/3 each, post free, from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 183 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses in pattern page.

PILLOW COVERS in two designs finished with either hemmed or spokestitched edges.



CUT-WORK, because of its exquisite finish, is always popular with lovers of needlework, and for that reason we have created for you the three thrilling designs illustrated here.

These d'oyleys would be ideal to send away as Christmas gifts to friends overseas, especially the Christmas bells design.

They would also be excellent for show purposes, and if well worked would be sure to catch the judge's eye.

For the girl who is stocking a glory-box these d'oyleys would be a proud addition to her collection of linen.

The price of the d'oyleys traced ready for working on best quality linen, in white, cream, pink, green, yellow, or blue, size 8 by 8 inches, is 1/- each, post free.

In Cesarine the same d'oyleys are 9d. each.

The cut-work is quite simple to do, and would be attractive done in any colors, matching or contrasting with the background, or in all white or all cream.

THREE charming d'oyleys in new cut-work designs which make ideal gifts for sending overseas.

(3)

To work the design, use buttonholing practically all over, with just a little vein-ing, satin spots and lines.

Finish the outer edges of the d'oyleys with buttonholing over two running threads, and add picots if you wish.

Press well, and cut. For show purposes mount the d'oyleys on black or brown paper or cloth board.



You call it  
**TEMPER.**

but the Doctor calls it  
**FAULTY ELIMINATION**

You may think Faulty Elimination is merely Constipation. In reality it is much more insidious. It affects not only the bowels—but those other vital cleansing organs the kidneys and liver! When they are out of order, the blood stream becomes poisoned. One of the early warnings that you should watch for and heed is unreasonable temper. The poisons left circulating in the blood stream by kidneys, liver and bowels affect mind and health. Immediately you observe any danger signals—such as temper, sluggishness, nerves or crankiness—give genuine Laxettes, which act on kidneys, liver and bowels. A course of genuine Laxettes is the only complete and safe treatment. They are just as good for adults, too. And remember—the delicious chocolate taste makes kiddies eager for Laxettes!

Genuine Laxettes are obtainable from all chemists and store-keepers—6d. for the sample tin and 1/6 for the large tin. Warning: unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.



**LAXETTES**  
Rectify Faulty Elimination



And now to bed...so sweet and clean!



DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS: "At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed in Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we selected Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these world-famous babies."

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## Guarded so carefully...the Dionne Quins use only PALMOLIVE the soap made with Olive Oil!

**F**IVE little sleepy-heads, on their way to the Land of Nod! Rosy-cheeked, sweet and clean...fresh from their bath with gentle Palmolive!

And if you could see the smooth, satiny skin of those lovely Dionne Quins...then you would realize how wise Dr. Dafoe was when he decided that Palmolive, the soap made with Olive Oil, should be used exclusively for bathing them.

### WHY PALMOLIVE WAS CHOSEN!

Because the Quins were born prematurely, they have always had unusually sensitive skin. That is why, for some time after their birth, they were bathed only with Olive Oil. Dr. Dafoe found that nothing else was soothing enough.

Then, when the Quins were ready for soap and water baths, how important it was to choose

a soap made from the gentlest, most soothing ingredients! And that is why Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, to be used exclusively for bathing the Quins' tender skin!

### WHAT A LESSON FOR EVERY WOMAN!

Mother! Why should you risk bathing your precious baby, or any of your children, with any soap less gentle, less soothing than the one chosen for the little Dionnes?

And you, too, Lovely Lady...you who want to keep your complexion soft, smooth, alluring through the years! Why not give your skin the matchless beauty care that only Palmolive's secret blend of Olive and Palm Oils can give? Why not make safe, gentle, pure Palmolive your soap, too...and use it always for your own face and bath!



TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS



# YANG and YIN

By...

*Alice Tisdale Hobart*



FREE  
SUPPLEMENT  
TO THE  
AUSTRALIAN  
WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY.  
MUST NOT  
BE SOLD  
SEPARATELY.

Complete  
Book-  
Length  
Novel



YANG AND YIN  
ALICE TISDALE HOBART

By ALICE TISDALE HOBART

**T**

"The Chinese call us who have brown hair the redheaded barbarians. What will they think of him?" said Mrs. Baker, eldest

HE had come to this country because he had wanted to make something real of his life. He courted adventure, service, and some splendor of the spirit which he felt he could not achieve in his own country. So far he was simply a lonely young man unable to find a bond of sympathy with the others of his Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Baker, with whom he boarded, annoyed him with their religious patter. He disliked their placid, satisfied faces, that knew nothing of the warfare of the mind. Their very kindness to him seemed to make it worse. Berger, the head of the boy's school, treated him with an air of condescension. Miss Dyer, the middle-aged evangelist, sought to rule everyone who came within her reach. Peter avoided her. And Dr. Buchanan, whose work he as soon to take over, was old and fumbling.

These made up his world, except for Stella Perkins, the nurse at the hospital. Abrupt, often bitter in her speech, frequently at odds with the Mission community, she sometimes gave him a glimpse of a gentler individual, her real self, he believed, a personality which left him oddly disturbed and happy. But she had not permitted him to see that person for many days now.

Behind him he heard the tap of a blind man's staff, the tinkling of his song—common sounds in this country. He was drawn back into his original absorption, in the great surging multitude, a sick multitude, a hungry and cold multitude, caught in the clutches of its own anodyne—opium.

Opium with its trick of destroying pain and hunger, only to bring its own hunger and pain. Everywhere he saw its ravages. Head down, his eyes on the worn stone

Behind him he heard the tap of a blind man's staff, the tinkling of his gong—common sounds in this country. He was drawn back into his original absorption in the great surging multitude, a sick multitude, a hungry and cold multitude, caught in the clutches of its own anodyne—opium.

Opium with its trick of destroying pain and hunger, only to bring its own hunger and pain. Everywhere he saw its ravages. Head down, his eyes on the worn stone



flagging beneath his feet, automatically he walked on, until he came to the end of the streets of the rich, and turned into the Great Street, the main business thoroughfare. Coming towards him he saw a foreign woman.

"Good afternoon," he said.

As he spoke, she tilted her umbrella back, and he saw it was Diana Moreland, a young teacher from another Mission, whom he knew casually. A long time since he'd met a girl on the street. The occurrence, commonplace at home, was a mighty event here. He forgot his driving urge to cope with all the disease of China.

"I'll come along, if you don't mind," he said.

But Diana Moreland stood silent, restrained in her manner.

Then Peter remembered that unmarried men and women held no public communication with each other in this country.

So now, into the meeting of these two, filtered a strange, Oriental awareness of each other. They stood awkward and silent, unable to go on together, unable to do so strange a thing as not to. Then Diana, sensing the ludicrousness of the situation, laughed outright, breaking the spell.

"Of course. We're going the same way. Where else could we be going to-day? We'll have to hurry—we're late now. You go ahead, I'll follow. That will be all right." She spoke as one used to command. "Oh, no, it won't," she added, suddenly remembering that such was the proper procedure for the married.

Embarrassed, she resigned herself to Peter's polite suggestion that she should let him walk at her side. But, absorbed in the contradictions of her position, she did not speak.

In a patch of light thrown across the dark street by the sudden opening of a gate, Peter saw her face clearly. Her eyes, intelligent, honest eyes. Brown, he imagined, black in this light, and full of warm concern for him. Suddenly he sensed a deep femininity in her—in the fastidious perfection of her dress, the grace of her hand clasping the umbrella-handle, the supple movements of her slender body as she walked. He forgot the discomfort of the cobblestones and strode forward to her side. There was silence between them as before, but it held some unuttered consent to each other now.

They had come to their destination. The gatekeeper, filled with the importance of the occasion, opened the gate at Peter's first tap. They passed up the walk and into the house. The door into the parlor had been partly closed for the prayer. They stood side by side in the hall. Diana's head was bowed, but Peter's was not.

He hoped she would look at him once more before she went in, but at the last low-spoken word she stepped quickly into the room, taking a seat among a group of women. There were many curious glances for the two late-comers, and on the faces of some a look of disapproval. He felt a wave of anger. No privacy in this community, and sometimes, he thought, no mercy. They began to sing a hymn. Peter slid into an empty chair near the door, took hold of the hymn-book that Stella Perkins, sitting in the next seat, held out to him.

As the hymn ended, with little rustles of contentment, the white people settled themselves for the reading.

The presiding officer was a thin-faced, slender man; the speaker, tall and slender, too, an aged white-haired English bishop. He caused an almost imperceptible catching of everyone's breath as he rose. Peter thought him very beautiful. He contrasted him with the Chinese gentleman he had seen earlier in the afternoon. There was

breeding here, too, but the contour of the face had not been softened.

The bishop, forty years a student of Chinese, began reading to them, in all but faultless intonation, the statement of their faith. This other language, although difficult for them to understand, made them realise anew their religion's special promises against lonely selfhood—separateness, fear of pain and death, dreads lurking in all men's minds. The human craving to be loved and cared for was satisfied.

The meeting broke up late. The drizzle of the afternoon had turned into heavy rain. A long line of chairs moved out of the gate. For all the women were riding. Except for the bishop and Dr. Buchanan, the men walked. The hard heels of their shoes clattered on the paving stones as they kept pace with the chairs or followed behind.

The city was asleep, the shutters of the shophouses closed. Like passing through the corridors of a ward at night, Peter, the last of the line of men, was thinking, the streets so narrow, the people so near. He heard a child's cry, a woman's voice raised in startled exclamation.

They came into the street of the rich. He thought of the two elegant figures he had seen that afternoon. Somewhere within these high walls, they lived a life of which he knew nothing.

SHANGHAI belonged to Christendom. It had clean streets and parks. The Woosung River, on which it fronted, was filled with Western steamers and gunboats, white and gleaming in vivid contrast to the brown native sampans and primitive junks. It had Western-owned hospitals for the care of the Chinese sick, and two thousand dens, where the "foreign smoke," opium, laid siege to the Chinese strength. Along one of the main streets shops flourished openly where a pellet of opium and a bed for the drowsy sleep it produced could be secured for a few cents. The opium trade, made lawful by war, brought great revenue to the Christian nation.

Peter Fraser stepped forth into the streets of Shanghai an unshackled man. His examinations were over. Surprising and incredible result, the hospital in the interior city was to be his next autumn, although as the senior men of the Mission Board explained, he was not really prepared. Dr. Buchanan must go home for a rest. They were short-handed. It left no one but Peter to manage the hospital.

This released him from two more years spent exclusively on the language, from which it had seemed there was no escape. The thought of using his mind and hands in ministering to the sick unleashed a pent-up vitality. That somehow he must sandwich this study in with the heavy duties as head of the hospital did not worry him one whit.

As he rode in a rickshaw towards the business district, the city of Shanghai came sharply into focus. "What a splendid Western city!" he said to himself, forgetting what a small town it had seemed to him less than a year ago, when he had come to it straight from America.

When he had left America, he had not thought of himself as a missionary, but as a doctor who saw in China an undeveloped field for research in certain diseases little known to the Western world. But even on the steamer he had found that all who came to give such service to the Chinese were labelled as missionaries. At home, a man's religion was a private thing, his own concern, but in this outpost city of the Christian nations, he found it a tag, setting

him apart from the other men of his country. Only the Catholic countries, it seemed, had respect for their Christian representatives.

DIANA MORELAND rose from her desk, cramped with the cold. These April days, even to-day with its sunshine, left the Chinese house which did duty as her school damp and chill.

She was annoyed with herself. Why had she told Dr. Fraser that he might call this afternoon? It had meant complications in the household and explanations to the other women. She was tired. It had been a hard day in the school. She thought with perplexity of the new girl.

Wearily she stepped through the doorway in the wall and out into the compound adjoining.

She reached the Single Ladies' house. No one was about. She ran up the stairs and into her room, throwing off her sweater as she went. She got out of her thick wool dress and woolen stockings. Some solidity of her body fell away with the heavy garments. Her senses sharpened.

For three years she had known the joy of complete absorption in work. First there had been the long, hard struggle for the mine's birth in these Chinese girls who came to her with the dull look of those in whom the mind is embryo. She had known the triumphant sense of accomplishment when she saw the first stirrings of thought light up their black agate eyes.

Breathless, absorbing days followed. The round moonfaced lined down, the thick, fleshy lips strengthened, the flaccid countenances took on elasticity, as thought quickened the flesh.

Again she experienced the joy of the artist as she thought of her highest achievement of all—the widow, Sen S Mo, first of the upper class to come to her school.

The disciplined woman of such intense effort stood away, surveying this other self-dressing so eagerly for Dr. Fraser.

"Young unmarried miss," the gatekeeper was addressing her in loud tones from outside the door. "There is a man sitting in the gatehouse who presumes to say he is to be taken to the house of the honorable unmarried mistress. It seemed wise that I speak to the honorable young miss of the matter."

"Yes," she called out, patiently repeating her command given to her personal servant, Wang Ma, a half-hour before. "It is my wish that you bring the man to my house. Hurry! Do not keep him waiting."

The honored teacher has spoken. I, her humble servant, will do this strange thing," he mumbled.

The door to the house of the Single Ladies stood open this spring afternoon of pale sunshine, and the clean fragility of the house struck Peter with its beauty even before he entered. The Ningpo varnished floors shone with a hard, red gleam. One brightly-varnished Chinese tea table, flanked by straight chairs, stood against the white wall by the stairs in the hall.

In the room to the right was a flat-topped desk, an odd, round-backed Chinese chair on either side. Upon it he noticed a cylindrical holder filled with brushes. He knew from his teacher that the holders of writing-brushes were often works of art—all that pertained to the mind was worthy of beauty. Complete satisfaction possessed him as he looked at this one.

Then he saw Diana Moreland descending the stairs, soft ruffles of lace at her neck and wrists, and the feeling was gone. He had never before seen her without her



hair. Her dark brown hair grew straight back from her forehead, lying close to her head in compact waves, seeming of its own accord to be gathered together in a knot at the nape of her neck. It gave her head a classic beauty.

He was about to rise and go towards her, when he saw a Chinese woman standing in the open door, and heard Miss Moreland say, with elaborate politeness, "Ching, Sen S Mo, chin lai. Please, Sen S Mo, come in." Polite refusal, then polite urging on Diana's part. He was alternately hopeful and despairing. Suddenly he was interested in the Chinese woman—the first Chinese lady he had ever seen. The sound of her name, with the soft slurring of the S into the final syllable, was beautiful. She must be that widow, from an official family, who had come to Diana Moreland's school nearly two years ago. The incident still caused lively conjecture in the small missionary world—conjecture, elation and gossip over her sudden appearance, her lovely garments, her lack of money, and her evident separation from her family.

From his corner he studied her. So sophisticated in her modesty, he thought—knowledge in the expression of her eyes and mouth, in her dress, too. He sensed it was not prudery which dictated the high collar giving just a glimpse of her throat, the sleeves so closely drawn about the wrists, the thin gauze skirt veiling the trousers beneath, below which he caught a glimpse of her tiny, pointed, embroidered shoes. Those shoes the ultimate sophistication, he realised suddenly.

Sen S Mo was leaving, backing slowly out of the door with repeated words of farewell.

Diana came towards him. "I'm so sorry," she said. "I've kept you waiting. But Sen S Mo came in to ask me if I would go for a few days this summer to visit her mother."

As she shook hands with him, the delicate structure of her hand accentuating the strength of his, the fineness of her skin contrasting with the masculine quality of his, swept him into splendid excitement.

Just then the doors at the end of the hall opened and the other teachers in the school came in, the one middle-aged, with curious, seeking eyes, the other a neutral kind of creature who seemed neither woman nor man. "Tell us about Shanghai," said one, as soon as they were seated.

"Yes, do!" exclaimed the other.

You could not see a woman alone, it seemed. Diana's eyes met his.

The two, noticing the look which passed between them, sensed that mysterious rushing together of man and woman. They felt themselves rejected. Although by no word or deed would they have declared it, in their hearts they had offered themselves to the young doctor. Excited and wounded, they excused themselves and went away. Diana and Peter could hear rustling sounds in their studies down the hall. The doors had been left open to give propriety to the call.

Peter moved his chair nearer. "It's nice to have you to myself, Diana."

It was long since a man had called her by her Christian name. It sounded strangely intimate. In this community, so bound by the traditions of another race, a man did not venture lightly upon intimacy. Diana sensed intention on the part of the young doctor.

"I'm to take Dr. Buchanan's place next autumn," he began. "It's rather a big undertaking, with so little knowledge of the language."

"Yes, it is," she answered. "But you've got Stella Perkins to help you. There's

hardly anyone here, including the English bishop, who speaks Chinese as fluently as she."

The way she spoke of Stella Perkins carried to him, in some indefinable way, her withdrawal from him. A wave of homesickness, which had been threatening him ever since his return from Shanghai, engulfed him. To be back in the normal world of affairs! Life filled with ambition, fame, honor, and love. Yes, love, not this thin substance that remained to the white man in this sex-conscious civilisation, where a man neither embraced the Chinese idea of women's place in the universe, nor kept his own. He left soon.

After a few days his interest in Diana, still so delicate a thing, passed from him, leaving him with a vague sense of relief, as if he had been delivered from a relationship beautiful but binding.

IT was the fourth month, the Peony Moon, brave flower of the vital principle, man. Beyond the city, at the Temple of Spiritual Peace, the huge iron cauldron standing on its tripod in the open court sent forth thin spirals of smoke from the hot and heavy ashes of yesterday's offering. The tin which silvered the spirit money was an unburned residue, weighting the ashes so that smoke could escape only with difficulty in little jets.

Mrs. Baker was giving a picnic in honor of Dr. Buchanan, who was soon to leave for America. In all this great, rich floor of the coastal province there was no bit of woodland, no unused field, except within the temple enclosure. Only the temple grounds and the graves escaped the peasants' careful tilling. The missionaries thought necessity was their reason for going to the temple, not recognising that the color, the movement, the searching spirit abroad, drew them like moths to a flame. Only Miss Dyer, with whom Stella lived, had no use for temples.

The cavalcade moved slowly through the early morning life of the city. Tubs of fish and baskets of vegetables narrowed the narrow streets. To Peter's eyes it was a great, grey city of the poor and downtrodden. Old customs, old habits held the people to a rigid pattern. Sons followed fathers who had followed grandfathers and great-grandfathers in the same trade, creating without creative flair. Everywhere, over the rigidity of age and poverty, sickness lay like a pall.

The party was crossing one of the causeways now. On each side the willow branches touched the water, swaying and dipping, like elaborate maidens careening their own images. Berger, from the boys' school, stopped in rapt contemplation of them.

"You know, Fraser," he said, turning to Peter, "I've always thought the men acting women's parts in Chinese plays made unnatural, exotic gestures. Now I see they're natural. Look at that willow branch. That's where they got their swaying movement of the hands."

Peter felt a new interest in Berger. When had he escaped the strict missionary world long enough to attend Chinese plays?

They reached the end of the causeway. The dark brick core of a pagoda, long since shorn of its roofed galleries, cut into the landscape with strength and force, relic of a creative imagination now impotent.

Like some great army, the pilgrims moved forward, as if pulled by a magnet, up the steps of the temple into the entrance hall. Peter and his friends with them. Around the central god, the crowd divided itself, moving to the right, to the left, placing

incense before all manner of ugly and beautiful beings.

"Come and see them making their gods," urged Mr. Baker. "Imagine believing in a god you can make yourself."

"They've not only got clay feet, they're all clay," said Mr. Berger, amused at his own jest.

"Your god is made in your own image," said Stella, coming out of her absorption in the scene around her, and then returning into it, apparently not noticing the consternation created by her remark.

In the dim recesses of a temple guest-room, Mrs. Baker spread a blue and white cloth over two square Chinese tables placed together. Out of the picnic basket she took sandwiches and cold chicken. A priest brought them tea in a cracked teapot, its wide spout brown with the testimony of many pourings.

Held almost against their wills by the color, the scent and the sound in the court, the party gathered slowly, taking their places on benches round the long table. Dr. Buchanan in the seat of honor. Frail and old, he rose a little uncertainly to offer a blessing. But his quiet, serene voice filled the room, stilling even the curious Chinese, who crowded through doors and windows, closer and closer to the table.

"This third year of the new century has brought us peace. All thy children have lived together in peace. Teach us to forgive the year of persecution. It is the turn of the century."

When Peter looked up, he saw written in the faces round the table passions hidden from his sight until now—hate and fear, love and exaltation. Never before had he realised what the Boxer year had meant to this community. He had understood that nothing had happened here in this southern city. Now he saw that the persecution of other communities, and the months of suspense and uncertainty, had had their effect upon these people, even though none of their number had been killed.

NIGHT was settling down. The pilgrims and the picnic party had long since left. The trees stood dark on the slope behind the temple roofs.

The Sen family's long line of chairs entered the avenue of cryptomerias, stopped at the outer temple.

The child, Sen Lo Shih, precious only son, walked with his grandmother, as reverent in attitude as she, gravely making his obeisance before the holy Buddha. His father had told him that the Superior Man does not believe in gods. Confucius teaches that all knowledge is within the breast of the Superior Man, but for the women and the ignorant there is this image. But the men do not disparage this lesser faith of the women and the heathen, the little men.

"And," he had added, "I too, find it well to revere Buddha lest, after all, he be a god."

So on the prayer-mats Sen Lo Shih and his father knelt with the women.

In the upper prayer hall, near the private room of the abbot, masses for the child's grandfather were being said. Twenty thousand dollars had been spent by the Sen family. Besides enriching the coffers of the priests, the money had given the scene every beauty, every extravagant display.

Sen Lo Shih, in the midst of his people, watched gravely, at first without emotion, the three priests in their gorgeous and brilliant robes, sitting cross-legged, representing the triune Buddha. But bit by bit he froze with terror as the chant told him of the



hungering, thirsting souls flitting through the underworld.

Sen Lo Shih in that evening tasted the torments of his dead and the bliss of their redemption, knew himself as their final hope in conducting them across the sea of hunger, thirst, and torment.

Twice now had he waited upon the ancestors—here at the temple and at their graves. Throughout the service, Scholar Sen, lost in reverie, contemplated the Buddhist philosophy—the perpetual growth into decay of the universe, the universe produced by the thoughts of desire. Life an evil illusion to be escaped. Nirvana. The blowing out of the flame called man.

As the summer heat settled upon the city, family by family the white people left for the hills. The schools and the churches were closed. In the hospital, Dr. Buchanan, Stella, and Peter were to take turns—Stella, Dr. Buchanan had said, would alternate with him during July and August. Peter was to be in charge during June.

The month was over, and Peter was on his way to the summer resort. This morning Dr. Buchanan had relieved him of his duties. Each labored step of the chair-men up the mountainside gave him cooler, drier air to breathe. For the first time in weeks his skin was cleansed of the moist heat of the lowlands. The cool air flowed down upon him. His chair tipped backward as they ascended allowed him to look straight up into the blue sky. He felt a new rush of energy, and with it a sudden realization of his power. In the autumn he would be master in his own right—have the hospital for his own.

The way grew steeper. The bearers broke step in order to lessen the strain. In a small pavilion erected over the path, they set, his chair down, mopped their steaming bodies with cloths already soaked with grime and sweat. Their over-developed leg muscles and chests told their tale. Peter decided to walk the rest of the steep climb.

And so they came to the main street of the mountain village, the stronghold of the Christian people—a Christian town owned by them, administered by them. No foreign business man could buy land outside the treaty ports, but missionaries could. The Chinese had granted this right to them, after Christendom's victory in the war fought in the interests of trade and the legalising of opium.

The chair-men trotted along quickly now, like horses who know their stable is just ahead. Another ten minutes, and Peter was at the cottage of the young men of the Mission, the members of which were here from all over Central China. The place seemed deserted. Peter knocked vigorously. The chair-men ran around to the back calling, "Hsia I Sheng lai." Peter knocked again. At last, a Chinese servant, his black eyes blinking as if he had just roused from sleep, came to the door. "Young medicine man who is expected, enter," he said.

His feet made a shuffling sound as, with his slippers off at the heel, he walked ahead, leading Peter to a tiny room at the end of a long hall.

From its window he saw the green folds of the hills, the roofs of the cottages below. He could hear water somewhere trickling over rocks.

He was eager to see the town, the people. Picking up his tennis racket, he went out. He saw Stella standing on the verandah of the Single Women's house, as somehow he had suspected he might. It seemed natural that Stella should be waiting for him. He had seen a great deal of her at

the hospital before she had gone on vacation.

She had given up the strict rule of dress adopted by the missionary women—high neck, long sleeves, after the Chinese custom. Her wrists and arms, as she leaned her hands on the railing, were small-boned and graceful. "She is beautifully proportioned," he thought.

"Hello," he called out. "You're looking fine. Do you feel up to a game?"

"Yes. I'll come along, but I'm not in your class."

They walked together down the mountain path towards the grey cement squares of the tennis courts, which they could see below set round with clumps of bamboo. There was some unresolved disharmony in Peter that always quieted to Stella's presence. He looked down upon her now, feeling that stilling of his spirit.

After the first set, Stella introduced him to a group of men, then slipped away. At noon, he went with the other men to buy tennis balls at the general store and post office, where, at this hour of the day, everyone came for mail.

As he looked around, Peter sensed an atmosphere of ease that he had never before experienced in the Mission community. Evidently Chinese customs were not kept up here, for the unmarried men and women were coming and going quite naturally together. Most of the women, like Stella, had given up the severe custom of dress. He saw Diana Moreland in a very becoming native blue linen with V-shaped neck and short sleeves. As he made his way across the store to speak to her, he passed Stella.

Stella sensed that she could have held him with a look, but she was powerless to give it. Instead, she let him go to Diana Moreland, watching the quick exchange of understanding in their eyes, clear, untouched by suffering. Then she went out, hurrying along the empty village street.

ABRUPT as birth, Peter's interest in Diana passed into love. While he stood talking to her, the innate caution of man before something antagonistic to him in woman was smothered. The incredible loveliness of Diana swept over him. As he went out of the store at her side, the village street, the mountains, the sunshine, were dowered with her beauty. Waterfalls, trees, held the spirit of Diana.

For Peter the days of the long summer were so heightened in reality that they partook of the quality of a dream. In a bamboo grove they went often to sit in a hallowed place in the earth's surface. Between the green trunks, straight as Doric columns, the sun slanted, touching Diana's hair, the shimmering folds of her dress. Her eyes darkened with extensive inner light, about her mouth mysterious light. A Diana transfigured. His hand locked in hers spoke to him of what Diana yielded to him would be. And yet he delayed to ask her to marry him, fearful that he would destroy his happiness. The summer advanced. The time for his return to the hospital drew nearer.

"Diana," he said softly one day. "Diana, you're like a goddess. Strange, though, you should have been named after one."

"And you, Peter—how are you named?" She looked into his ardent eyes, laughter and tenderness in her own. She leaned forward, brushing his unruly bright hair from his forehead.

With a quick, impulsive movement, he clasped her in his arms. She yielded her

lips to his. He felt acquiescence suppling her body.

Finally she pushed him away.

"When can we be married, dear?" he asked.

"Married! Oh, Peter! Isn't it enough for you now that I love you?"

"No," he answered. "I need you now."

She hesitated. He sensed her withdrawal. "You don't love me as I love you," said Peter.

"I do, but— Your life will go on just the same whether you marry or not. It's my life that is going to be changed. And," she added honestly, "I want my own life just now."

"I'd let you have it. I've no desire to narrow your life down to me alone," he said soberly.

Diana did not speak for a long time. Finally she said, "I can't answer so soon, Peter."

"But you're going away to-morrow."

"I'm not going far. Sen S Mo's clan lives at the base of the mountain, you know, and I'm invited for only a few days. I'll tell you when I get back. Wouldn't that do?"

"I guess it will have to," he answered, a little ruefully.

EARLY the next day, Diana took a chair for the wayside pavilion where she was to meet Sen S Mo. All summer she had looked forward to the experience of visiting a Chinese family of high degree. But to-day she did not find herself eager for the journey. As she rode down the mountain she was of two minds, one that wanted to go forward, one that wanted to go back and be always with Peter. The old, self-regulated Diana was gone—her former unity of self was no longer hers. If she only knew what she wanted to do!

Just ahead Diana could see a native chair standing within a tile-roofed pavilion. On the stone benches along the sides coolies were lounging. That must be Sen S Mo's chair. Yes, she could hear the men call out, "Wai kuo ren lai, foreign one comes."

Her open chair was brought to rest by the closed one. As the front curtain was lowered from within, she thought she detected the slightest hint of disapproval in Sen S Mo's eyes. She supposed it was because of her curtainless chair. She realised too late that for Sen S Mo's sake she should have conformed to the custom and ridden in a closed one, on this visit to Sen S Mo's clan.

They skirted the base of the mountain, coming very soon to a town. Like a tunnel the street burrowed its way between massed shops. Above was a roof of bamboo poles over which green boughs had been placed.

At the lead-coolie's tap a black gate opened to them. The two chairs were set down in a small court. High, whitewashed walls surrounded them. As the fat, comfortable gate-man swung shut the gate, Diana saw over it, painted on the white wall, the yin yang symbol, the principles of life, yin, black, yang, white, each carrying within itself the essence of the other, each shaped to the other.

The gate-man, clasping his two hands, bowed to Sen S Mo, eyed Diana with curiosity. The place was very still. But Diana felt enormous activity seething under the atmosphere of withdrawal and aloofness. Sen S Mo took her hand, led her from empty court to empty court, over doornail after doornail, and at last into a room in one of the inner courts. A curtained bed stood against the back wall, a square table and two chairs under the latticed window.

Although Sen S Mo went away, leaving her to wash and change after the hot ride, there was no privacy for her. Women in trousers and coats, teetering on bound feet, seemed



to spring from everywhere. The bamboo curtain hanging in the doorway was continually lifted — a maid-servant brought the hot water, another, steaming towels, and others, simply idle women, had no mission, evidently, but to observe her.

The hours of the day moved slowly forward.

Filled with sheer boredom, Diana went to bed early in the curved bed that was a room in itself once the curtains were drawn around it, saying to herself, "To-morrow I'll write to Peter, telling him of my safe arrival."

But in the morning she seemed paralysed against any activity, even the writing of a letter. Idleness settled upon her.

Each time Diana saw Sen S Mo she appeared to be less like the Sen S Mo of the school, more like these women of her clan. Although her friend did not tell her in so many words, Diana came to know that every pressure of the family was being used to force Sen S Mo to return to her dead husband's household. From her few low words, spoken from time to time, Diana glimpsed a little of the magnitude of the Chinese woman's rebellion in refusing her duties as widow. And now she knew why she had been brought here. Sen S Mo gained strength from her presence.

AS Sen S Mo sat with her one evening, Diana questioned her a little. "When you were a girl, Sen S Mo, did you live in this very house?"

"Yes. For seven generations my family has lived here, although we are Ningpo people." She took into her lap a child of ten. "I was always rebellious. This little girl is not. I used to take the bandages off my feet when they were first bound, and once I bribed an old servant to buy me paper and tools to make lotus lanterns for the lantern festival. I begged them to let me study with my brothers and cousins. They did, for a time. My father was proud of my poetry and my mother of my embroidery."

On the third day, Sen S Mo did not come until late, and then she spoke hurriedly. "My mother, the senior woman, desires to greet you."

Diana wondered as she went with Sen S Mo. Had it been hard to win the head lady's consent for the foreign one to come into her presence?

The room they entered held a dozen women. By the latticed window sat Sen S Mo's mother, the matriarch of the clan, perfect in her conformity to pattern—shining black hair and nape knot, rice-powdered cheeks and serenity. If there had been struggle between Sen S Mo and this woman there was no outward sign. Neither could Diana guess how the head lady felt towards her own presence in the household. Never, she thought, had she seen such serenity. And then all at once she knew the woman was vital to her finger-tips. She had vitally enough to run an empire.

"Please, great teacher, sit, chin dzoo, chin dzoo," the matriarch addressed her, ushering her to a round table set in the centre of the room.

"I am not worthy . . . a lower seat," Diana murmured, knowing that, according to Chinese etiquette, she should demur. Finally she was seated, just as she would have been if they had taken their places immediately.

The feast began. The matriarch, when each new dish was brought, put her own chopsticks into it, taking out the choicest morsels and placing them on Diana's plate. The women talked little while they ate. Their serious enjoyment of the savory food engrossed them. But at last the amahe brought

bowls piled high with rice, and passed hot towels. The women began talking among themselves.

In the night Diana was awakened by such angry, furious voices as she had never before heard. She had been told that this serene race was subject to such outbursts. Could it be the head lady and Sen S Mo? Was it over Sen S Mo's departure with her on the morrow?

Diana shuddered, drew the curtains of her bed closer, frantically trying to shut out the cries of the women echoing in the silent court.

The next morning as she finished her packing, she was again summoned to the apartment of the matriarch. Outside in a passageway a table was spread and the children of the household were sitting about it on stools, bowls of soft boiled rice held to their mouths. Here each day they came for their morning meal, the daughter-in-law who accompanied Diana said, to be under the practised eye of the matriarch.

When they were within the matriarch's room, again there was polite urging over the matter of where Diana should sit, but at last they were seated in the places decreed by custom for hostess and guest.

"That so honored a guest should leave without the attendance of my humble daughter is a disgrace, but she has put forth fire and is unable to go."

So she has succeeded, thought Diana. She was indignant. She would rescue Sen S Mo.

"I will wait for her," she said. "She is worthy of education and a life of her own."

The Chinese woman looked at her, not in the least embarrassed that Diana had seen through her subterfuge. "There is no escape from human relations. There is the yin and yang. It is idle to talk of freedom."

"Oh, but it is not!" exclaimed Diana.

"In my country . . ."

"Have you children?" asked the matriarch.

"I am not married," Diana hastened to say.

"So it is true, what my humble daughter told me. I did not believe it could be true of one of your age. I will send a servant to accompany you." She clasped her hands. An amahe appeared. "Send two servants with so honored a guest," she commanded.

Diana returned to the mountains, believing that Sen S Mo could never pull herself free from submission to the clan. For Diana herself no cost of loneliness seemed too great to pay for her own inviolateness of body and mind.

Then one morning she heard a stir outside her cottage—the grunt of coolies as they lowered a chair from their shoulders, the tap, tap that bound feet make ascending stairs. Diana glanced out of the window. Incredible sight—Sen S Mo was coming up the verandah steps!

Diana flew along the hall to greet her. Here was the incentive she needed. She was fired with enthusiasm when Sen S Mo said, "I have come back to eat of the new learning."

But of how Sen S Mo had managed her departure from her mother's house Diana learned nothing. When she sought to talk of her visit to Sen S Mo's family, hoping thus to lead up to the events of the last night, Sen S Mo's eyes seemed sealed over with incomprehension. But her words, "We are now sisters," seemed to indicate that her break with her family was complete.

After Sen S Mo went back to the school indifference to her work again stole over Diana. She took to walking along the least-frequented paths. Her last day in the mountains, after she had finished her packing, she went out on the verandah, where her luggage stood, ready for an early start in

the morning. Many of the near-by cottages were already closed. She felt isolated, desolated.

She struck out along the path taken many times that summer with Peter, who had returned to the hospital before Diana's arrival from Sen S Mo's, reached the bamboo grove. There was no sunlight in it now, for the sun had dipped behind the mountains. The smooth green boles, roofed in by their intermingling leafy tops, were held in the embrace of darkness. Diana advanced to the hollowed place in the earth's surface, where she and Peter had sat so often. Standing with his back against a tree, she saw Peter.

For a moment they stood apart. Then Peter reached forward, drawing her to him, bent his head until his lips were pressed on hers.

A FEW months later they were married.

On the last day of Diana and Peter's honeymoon, their houseboat moved slowly along the canal. The late October day held some clarity of light that gave each object a lucid beauty of its own. Grey and white villages, arched bridges, were touched with this clear light. The water was low in the canals—the fields were lost to sight.

The oars creaked in their rope locks, as the boatman manoeuvred their boat out of the narrow canal they were traversing into the wide waters of the Grand Canal, the last lap of their journey.

"I've finished our packing," said Peter, as he sat on the steps leading to the deck and facing Diana. The house-like structure of the cabin hid them from the eyes of the boatman.

"If only it didn't have to end," sighed Diana. "Nothing can ever be like this first love of ours."

"It's only just begun. I'm sure there's much, much more than we have experienced," Peter answered. "Suppose it should be hard—you won't draw back, darling?"

There was a note almost of alarm in his voice, as if he saw some lonely road without her and could not bear it.

"Peter, I've given myself completely." And Diana pulled his head down on her shoulder.

Although it was just sundown and the lucid light of the October day still lay over the fields, evening had already come to the narrow streets. Diana, from her vantage-point in the lead chair, looked with unseeing eyes on the scene usually so interesting to her—the peaked roofs packed in a solid mass on either side, the jutting eaves level with her eyes, the surging human stream of men more machine-like than any machine, seeming almost in uniform in their blue garb.

When Diana had told Sen S Mo of her coming marriage, Sen S Mo's only reply had been, "Where you go, I will go. The bond between us cannot be broken. We are now sisters."

Diana who was to start a girls' school at Peter's Mission, had asked that Sen S Mo might be its matron. But as no money was available for such service, the Frasers were paying Sen S Mo's tiny salary.

They had come to the gate of the compound. A slight push of the head chairman's hand, and the gate's two halves swung inward, for the wooden bolt long since had been pushed back by the gateman in anticipation of their coming. The full moon was hidden behind the hospital, but its radiance filled the compound. Only their own house, shadowed by the hospital, stood in darkness. A frugal dim light showed at the back.

As the chair-bearers strode rapidly along



the walk, a hooded figure came down the hospital steps—Stella in her nurse's cloak. Peter called to the bearers to stop.

"It's nice to have you back," Stella said, coming quickly toward them. She rested her hand on the pole of Diana's chair, looked toward Peter. "I've told Wang Ma to have dinner ready for you."

The moon moved out from behind the hospital. Buildings, trees and flowers stood forth in unearthly beauty. As the light fell on Stella, Diana looking down upon her had a sudden intuition that Stella loved Peter.

Then Diana was absorbed in the details of her home-coming—the chair-men setting down the chairs before the steps of her house, Wang Ma standing in the doorway, a lamp in her hand, to welcome them. But as Peter helped her out of the sedan and his hand touched her, exultation spread through her veins. Peter was here.

Although for thirty years Dr. Buchanan had lived in this house, it was empty tonight except for a few discarded things. In the communal life of Christian Missions, where men and women relinquish every distinction of money or ability, they cling to their possessions as if they were personalities. When they go on home leave, they store their meagre treasures carefully away. In an upstairs room, Dr. Buchanan, in the last days of the summer heat, had carefully placed the accumulation of thirty years against his return.

"What an empty house," said Diana, as they walked through the rooms. "More empty than a new one would be. Those marks on the walls where pictures hung—this old couch. See the faded places on the back and arms—tidies, I suppose."

"Haunted, I'd say," answered Peter. "I can feel Dr. Buchanan everywhere. I'm sure he's likely to rush at me from that closed room," he said, only half in fun, as they stood outside the locked door upstairs. "I'd like to do things differently at the hospital. You know, he was terribly conservative."

Later, when they were downstairs again, Peter drew her to him. "Do you remember our first meeting, when we didn't dare to walk together because of the Chinese?"

"Even now we've got to be careful not to show our love before them," she answered.

PETER and Diana lingered a little over breakfast, their first meal alone in their own home. They could hear the lusty voices of the coolie boys in Mr. Berger's school chanting a Christian hymn. It came to an abrupt end, and in the silence that followed, Diana caught the tinkle of a gate bell.

"Is that the bell in the women's compound?" she asked, leaving her breakfast, going to the window. "It's always like this on the first day of school," she added, in answer to Peter's questioning eyes. "I can't eat. Suppose not a single girl should come?"

"You're offering them food and clothes," Peter encouraged her. "However," he added with a sigh, "even food and clothes won't bring women to my hospital."

"I ought to be at the school," said Diana. "And I at the hospital," said Peter.

They rose, Diana handsome, Peter possessed of a charm which made him seem so, walking together down the flagged path to the gate in the low bamboo fence that shut off their compound from the larger one.

"There's a closed chair going towards the women's compound. It must hold a girl for your school," Peter said. "And now I must go." And he turned left, taking the path to the hospital.

Diana, delighting in his strength and pride, watched him out of sight before she turned in the opposite direction to the women's compound and her school—a low, native building.

Sen S. Mo was already there. Before her stood a girl clad in the coarsest of blue coolie cloth. She held in her hand no bundle. Obviously she had come because of the boon of clothes and food, obviously too, without desire, sent there by her father. He had chosen the sanctuary of this school rather than sell her. Sen S. Mo led the girl away to one of the bare dormitory rooms above.

A little later, as Diana passed along the gallery that ran in front of the rooms, she saw the girl sitting inert on the side of the bed. She stopped, held by some powerful intuition of the suffering ahead for the women of China in the hard birth of the individual. Some knowledge came to her since her visit to Sen S. Mo's home, more definitely realised since her own marriage, told Diana that woman's submission to the family was not like a garment, as she had conceived it, easily cast off, but instinct pervading her being.

By afternoon there were five such girls. "All of them 'monkey-hearted,'" Sen S. Mo said, using the term the Superior Man sometimes used for the haai ren.

As Peter entered the hospital he could hear the Reverend Mr. Baker preaching to the patients in the waiting-room. He went directly to the consulting-room, and Stella called in a patient. There were not many this morning, as she had taken care of most of them.

"I thought this a good opportunity for you to get your office in shape. You may not have time later," she said.

"Why not?" demanded Peter, noticing with disapproval that lines had appeared around Stella's mouth and eyes. "Neither you nor I should be worn out if we systematise our work."

But he was secretly thankful for this little respite. Now that the moment was upon him, he held back a little from plunging into the work that confronted him. Deep in his heart he knew that Stella was right. It was a task to stagger any man.

Often they had told him how strong and vigorous Dr. Buchanan had been when he came to the hospital, and Peter had had a foretaste in the summer of the over-driven life of a doctor in China—he the one doctor in the province—... one doctor for some forty million people.

He went down the hall which divided the dispensary and waiting-room from the inpatients' ward, to the end where the ladder-like stairs led to his office under the eaves of the one-story building.

Peter closed the door of his office behind him and surveyed the shabby room, the only new thing in it his medical books sent over from Mrs. Baker's, which had been placed in the corner. Opening the desk with the key Dr. Buchanan had given him, he found the cubbyholes stuffed with records of countless sick.

"I doubt if any of this is worth keeping," he said to himself, stacking the papers before him, "but I guess I'd better glance at it."

The Chinese names—Wang, Sen, Ho—kept passing and repassing before his eyes. With only a hundred surnames in use among the Chinese, the same names were bound to appear constantly. Such records as these were useless.

Then a notation at the bottom of a page attracted his attention. "If I could understand Chinese medicine I could understand the Chinese character."

"That's odd. I'd thought of Chinese medicine as a lot of superstition," Peter said to himself.

What had Dr. Buchanan learned of Chinese medicine? Nothing, was his conclusion after a half-hour's reading. He was about to give up his search when he came upon another footnote—"According to the Chinese belief, man's body is a compound of the YIN and YANG. Sickness comes when they are out of balance."

Peter read the words again. Didn't "yang" and "yin" mean male and female? Upon what strange Eastern belief had he come?

WHEN Peter had been given charge of the hospital, Dr. Buchanan had warned him against innovations. He had not been long enough in the country, all the senior members of the Mission told him, to know that Chinese custom or superstition underlay details which on the surface seemed easily changeable. Let him learn the traditions.

From the first day Peter had entered the hospital, he had had to exert his utmost self-control not to show how the place offended him. "Why run a hospital at all," he said to himself, "if you're going to have no standards of hygiene or sanitation?"

A month after he had taken charge, his love of efficiency conquered him. One morning he made the rounds of the ill-smelling wards with the unshamed nurse who awaited the servants of the patients to carry away the night refuse. That it should be more honorable to allow untidiness, even filth, in a hospital, than to make use of one's hands—certainly there could be no idea worth preserving that upheld such a custom. It was simply bad discipline.

Feeling sure of himself, saying nothing to Stella, Peter called his three nurses together in his office. They sat up very straight, full of the dignity of their position—boys from the artisan class, once students in Berger's school, but too poor to go on with their education. Dr. Buchanan had induced them to come into the hospital as nurses, allowing them the long, blue gown of distinction, as in the school.

Speaking very carefully, using many illustrations, he placed before these boys the hazard to the sick, even to themselves, in an unsanitary hospital. He spoke of germs and bacteria and the danger of infection. He explained the cleanliness that hygiene demanded. Then, at last, he came to the climax of his argument—the dignity of labor. A scholar, he told them, was not demeaned by labor. Rather a scholar gave dignity to the most menial task.

The next morning, Peter found an immaculate hospital. But later in the day, an old peasant, weak from an attack of dysentery, came to him grumbling that the nurses had made him rise early to clean his part of the ward.

Peter was indignant and he gave a direct command to his nurses. "This work must be done by you."

As he passed through the ward at noon, no nurses were about. Even the cook, he found, had left.

Peter was astounded and angry. Against all the rules of his profession to leave the helpless sick unattended! It was criminal. He hurried to the house for his own cook to prepare soft boiled rice, the customary



food of Chinese sick. He himself was distributing it to the patients, when Stella came in from her clinic.

"If you had only told me," she said, "I could have arranged beforehand for this." Peter did not answer. He was angry with Stella. What right had she to assume that it would be "like this"?

Out of China's jobless millions, he secured a new set of nurses. But these, too, under his strict discipline, left. Only after three trials did he succeed in getting men who would do the menial tasks. To his surprise, he found that he had dipped down into a society that did not live by *tao ti*. That these men were without a sense of responsibility, he discovered when he sought to train them.

One night, finding no nurse about, he went the length of the ward, looking at each patient to see that all was well. In the last bed, lay the night nurse, asleep. After that, it became Peter's habit to go soot-footed through his hospital at odd hours of both day and night. Many a menial task he did himself.

All through the compound Peter's rash act reverberated. At his house it brought difficulties. The cook left because he lost face serving a man who with his own hands not only washed the sores of the poorest coolie—that might be understood in a man wishing to attain merit—but he stooped to wash floors! This Peter had done once to avoid the danger of infection to the whole hospital.

After the departure of the cook, Diana helped in the kitchen, although Wang Ma grumbled at this last disgrace to a family of scholars.

So she brought a stout country girl from her own town and trained her herself. That she bought her out of her own wages, that she was a slave in their house, Diana and Peter did not know. Wang Ma was pleased with her bargain. The girl was soon paid for, and then her wages were clear gain for Wang Ma.

Now did Peter feel the isolation of the compound, where each personality beat continuously upon every other, in an intimacy forcing each one into a defence of himself which accentuated his uniqueness. In the little circle of the compound, Peter found himself a breaker of custom. Mr. and Mrs. Baker openly criticised him for his lack of respect to Dr. Buchanan in destroying what the elder physician had created. Miss Dyer denounced him as a fool for tampering with customs he didn't have sense enough to know couldn't be changed.

Even Diana, Peter felt, thought he had been rash. Their love seemed caught up into anxiety.

Only Stella, who had prodded Peter ever since he had come into dissatisfaction with himself, did not chide him for this unprecedented drive for efficiency, although the constant change of nurses increased her duties.

Worn down a little by his encounter with a force so unexpectedly powerful, Peter took his anger out on her. It left her helpless before the tumult in her own heart. Peter's anger was better than his indifference.

**T**HE landscape, sharp and clear in October, slipped back in November under the habitual soft haze of this semi-tropical land.

Sen S Mo, always in touch with the Sen family through a trusted servant, learned that for five days the precious only son had lain sick. For two days the house had been in turmoil. A half-dozen of the best native doctors had been called, but the child had grown worse. Soothsayers, workers of

charms had been called, and he had grown worse. Servants moved back and forth going from the outer courts of the men to the inner courts of the women, bringing news of the arrival of priests to say masses, of failors to make clothes for the dying boy.

Scholar Sen sat immobile as a statue by his table-desk in his own apartment. The sounds of the household making preparations for death came to him. This son, granted him so late in life, was to die. The serenity and bliss of union with the ancestors was again threatened, the immortality of the family in jeopardy. Hope was gone. Some evil spell lay upon the illustrious Sens.

Back in the servants' quarters, the wife of his dead son, so hated by him for her failure to honor the family, had returned, was in earnest conversation with the mother of the dying boy.

Sen S Mo spoke quietly, although agonising fear gripped her. Suppose she should be found in this house of her husband's clan to whom she was an outcast! Suppose the matriarch of the family, her grandmother-in-law, the *lao tai tai*, should find her here!

At the sound of a woman's feet striking the paved passageway leading to the kitchen quarters, not only Sen S Mo but the honored concubine, the servants, and the slaves were held in a vice of fear. A serving-maid entered.

"The old Buddha calls for thee," she said, addressing a young girl, the matriarch's favorite slave. "Hurry. She will not brook delay."

There was a sigh of relief like a breath of wind. The girl went out. For the time, the matriarch would not trouble them. Again they fell to their discussion, servants and slaves and Sen S Mo bound into the family net alone by fear, but by loyalty. Catastrophe threatened the clan.

"If the foreign doctor is called, the precious boy can be made well," Sen S Mo told them.

It was not hard for the mother of the boy to believe that the foreign doctor was but another juggler with magic, and his might be the magic that would work. But no one dared approach the matriarch asking that the foreign doctor be called. Who, then, dared approach Scholar Sen, brave his anger, his scorn?

"He might listen to the boy's mother. Thou shouldst be the emissary," urged Sen S Mo, looking at the cowering concubine. "A curse upon thee!" she added sternly, "placing thine own fear above the life of the precious representative of the house! Go, I command thee!"

Sen S Mo sent a man-servant ahead to see if the way were clear.

"Lai, lai, so sai! Come, come, hurry!" he said on his return. "The *lao tai tai* sits in the young master's room. Old Buddha will not see thee now."

"Go, and quickly!" commanded Sen S Mo, forcing the mother of the dying boy forward out of the door, going with her a few steps along the passageway. "Fear not," she encouraged her, "thou, the proud bearer of a son!"

"Yes, proud bearer of a son," murmured the other, still propelled forward by Sen S Mo.

They reached the end of the passageway. "I cannot guide thee farther. Go!" commanded the widow, giving her a final push.

The woman's throat was dry with fright, as she entered the presence of her master. "My lord," she said, brave with the bravery of desperation, "there is yet one doctor in this city the honorable one has not tried."

"Command him to come," ordered Sen. "Why has he not been called?"

"He is the foreign one."

"Silence!" cried Scholar Sen. "I will not have the man's name mentioned. The barbarian—he who drags down learning! Go from my presence."

"Thy son is dying."

"Mei yu fazu, it cannot be helped."

"What does it matter that the honorable Sen despises this coarse one? He only performs the menial task for the honorable son."

"I have sworn these barbarians shall not enter my house."

"Thy son is dying."

"I have sworn with the scholars, my friends, to keep these barbarians who would vulgarise learning out of our families."

"Thy son is dying."

For a long time Sen did not speak; his delicate, long hands, the sensitive fingertips protected by his long protruding nails, moved among his books, his writing-brushes. He spat a little blood now and then, after the manner of scholars. At last he spoke, frightening her with his harsh tone. "Command this vulgar one to come, then. But while he is in this house, it shall not know my presence."

**T**HE day had been cold and rainy. Diana waited for Peter to come in to dinner. She was worried. Early in the afternoon, Sen S Mo had asked if she might go away for a few days—affairs of the family. Her going frightened Diana, who knew more of the country than Peter. Her feminine intuitions were aroused.

She heard Wang Ma stumping noisily along the hall. She recognised the energetic thump, thump of her hoof-like feet, very different from the dainty tap of Sen S Mo's feet when she had come earlier in the afternoon. The door was opened and banged shut. Noise did not bother Wang Ma.

"Pet tai tai!" Wang Ma's voice was high-pitched with excitement. "There is a letter come from the great house of Magistrate Sen! A servant waits with a chair. Wang Ma, your slave, goes to the house of the sick to tell the master he must go with the messenger!" Wang Ma's voice now held deference, a note which had not been there for many days. Before Diana could speak, she had gone energetically out of the door, banging it again, shouting from the other side: "The honorable teacher must eat first, Wang Ma, humble servant, will see that the master comes to eat. Wang Ma will return quickly to wait upon the honorable ones."

Diana went to the door watching for Peter to come from the hospital, eager to know the details of this surprising event. The magistrate sending for Peter. A chair and a servant. In the dim light of a lantern she could make out the outlines of the chair—not an ordinary one from the chair hong, but a private one.

She saw Peter hurry down the steps of the hospital in the direction of the gate-house. "Peter," she called.

He turned, strode towards her. "I can't wait a minute, Diana. There's somebody sick at the magistrate's. They've sent for me." His voice was full of excitement.

"Oh, Peter! I knew it would come. I'm so proud of you."

"Run in, dear—you're getting all wet." He kissed her, hurrying away.

Peter's first professional call among the literati, his first bidding to the courts of the Superior Man! Here was his opportunity. He saw his science, so little understood by the *hao lo ren*, meeting with acceptance by the scholars.



He had reached his destination—one of those mysterious black gates in the long white walls on the streets of the rich—closed doors he had begun to think would never swing open to him. Elation spread through him like a warm fire, as he watched the two halves of the black gate swing inward.

Peeping over the front curtain of the great chair, as he was carried within, he saw a crowd in the court, servants and grey-robed monks. A group of women stood apart, wrought to that high pitch of nervous excitement which he had learned to dread in the Chinese in time of crisis. They moved ahead of him, exclaiming, "Al, al! We prepare for his death."

At last Peter reached the court where the child lay sick. The room was full of women. A servant parted the bed curtains. The boy, so emaciated that his body made no appreciable bulk under the great quilts heaped upon him, stirred restlessly. His face was drawn with pain. With dull, unseeing eyes he regarded Peter.

Peter stooped, gently pulling the quilts away from the child's shoulders. The neck was purple where it had been pinched to drive away congestion—a common Chinese custom. Peter pulled the quilts a little lower.

As he took out his stethoscope, he heard behind him in a harsh, high treble, "No devil tricks!"

He turned. From the shadowy corner of the room, a shrunken old woman hobbled forward.

Although the crisis was near, he took time to explain to the old woman each thing he did. She offered no further objection. Only once again she came forward, when the boy cried out as Peter bent above him adjusting a poultice, thrusting her face close to the child's, cooing him.

Not trusting the women to carry out his orders, Peter decided to stay the night. For three days he scarcely left the sick boy, taking upon himself the careful nursing required.

Late in the fourth night of his watching, the native candles had burned low. The matriarch slept in her chair. Peter sat by the boy's side, dozing now and then. As he heard soft, slithered footfalls, he started awake. A Chinese gentleman had entered the room. In an instant Peter recognised the supreme elegance of the figure, the exquisite refinement of the face. This was the official who had so impressed him that day in the street. Evidently the gentleman was surprised to see him. A startled look broke up the immobile features, then slowly changed to an expression of such scorn that Peter felt seared by his contempt. With a dignified bow, the magistrate turned and left the room.

AT noon the next day Peter returned exhausted. "I'll tell you about it later," he said to Diana. "I've got to have some rest first."

Diana tiptoed about the house, cautioning Wang Ma to be quiet. Suddenly she heard a walla-walla of voices outside the kitchen door. In a moment Wang Ma ushered in a strange servant carrying packages. "Presents from the house of the magistrate," she exclaimed importantly.

"For the foreign I Sheng." The man spoke with evident deference and respect.

"Give him a dollar," whispered Wang Ma. "It is the tao li. A servant of such an official bringing presents—nothing less than a dollar will do."

Peter came down, looking weary and dis-

couraged, Diana thought. "Look, dear. Imagine. Presents for you from the magistrate. Shall I unwrap them?" she asked.

"Yes," said Peter. "If you like."

Two jade cups, a pair of dwarf peach trees, symmetrical and perfect in proportion, and a hanging of red silk with two grey cranes embroidered upon it—all, had Peter but known it things expressive of the vital essence.

For days the beauty of the gifts illumined the house for Diana. All the compound was impressed with their richness. When Berger saw the jade cups, his condescension towards Peter was changed to envy. Nothing in his own collection, painfully acquired out of his meagre salary, could approach them. His constant study of Chinese works of art informed him that these cups were genuine treasures.

Peter had reached the path leading to his own house, when Berger threw open his front door, hallooing, "Hey, Fraser! come over. I want to show you something." He ran towards Peter, hurrying him through the gate and up the steps of the Berger house into the cold parlor.

On the floor squatted a peddler. One by one he unfolded the four corners of a blue cloth, displaying a bronze incense burner.

"See its lines," exclaimed Berger proudly "and these characters on the side. It's a work of art."

"How do you know the man's not fooling you?" asked Peter. "Copied from an old piece, probably—buried it to make it look old."

"I know it's genuine," answered Berger. "I've studied bronzes for years. It will make my collection unique." He picked it up, caressing it with covetous fingers. "But I can't afford it," he added, as Mrs. Berger appeared in the doorway, anxiety written on her bird-like features.

"What do you think, Jessie?" he asked. "Well, the children . . ."

"Of course, the children. We won't say any more about it." Berger's face took on an injured expression.

A week later, all in the compound gathered at the Berbers' house to discuss momentous affairs. As they took their places in a circle round the table in the dining-room, bare except for the jumble of Berger's curios, Peter noticed the bronze burner standing on the mantel.

Berger's eyes met his defiantly.

"After all, we decided it was such a good investment," Mrs. Berger hastened to say. "We could sell it in America for three times what we paid for it."

Mr. Baker tapped for order. "You all know the purpose of this meeting is to consider whether Wang An Fu, the shoemaker down the street, shall be admitted into the church. First, let us pray for guidance."

At the prayer's end, Miss Dyer asked, "Has Wang destroyed his idols and his ancestors' tablet?"

"I find him willing to do so," answered Mr. Baker.

"How willing? Willing enough to do it before the eyes of his neighbors?" urged Miss Dyer.

"Don't demand it," protested Stella. "You'll make him an outcast on his street—all over the city—if you do."

At her words, the group stiffened to attention. Until recently, the destroying of the household gods and the tablets had always been required of those who accepted the doctrine of Christianity. But lately, a few of the more radical and daring missionaries had contended that it was too harsh a custom.

"The trouble with you, Stella," said Miss Dyer, "is that you let the Chinese tell you

about their superstitions. You've filled your mind with their idolatrous ideas."

"I think Stella's making too much of the matter, anyway," Mr. Berger broke in. "I doubt if any of their religious ideas go very deep with them. At heart they're materialists. Food is really their god. Keeping Sunday free from profit will be a lot harder for Wang than giving up his gods."

Stella looked around the room, her eyes appealing to Peter for help. For a moment, he thought to support her in her one-man battle. Then an armor of righteousness closed him in.

Only timid Mrs. Berger voted with Stella against the measure. "I don't like to see people suffer," was her explanation.

Diana was secretly glad that she had not yet been formally taken into her husband's church. It saved her the necessity of voting.

Sunday was the day appointed to test the new convert to Christianity.

## SHOEMAKER WANG,

who even before Peter spoke the Chinese language, had recognised him as friend, was giving up the old way of life of his own people, accepting this new way, mostly because of his respect for Peter. This was the first Sunday he had sat idle, set apart from all the busy life of his street, losing the work he needed. One day in seven to be kept free of profit for the sake of this new god. But even that was overshadowed by what lay before him this afternoon—the burning of the tablet wherein dwelt the spirits of his ancestors.

He rose, went to the sacred spot where stood the tablet, took it reverently in his two hands, bore it towards the waiting group. The gift ideographs, the names of the ancestors, embodying spirits of his family, wavered before his eyes. As he advanced, the Christians moved back until half the narrow street was shut off, enclosed within the semicircle they made. Before him on the worn paving stones, he placed the spirit tablet. Went into his shop again, brought a few grasses piled up by the day stove, carefully laid them by the tablet. Went again to the stove, lighted a paper spill in the dying ashes, bore it forward.

"Thou, thus to dishonor thy ancestors!" his wife cried harshly.

The child at her side shrank away into the shadows. Wang stood irresolute. The Christians waited. Behind their white determined faces, he saw the curious, brown faces of his neighbors.

The lighted spill was burning down, touching his fingers with pain. He dropped it among the dry grasses. The flames licked quickly at the tablet, dimming the golden names. The black lacquered surface cracked, then split and curled, writhing as if alive, falling down into the flames. The wooden centre glowed with white-hot brilliance. Wang gave a little gasp. The sky seemed to darken at midday. Then his vision cleared and he saw a small heap of ashes and, beyond the approving faces of the foreigners, the hostile ones of his neighbors.

The new friends moved forward across the ashes, shook hands with him, praised him for his bravery. Next Sunday he should be made one of them, accept that strange custom, baptism. Then they moved down the street towards the seclusion of their own compound.

Stella looked back. "Oh, how could you?" she cried. "I hate you all!"

Seeing the shoemaker standing alone, all



his neighbors drawn away from him. Peter felt flooding over him the compassion he always felt for suffering. He checked it. He was certain that Christendom held exclusive knowledge of the needs of the spirit. But he did not join the others in condemning Stella for her outburst.

After this, Peter came to be a real force in the Mission. The other members felt greater confidence in him than before. His sense of power grew stronger as he expressed his right of decision in the hospital and in Mission affairs. But when he entered his crude laboratory, he was the searcher, filled with humility and longing.

Research! What could he ever hope to do in the few moments left for it? Deeper and deeper, Peter Fraser, as Dr. Buchanan before him, was pulled down into the mere relief of misery. He could not even trace the course of new diseases. The men who crowded his hospital came to him only when they were in the last stages of disease. Even if they came earlier, it would not make a great deal of difference, for he had no money to buy the instruments for diagnosis. The small funds at his disposal must go for apparatus for treatment and for medicine.

Day after day the city wall became the arena of his spiritual struggle. He sensed a hardening process going on in him as he fitted himself to the cult of his religion. Was he slowly stiffening to its pattern? He felt sterility creeping over his life. Where lay that fecundity of spirit he sought?

WITH the passing of China's New Year, the men and women of the Mission compounds of the city went vigorously to work. Peter Fraser had new plans for his hospital—more system, greater efficiency. In the gatehouse he had made a window like that of a ticket-seller. Old patients were given red cards of admission, new patients blue ones. Members of patients' families had yellow ones. In three streams the people went to dispensary and hospital.

Diana had six girls in her school this term—one from the artisan class—a step forward.

Miss Dyer was holding a second Bible class. Mr. Berger had forty boys enrolled in his school. Mr. Baker was finding Shoemaker Wang a veritable saint of old. Confucian gentleness and Christian mercy joined in him. Quietly he went about the city seeking out those who needed help. Whatever their trouble, he brought them to the Mission, believing that help would be given them. Sometimes it was difficult to keep faith with Christian Wang. He read his Bible with great literalness.

One afternoon in March, Peter was about to leave the hospital, when Wang, grasping the blue ticket of a new patient in his hand, came in leading a small girl.

"What's this?" said Peter, a little sternly. "This is not the hour to come with such a card."

"Ah yahl!" exclaimed Wang indignantly. "That son of a turtle at the gate," he went on, "would have me wait until another day. I have told him that Christ said nothing of waiting until the morrow. Ah yahl, that gate-man, he is a stupid man! This girl child must be brought to-day. Her father must have money. He would sell her for a singing girl for four dollars. I offered him five. Here is the child."

"Why does he wish to sell her?" asked Peter.

"He is a smoker of the foreign dirt." Peter winced at the reference to opium as

Western, and took the money from his pocket.

"The child now belongs to the doctor," Wang went serenely away.

What should he do with her? Peter looked helplessly at the dirty, frightened child, her black eyes peering out from her matted black hair. He guessed he'd better ask Diana, and he led her away to his house.

Diana was moved with pity and indignation. She rang for Wang Ma. With energy Wang Ma opened the door, then stopped.

"Wang brought her," said Diana, seeking to explain.

"That Christian!" exclaimed Wang Ma. "Without too it, bringing such a creature to a scholar's house! Thy name?" she asked.

"Mei Ing."

Diana and Wang Ma scrubbed the little grey body, so crusted with dirt that they had to use lard instead of soap to cleanse it. They cut the matted hair. Wang Ma ordered her helper to go quickly and buy clean clothes. Then they dressed the child in a blue-and-white flowered coat and plain blue trousers.

In a few days she began to smile. In a few more she was naughty. When Diana was not busy at the school she taught Mei Ing to sew. She delighted in her hours with the little girl on a footstool by her side. She even considered adopting Mei Ing. Many of the missionaries adopted waifs.

For the first time she experienced love for a Chinese. Even Sen S Mo never roused such a feeling in her. It imregnated with new warmth Diana's delight in the moulding of her schoolgirls. She seemed to have a sudden understanding of them. And never had she had such results. The schoolgirls, diffidently at first, then eagerly, came to call. They sat stiffly on the fronts of their chairs, sometimes not speaking for many minutes. Then someone would venture a question. "Are all the people in the teacher's country white?" they would ask. "How did the teacher come to the kingdom of China?" And over and over they asked about Diana's clothes. But they never told her of their own lives, never let her pass the citadels of their reserve.

Peter's love for Diana was heightened. Into her face had come an expression of great submission that startled him with its beautiful maturity. Never, even in his first moments of ecstatic love for her, had she seemed so mysterious and so beautiful. He felt overwhelming tenderness towards her.

Diana sensed some new quality come into his love. The knowledge that she was protected woman took definite shape in her mind, bringing her its own contentment.

MANY years before, Scholar Wu, the Frasers' Chinese teacher, had successfully taken the provincial examination, but the death of his mother, then his father, uncle and older brother, had made it necessary for him to spend many years in mourning, which, according to the strict Confucian ideal of filial piety, prevented him from going up for the higher examinations.

In these languorous days of early spring, doing a little as he intoned the language, he saw Diana's face vaguely. Formerly he had been disturbed by her aggressive onslaught of questions. Now dreamily her eyes wandered to the open window as she repeated after him the classics.

He began to lose his antagonism for these uncultivated people, and he came to realize that they embodied certain Confucian ideas.

As he passed gravely out of the house one day and along the flagged walk leading to the gate, it came to him that he

would like this man and woman to understand the Confucian ideal, see the ancient Confucian ceremony. Although women did not attend the rites, he believed this woman scholar might be admitted at his request. In this new quietness of hers he felt more in accord with her than with the man.

When he asked them, Peter and Diana were for the moment speechless. Although it was a spectacle every foreigner longed to see, no foreigner in this city ever had. Remembering the essentials of Chinese etiquette, the Frasers tried hard not to show their great eagerness, subduing their ardent youth to the ancient Eastern politeness, holding their features to a grave, expressionless calm. They quietly thanked him, first demurring, murmuring that he did them too much honor—they were not worthy.

But when he had gone, Diana exclaimed, "Oh, Peter! Isn't it wonderful! And you show no enthusiasm," she accused him.

"Yes, yes," he answered. "Just give me time to take it in."

Here, when he had not sought it, had come this touch with the literati. He had tried in so many ways to reach them, to have it always end in futility. What had he done that had suddenly brought this opening? He never guessed that it was Diana's harmonious accord with the universe which had opened the way.

THE rain which had fallen all night ceased towards morning, but the sky remained overcast. In the hour before dawn, Peter and Diana came out on the verandah. The yellow light of kerosene lamps appearing in the other houses dispelled a little the sense of heavy night, and the doors opening and shutting broke the stillness. The gate bell tinkled. They heard Scholar Wu's voice. In the sudden flare of burning brands, they saw men's heads coroneted with heavy black queues, bent backs, hands clasped around poles, and the high, narrow, box-shaped chairs, supported seemingly only by the air, outlined on the night.

They entered an enclosure. The night still hung to it except along the approach to the temple. There, out of iron baskets, the first faint blaze of new fires rose. Over the stubble of recently-cut dry grass, they advanced to the temple. Trying to soften the sharp impact of their shoes on the stone floor of the hall, they followed Scholar Wu within. On a great platform, they waited.

The gold ideographs stood out in brilliant relief from the black lacquered tablet of Confucius standing on the altar. Below on a table were offerings of fruits and vegetables. Before it, in open troughs, lay the sacrifice.

Mr. Baker and Berger shifted their positions a few paces to get a better view.

"What are those stone things over there?" Diana asked of Scholar Wu.

"Musical instruments used centuries ago. We no longer know how to play them."

Peter's eyes, accustomed now to the faint light in the vaulted room, saw a crowd of young boys facing the tablet—slender, beautiful youths clothed in rich ceremonial robes. From the vast enclosure beyond the temple came rustlings, as of an army moving stealthily into position. Scholar Wu stiffened into attention, then left them.

In the outer space the scholars were gathering.

Magistrate Sen saw the barbarians standing in the Confucian hall, the doctor among them. He felt angry fear. Ever since he had



had this man attend his son, he had tried to justify himself saying, "It is wise that we take from this common race such material things as medicine and firearms, but the Confucian ideal, the things of the spirit, need not be touched." Now here these aggressive barbarians stood, not far from the sacred tablet of Confucius.

Peter's gaze rested on the sacrificial ram, bull, and boar. The stiff legs, the raw flesh of the carcasses of the dead animals took on a more and more savage look, against the dignified setting of the restrained tablet, the cups of wine and rice, the thin elegant boys moving in beautiful rhythm. He was repelled. Then, like scenes from the Old Testament came to him. All men sought sacrificial atonement to bring them into harmony with God.

Into the hall, the five great officials of the province advanced, coming slowly, ten paces apart. Their dark ceremonial robes, faced with light blue, belted at the waist, stood out stiffly. Their long braids hung like lacquered black ropes to the hems of their robes. The colored buttons of their offices crowned their hats. Pacing slowly they came, their velvet boots moving softly over the stone floor. Outside, the scholars chanted the Ode to Confucius.

**T**O Peter the odor of opium was becoming the characteristic which set the Chinese apart from all other peoples. The smell of unwashed humanity was not peculiar to China, neither was the heavy smell of cities without sanitation. All these he had encountered in other countries. But the sweet, sickish odor of opium weighting the air was coming to stand in his mind for China. It laid its cloying perfume over the city. Often before one reached a village, it tainted the pungent fragrance of wet earth in the rice paddies.

Dr. Buchanan had sought to cure addicts by substituting the eating of opium for the smoking of it, lessening the amount from day to day, until the victim was able to get along without the drug. The constant stream of such patients through the hospital at first had pleased Peter. But as he learned more of the habits of opium addicts and how long it took really to cure a man, he began to be suspicious. His suspicions were further roused by Stella, who pointed out to him that there had been a sudden influx of such cases since he had taken charge of the hospital. "I don't know much about these patients," she said. "Dr. Buchanan didn't think it fit for a woman to have anything to do with them. But I think I've seen some of these men around the hospital before."

"Could it be," thought Peter, "that some of them aren't really cured, and are taking advantage of the fact that I don't know them to get opium?"

Ling, a church member, had appeared particularly zealous in bringing men to be cured of the habit during the first weeks Peter had had the hospital. "I, humble Ling, have been cured. It is well that such a miserable one devote himself to the cure of his friends," he would say, with greatunction.

Peter had not liked the man, but he was important in the tiny colony of the church, so he had tried to control his dislike.

One evening, as Peter entered the hospital for a last inspection, he found Ling in conversation with the night nurse. As Peter approached, the man shrank back out of the light shed by the kerosene lamp into the shadows beyond. Peter moved the lamp quickly so that he might see Ling's face. As he suspected—tell-tale signs of the drug

addict! Bloodless cheeks and lips, waxy skin, the peculiar darkness of eyelids and temples.

After this, quietly, carefully, Peter traced Ling's activities. One day he uncovered the use to which the hospital and church had been put. Ling had been using the cure as a blind to secure the drug to sell. The church members in different villages were his salesmen. Ling was the business manager.

Peter saw but one way to correct the evil which he had unwittingly brought upon the city. He must stop giving out small quantities of opium as a cure for opium smoking, and he must take drastic measures with Ling and the other offending church members.

Peter had always felt that the sudden withdrawal method was the only certain cure.

Then he had an idea. He would start an opium refuge. Not far from the surgical wing stood a low, native building, there when the missionaries had bought the land, occupied now by the household servants. Why couldn't each family use its own attic to house its servants?

The Bakers objected, because they said Dr. Buchanan, they felt sure, would not wish them to take servants into their houses. Mrs. Berger objected, because she said the children played in their attic sometimes on rainy days. Peter emphasised the loss of face to the Christian church in the duplicity of Ling. By night he had the consent of everyone.

Another day, and he had the building cleared of its occupants. He found it could be used temporarily without alterations. But if the same nurses and servants who worked in the main hospital were to work here, a covered passageway was necessary to protect them against the rain that fell so steadily during the winter months. Out of a small gift of money sent him at Christmas, which he had intended to spend on his laboratory, he built the passageway. The two buildings were on different levels, which necessitated three steps leading up to the hospital.

At last all was in readiness, and he made "Christian" Ling the first patient, threatening him with expulsion from the church if he did not take the cure.

Others, deprived of their daily supply of the drug, came to Peter begging that they be taken in. Two weeks and his refuge was full. Peter sat up with these men, if the worst hours of their struggle came at night, for he dared not trust his nurses to withhold the opium they begged for. He feared that his nurses and servants might even sell it to them.

The windows of his house stood wide open to the night. Peter, accustomed to being roused at any hour, was fully awake at the first hard pound of a man's fist upon the gate. Soon he heard a knock on his own house door. He called softly from the window to tell the man below that he was coming, hoping not to disturb Diana.

As he opened the door, the gatekeeper said, "From the wai kno ren, the foreign men."

In the light of the man's lantern, Peter read the letter sent him by the American agents of tobacco. One of their men was very sick, the note ran—cholera, they feared. Could he come immediately?

They lived outside the city by the Grand Canal, on land granted the foreign business men by treaty. The note must have been pulled up in a basket over the wall, for the city gates closed at dusk. He must go to the sick man in the same manner.

He dressed and hastened to the wall. The descent was perilous. Vines and gnarled trees growing out of crevices in the

wall threw the wicker basket this way and that, and tangled the rope—not too strong—by which the basket was lowered. When he reached out to free it, he found it was fraying badly. But at last he was down. He pressed the chair-men, awailing him at the wall's foot, to a faster and faster pace. If it were cholera, there was no time to waste. A few hours and the man would be dead.

As the chair-men moved through the silent countryside, the acrid smell of the recently-ploughed rice paddies struck at Peter's nostrils—this black earth cultivated for thousands of years gave forth an odor unlike that of America's newly-ploughed land. He heard the croak of frogs in the rice paddies, and finally the chirp of birds in their first waking.

The chair-men halted, lowered the chair. A brick house loomed in front of him. One of the men of the company came out of the door to greet him. Peter felt strange. He had seen no layman since the autumn.

He found the sick man little more than a boy, new to the country, and frightened. "This isn't cholera," Peter said gently, after he had made his examination.

At the doctor's words, fear died out of the sick man's eyes. The unknown world of death receded.

"It's a bad case of dysentery, though. That means a long fight for you," Peter added.

"That's all right . . . I can do that. But I don't want to die," said Randolph. Into his eyes again came fear.

Peter was oddly conscious that he had not witnessed such fear since he had left America. For so many months now he had been used to the Chinese acceptance of death.

Each day, until Randolph was out of danger, he made the long journey beyond the city. On his final call, he found his patient in the living-room, his shoulders humped, his hands lying listlessly over the arms of his chair. Evidently lonely, was Peter's instant reaction. He thought of all the work he had yet to do that day, work put aside in order to make this visit. But he couldn't leave Randolph in such a mood. He began talking to him of the Chinese, of the funny things that happened at the hospital. Gradually the young man forgot the barrier of distrust that lay between missionary and layman.

"Do you smoke?" he asked impulsively.

"Yes," said Peter. "Cigar or cigarette?"

"Cigar." The young Virginian glowed with hospitality, brought out his finest brand, his gratitude to the doctor changed into respect and liking. He had found so many missionaries refusing to accept him because he sold tobacco. They considered smoking a sin. Narrow-minded people, all of them, had been his verdict. The missionary doctor was human. And over a splendid cigar young Randolph and the missionary struck up a friendship.

**A** STRANGE gift had come to the hospital—money for a surgical building. The donor stipulated that none of the money was for equipment and that the building was to be exclusively for surgical cases and as large as possible. Peter had no surgical cases. And what could he do without equipment?

A bronze plaque with the inscription, "The James Dalton Memorial," arrived, which was to be mortared into the wall above the entrance. Peter looked at it with a very smile. Wouldn't it be ironical if James Dalton had made his money out of selling opium or tobacco to the Chinese?



It would not be surprising. Missions were dependent upon business. Then all at once it struck him—was Christianity ruthless in its onslaught upon the East? He saw now what Stella had seen in the destruction of Wang's tablet.

The surgical building was built, its outer wall taking the place of the boundary wall of the compound. Most of the first floor Peter made into one large room, with two iron-grated windows and a door opening directly on the street. He meant to use this room as a waiting-room for surgical cases. He wanted it easily accessible to the people. At the end he partitioned off a space—his consultation office.

PETER found that as much of a ritual must be observed in the building of houses as in all other things in China. High above the squat main building, the scaffolding of bamboo poles rose, two stories high, and to the tips tufts of leaves were tied.

In most things Peter let the native contractor have his own way, but when it came to the operating-room he sought to have his. "There must be three large windows, placed where they give the best light," he said.

"As Pei I Shing wishes," murmured the old man, filling the inch-large bowl of his pipe. "Al," he said, when Peter had gone. "Better that I follow my own judgment as in the matter of the spirits. One window is enough. Have a little money thus."

Twice the wall had to be taken down before the contractor decided on three windows, arranged to Peter's satisfaction.

But now the struggle of wills was over, the building nearly complete, everything important as Peter wished it. He stood in the door of the hospital a moment looking up at the blue sky. Diana and he were going to inspect the new building together. There she was waiting for him.

The bell at the gate tinkled. "I hope it's a foreign mail. It should come to-day," cried Diana.

Peter searched through the pile of letters the postman brought them.

"My things for the hospital are here. Here's the customs' declaration. The gaiter-man can go out and get them, can't he?" Carefully he filled in the regulations, signing his name.

"Wait, I'll have Wang Ma send him," said Diana. "She'll make the old man hurry if anyone can."

When the man returned from the Customs Peter and Diana spent a lovely hour sitting on the floor of the dining-room, enjoying the novel occupation of having packages to open. Peter laughed outright when he unwrapped his steriliser. "Look. You'd think I was going in for a hotel instead of a hospital."

And he set down before her a huge steam-pressure vegetable kettle. "I'll do the trick, though—be a little slow—take a lot of time to sterilise bandages and sponges. What do you think my colleagues at home would think of a thing like this?"

Diana settled back on her heels and laughed, too. Peter listened, delighted at her laughter, soft and filled with a kind of whimsical gaiety. For a moment, he felt some veil drawn aside, and the whole universe shot through with humor, just as sometimes he saw it shot through with beauty.

Stella came in a little later. "What's all the fun about?" she asked.

"Buy and have supper," said Diana, "to celebrate the steriliser."

"If the Chinese knew that the steriliser is a kettle for the cooking of food, they'd

probably resurrect the old story about our cooking their babies for medicine. It wouldn't be hard for them to believe it—even after so many of them have been cured in our hospital."

At her words, Peter felt a sinister underflow of superstition dragging at their high gaiety. Then Wang Ma came energetically into the room, common sense written all over her flat features, and that sense of dark underflow was gone.

Mel Ing, skipping past Wang Ma's guard, ran towards Diana.

"Careful," said Peter, stopping her, afraid that in her eagerness she would jar Diana, still kneeling on the floor.

The Chinese child seated herself on a bamboo stool well beyond the reach of Wang Ma. Diana smiled at her. Mel Ing, with one quick movement, alighted at Diana's side, nestling close.

"Why don't you give her to me?" Stella asked Diana, as Peter picked up the pile of excelsior and wrapping paper and went out. "I'd like to adopt her."

"I suppose I'd better," said Diana. "Wang Ma's determined she shan't stay here. She says we can't afford it. And now that I'm to have my own baby—"

"Then it's arranged?" urged Stella. She rose to go. Despite all Diana's and Peter's efforts to include her, the circle of their happiness was so complete that it necessarily she was outside.

"Come, Mel Ing," she said gently. "You're to be my little girl."

From under her hair that lay in a smooth black bang touching her eyebrows, the child looked up with the old auspicious look. Stella knelt looking straight into her eyes. Suddenly Mel Ing smiled and placed her hand confidently in Stella's.

WHEN the building was completed, Peter laid his few instruments out in the case he had had a carpenter make. But he had no use for them.

"This is no good talk. If we die, we join our ancestors mutilated," answered his patients, when he proposed operating.

Peter thought he might accomplish his purpose by working with the native doctors. He had learned that the Chinese, much as in his own country, divided their doctors into two classes—the quacks and the respected doctors who had made a study of medicine and who were scholars. Would it be possible through Wu to interest one of them, at least in his surgery?

"Yes," said Scholar Wu, when Peter spoke to him of the matter. "I will take you to call upon one of the city's most famous. He is a scholar. Medicine is one of his many interests. He has studied deeply the yin yang principle."

When the day for the visit came, to give prestige to his call, Peter hired chairs for himself and Wu. The Chinese doctor, a thin, scholarly man, not unlike Wu in appearance, greeted them in the guest-room of his house. Punctiliously, as a host should, he sat facing the south. Peter in the seat of honor at his left.

"I am a physician, even as the honorable one," said Peter. "Perhaps we could exchange knowledge and thus more quickly benefit the city. I have a cure for many diseases by cutting and removing diseased parts of the body. I should be glad to explain to the honorable I Sheng how it is done."

The Chinese gentleman fell back on polite phrases. After a little he rose and brought a chart of the human body, carefully copied by himself from an ancient one. "Would the honorable one care to know where it is safe to insert the acupuncture needles?"

Peter looked with interest at the lines running up and down the picture of a man, between them hundreds of minute ideographs marking the place for the acupuncture needles.

"What is the reason for the insertion of these needles?" he asked.

"In nature, the vital essences, yin and yang, exactly balance. They ebb and flow in the body, as elsewhere. Sickness comes when they are out of balance. Then we seek to enter the channel and relieve the excess either of yin or yang with these needles of gold or silver."

"And how do you learn which is in excess?"

"By the fifty-two different pulses—slippery, fine, slow, hollow like an onion stalk, hard like a drum-beat—"

The Chinese doctor, in guttural sing-song Chinese, intoned the fifty-two.

Peter looked around the room. The shelves reaching to the ceiling were filled with bottles. "What are some of your remedies?" he asked. Although the Chinese doctor would take no interest in Western surgery, he might be willing to co-operate in the matter of medicines. It stood to reason that the Chinese, in all their centuries of experience with disease, must have discovered herbs and drugs which cured them of diseases peculiar to the East. All peoples possessed folk-medicines.

Smoothly, suavely, depreciating his own knowledge, the Chinese doctor told Peter that the Chinese were an ignorant and humble people, that he was not worthy to speak before the great teacher from the West on so learned a subject as medicine. He raised his teacup to drink. Etiquette demanded that Peter leave now.

After this, Peter found that opposition to him had sharpened. Wang Ma, who had constituted herself guardian of the family, told Diana of a rumor in the city that Peter was making himself a rich man, and that he sought to learn the secrets of the Chinese doctors. Inherited recipes for medicines families kept secret as the secrets of wizards were kept by potters. Then Peter realised that the Chinese doctor had misinterpreted his intentions, and also that this scholar and doctor saw medicine as business, not as service to mankind. One thing Peter was coming to believe—Chinese religion and philosophy held no idea of service.

DIANA and Peter threw themselves into Christmas plans with all the ardor of their youth and something more. They were touched with that wonder and excitement that hangs about the coming of one's first child.

For their Christmas-tree they had chosen a Heavenly Bamboo, one of the pair that stood in pots on either side of their house door. Peter set a match to the tiny red candles made for temple use, which Wang Ma had bought for them, and which they had placed on the table around the tree.

"It's as lovely as a fir would be," said Diana, looking at the rough brown bark of the trunk stems, the clusters of bright red berries against the shining green of the delicate leaves.

He brought a chair for her, gently helped her into it. "And now for your present, Diana." Eager as a boy, he took a little bundle from the branches.

"Peter!" exclaimed Diana, as she opened the package and found a Chinese ring set with the tiniest of pearls. "It's beautiful. But you shouldn't have done it. You've gone without something to get it."

"A man always gives his wife jewellery when his baby is born. I wish it were bigger—the pearl, I mean—but I couldn't manage



more," he added a little wistfully. He turned away, concealing his emotion, saying, "Here's your mother's box. Let's open it next."

There was no response from Diana, and when he looked he saw she was gripping the chair-arms. Great drops of perspiration stood on her forehead.

"Darling," he cried, dropping down by her side. "What is it?"

For the moment, his doctor's knowledge had gone from him. All he could realise was that his woman was in pain and that he was powerless to prevent it and yet was responsible for it. Both were speechless, each shivering from the sense of cold disaster which seemed suddenly to mingle with the warm stream of life.

"My time has come. There's nothing to be afraid of," said Diana simply. "The pain's gone, anyway."

Peter was all doctor now. "I must put you to bed at once." After he had muffled out the candles by the fire, they went slowly up the stairs, Peter's support lessening that dragging weight within her. Gently, quickly, he got her into bed. Then he sent the gateman for the doctor who was to visit friends in the city during the holidays, and who had promised to take care of Diana. His boat had been due since early afternoon.

Wang Ma, hearing Peter's call for the gateman, came down from the attic, glanced at her mistress, then went out, shouting to her helper, "Ao so! Hurry, Useless One. We must have hot water." Then she came back, taking her place by the bed, giving Diana her brown, strong hand to drag upon.

The gate bell rang. Peter listened. No sound of hard leather soles of foreign shoes beating against the flagstones—only the soft shuffle of the gateman along the walk, the hall, the stairs.

"The foreign doctor has not come," cried Wang Ma.

"Diana," Peter said quietly, bending over her. "Dr. Smith has not come. Have you faith in me?"

Diana's eyes opened, resting upon him. "More than in anyone," Her eyelids dropped again and she was shut away into her struggle.

At once he was the clear-headed surgeon—the most promising man in his class.

He hurried to the hospital and found Stella already in the operating-room. Cool and efficient, she was making preparations.

The kerosene hanging-lamp with its huge reflector shone down upon Diana, but he steered himself not to see his wife in the drawn and stricken woman on the operating-table.

It was over. He had saved Diana and, almost by miracle, the child. No . . . not by miracle. He knew in his heart that he had done his work with utmost skill. He put the baby gently into the hands of Wang Ma.

"Wang Ma's baby," murmured the old woman. Then he turned again, helping Stella arrange a bed in the operating-room, for he dared not move Diana to the house and the rest of the surgical wing was cold. Together they lifted her, still unconscious from the anaesthetic, placed her on the bed, drew the coverlets up to her chin. Peter knelt to tuck the blankets close. As he and Stella watched her for the first signs of returning consciousness, suddenly, without willing it, hardly knowing it, he leaned against Stella and wept. For one moment, his head lay next her head.

Then, once more, he was all doctor, watching his patient for any change. He

spoke impersonally to Stella. "She needs a stimulant. Will you get it, please?"

After Stella had shut the door, she leaned for a second against it, as if to steady herself, then walked with sure step down the corridor on her errand.

In the early morning hours, Peter, sitting at Diana's side, heard her speak his name faintly.

"Yes, dear. Everything's all right. It's a little girl." He motioned to Wang Ma, who reluctantly yielded the baby to him. He held the child close, so that Diana need not move to see her. "Look, darling."

Slowly, as if the effort were almost too great, Diana opened her eyes. A faint smile passed across her face. Then her eyes closed again. "You are willing . . . that we should call her . . . what I wanted . . . Serena?" she whispered.

"Of course, dear."

Diana slept content. Weeks before she had asked this of Peter, giving as her reason that Serena was her mother's name.

It was as if Diana's travail had brought the sterile surgical building life. A few days after she was taken home, the first Chinese patient entered it. As Peter started for the hospital that morning, Ting Ta Shih Fu, the Berbers' cook, came in through the door at the back of the hall. His apron nearly touched the floor, so bent was he with pain.

"I Sheng, doctor. I have sickness. I would eat of your medicine."

"Sit here," Peter bent over him. With his sensitive fingers he made a cursory examination. "Ting Ta Shih Fu," said Peter. "I can save you, but not with medicine. I must cut and repair."

"Al," said the middle-aged man. "Then I must consult my mother. Will I Sheng ask my master to permit me to leave his kitchen, go to her village?"

"Ta Shih Fu," said Peter, "there is not time to go to your home. No later than to-night you will die if I do not make the repairs."

Ting stood silent. Even as his agony gripped him, even as he faced quick death, his filial piety held him to that journey. This cutting was a diabolical business, sending him, if he died, to join his ancestors mutilated. He must consult the head of his family, lest he bring disaster upon his clan by such an act. "It is a small journey. To-morrow I will again come to the doctor."

"To-morrow you will not travel. You have but a few hours to live. Ta Shih Fu. Accept my help, accept life," begged Peter.

"It is not for me to decide. The old-one must."

Then, suddenly, Peter knew what to say. "In the absence of thy mother, thou shouldst obey the master to whose household thou dost belong. To die is unfilial." With dignity Ting at last spoke. "Al, he is my master. What he says, I will do."

Peter could scarcely believe that he had won; but in a half-hour he was performing his first operation on a Chinese. The Berbers' cook, Ting Ta Shih Fu, friend, stood wide-eyed in one corner of the operating-room. Berger, present at Peter's request, took on dignity in this role of responsibility, standing beside his servant, inspiring him with faith in Peter.

As soon as Peter took up the instruments, he forgot all but his patient and his own swift, skilful fingers. Elation stole through him. His hands had not lost their cunning.

The news spread through the city, through the countryside. The man Ting had been cut, sewn together, and made well. The sickness had been taken out. His friend,

the cook, had seen. Even into the rich quarters of the city, the news was carried. The tale grew as it travelled. The foreign doctor was a magician. Then a holy man. Then the God of Healing.

The narrow side street, leading to the hospital, became a thronged thoroughfare. The chairs and litters of the wealthy sick jostled the sick poor who walked. Street vendors set up their stalls, narrowing the street; travelling kitchens fought their way into the mass. Sugar cane, water chest-nuts and the bright red caltrop were hawked. Steaming dumplings and sweet potatoes tempted the waiting patients. Sometimes the street vendors crowded even into the waiting-room. At the end of the day, bits of sugar-cane and the peelings from caltrops and other nuts lay on the floor.

From Peter's hospital, the throng spilled itself over to his home. They came to bring little thank-offerings—a chicken, a few peaches. They came hoping to see the doctor's child. Never had there been such a child in the city! The Berger children were dark-haired, dark-eyed, more like Chinese. But Serena had golden hair, blue eyes, and a fair skin. Always a faint, soft pink came and went in her cheeks.

Diana guarded her closely. "It isn't safe to have them near her," she told Peter.

"You might just hold her up to the window," suggested Peter. But Diana shook her head.

Serena's fame spread. Wang Ma told about her when she went to visit her husband's people. The girls in Diana's school told about her when they went to their home. One day, Wu brought word that a woman from the educated Tang family would like to call and see her.

At last the formal hall of their house was to be used for the purpose for which it had been furnished. They had always thought it would be the men of the liberal who would come first. Instead, it was a woman who had made the first advance.

Diana asked Sen & Mo to drill her in the correct procedure; how she should receive her guest, when to seat her, when to serve refreshments, and many other things.

The woman's chair was carried up the house steps and set down so near the open door that the poles extended into the hall. Thus the lady was not exposed to the vulgar gaze of the outside world, for she stepped from the chair directly into the house.

Diana led her to the seat of honor. As she stepped back to take the chair on the other side of the table, she stood paralysed, realised that she herself was taking the seat of honor! This first call—so important. And she had made this unexplainable error in etiquette. She looked at the Chinese lady. Every line of her face expressed the woman of breeding who is certain beyond a doubt that the etiquette she is trained to is the only etiquette. Mrs. Tang would not forgive such setting aside of custom. This was the way the Chinese offered insults—pretending to be polite, hiding the insult beneath a show of courtesy.

Impulsively, Diana spoke. "Your customs, you see, I do not understand, but if Tang tai tai will come into my rooms, I shall know how to treat Tang tai tai."

There was a little silence, in which Mrs. Tang shrewdly measured this foreign woman. Suddenly she dropped her guard. "I like you. You do not pretend to what you do not know," she said. "Show me how you live. What is your *tao*?"

Together they entered the dining-room and Diana seated the lady at her right after her own custom and served tea after her own fashion. They talked of women's things, of their houses and their children.



Diana told her the use of everything in the house, let her finger the table linen, answered when she asked its price. Mrs. Tang nibbled gingerly at the foreign cake, liked it, ate a second piece.

"All!" exclaimed Mrs. Tang.

In the doorway stood Wang Ma. Serena in her arms. Softly Mrs. Tang beat her breast with her flattened hand, the gesture of fear. To this black-haired woman come of black-haired people, the fair child dressed all in white resembled a kwei. Kwei, who harm mortals, those uncareful-for spirits who roam the world seeking human form.

Again Diana acted on impulse. She took Serena from Wang Ma and laid her in Mrs. Tang's arms.

"All!" gasped Mrs. Tang, flinching a little. Then she gave a soft chuckle of satisfaction at the touch of the warm child. Why, this was just another baby! She cuddled her close, and Serena, feeling about her the arms of one who knew how to hold her firmly and safely smiled.

"I precious you," murmured the woman. "Your children . . . ?" Diana began.

"Dead at birth. Not one have I left. Now there are others in the household who have given my lord sons." Her face set in acceptance of her fate. "Mei yu fatzu, it cannot be helped."

"It would have been so with me," said Diana eagerly. "only that my lord is a doctor who can save babies."

After the woman had gone, for a long time Diana held Serena close in her arms. So Peter found her. She explained to him how she had disarmed Mrs. Tang of her superstitious fears.

Peter was excited. "If we work together, we can break through the taboos that bind the women of China. The thing to do is to get the women to come and you do as you've done with Mrs. Tang—show them Serena." He was pacing back and forth across the room, rumpling his hair, planning as he walked. "It'll be just as it was with surgery. Once they see the sense of it, they'll come to me. With you and Serena to help, we can do it!"

So it was decided. Mrs. Tang came and brought her friends. Gradually the women's fears lessened as they found nothing strange or terrible in the doctor's house. Diana took them from cellar to garret, explaining the use of everything. They liked best to have her show them the baby's things—her soap, powder, safety-pin, crib. Of the crib they did not approve. A baby should sleep close held against harm.

A GREAT drought threatened the land, and disease was spreading through the countryside. City and country were given over to propitiation. The spirit magistrate of the hsien was taken out in his high-backed chair to view the parched fields. Sen, magistrate of the hsien, saw that ram and bull and boar were cast into the river as offerings. No life of any kind was used for food. The Buddhist vegetarian command, kept in theory in times of prosperity, was now rigorously adhered to. Even eggs were not eaten; for they held potential life. But the serene sky gave forth no rain.

Through the city, the Rain Dragon was carried in procession, he who is of the yang essence, the active principle, he who represents the fecundating principle of nature. Bringer of Rain. Gongs and cymbals attended him. Their insistent, brassy clanging echoed through the hospital as the procession passed the door of the waiting-room, ajar, as always, to the street. Peter scarcely noticed it, so accustomed was he

now to such sounds. His attention was on the message sent him by Stella.

"The woman we operated on yesterday is dead," she had scribbled on a piece of paper. "Please come quickly. I'm afraid we are in for trouble."

There had been deaths, of course, in Peter's hospital, since that day when he had had his first surgical case. Why was Stella particularly apprehensive to-day? He had taken the usual precaution—had had the woman's husband sign a paper saying they wanted him to operate.

Peter hurried to the hospital.

Stella met him in the corridor. "This makes the third death in the hospital within the week."

"Yes," said Peter. "We've had bad luck lately. Of course, we hardly thought we could save this woman. It was her only chance, though. I explained all that to her husband."

"I know," said Stella. "But I never counted on the drought lasting, nor on our losing the child, too. And it was a boy—"

As they entered the room, Du, husband of the dead woman, the late mother-in-law, and others of relationship too complicated to decipher, did not rise in greeting. They gave no salutations.

The insult was not lost upon Peter. "You remember," he said, addressing Du, "it was at your request that I attempted to save your wife and child."

Du did not answer, but acting as if Peter were not there, walked almost into him as he left the room followed by his clan.

"If it only weren't for the drought," Stella said.

"What has the drought to do with it?" asked Peter.

"The superstitious see in the drought the anger of spirits. They may think us the cause."

"Just because that family acted as they did? You're trembling, Stella . . . you're nervous."

Stella did not answer.

All day the bang, bang of the gongs beat upon Peter's nerves. Towards evening he went over to his house. Diana would take from him his concern, as so often she did. He found her giving Serena her bath. The quiet scene, Diana kneeling on the floor by the tub, Serena plump and brown from her summer in the hills, solemnly squeezing a great sponge, quieted his anxiety. Life slipped back into the normal.

Diana rose, lifting the baby to her lap. "Peter," she said. "I'm glad you've come. You make everything seem all right. Those gongs beating all day—"

That night Peter could not sleep. He saw the people of the city, always close to starvation, taking every means to secure rain. Men seeing Nature as some mysterious force with which they sought to bring themselves into harmony—never to probe its secrets, never to try to subjugate it.

There were few patients at the dispensary door the next morning. Peter told himself it was nothing unusual, but he knew better. A little later, Stella came to him saying, "Five patients have left the hospital."

"Did they have good reasons?"

"Oh, yes," said Stella. "Their reasons were all right."

Silently they looked at each other. When evening came, the hospital was empty.

Peter in his office heard soft footfalls coming up the stairs approaching his door. He opened it. He stood face to face with Du.

For an hour they sat in desultory conversation. More and more often, Du spoke

of the ruined crops. At a sudden, startling bang of gongs, Peter looked down into the street, seeing a line of men, at its head a red chair carried shoulder high and in it the spirit magistrate.

"He has paid no attention to offerings. They are taking him out to view the barren fields," explained Du, with a giggling note in his voice. "But there is a greater evil. The evil spirit of sickness has entered the city."

"You mean the disease we have heard of in the country?"

"It is as thou sayest. Fires of cypress have been burning at the twelve city gates to keep the evil thing out. How, then, did it enter the city?"

Peter noted the familiarity with which the man had addressed him—familiarity that meant contempt.

"How did it enter the city?" Peter repeated the words. "I can explain that to you. From what I've heard, I imagine this is what we call typhus. Diseases that spread are carried by human beings."

NO Chinese would do this evil thing—carry disease. But, thou? Suddenly Peter realised where the man was leading him. He had destroyed the people's faith in the hospital. How much further had he gone? Perhaps he had already suggested to this fear-ridden city that the foreign doctor was the cause of both drought and sickness, cited the deaths at the hospital. Peter studied him for a moment. A shiver crept slowly over the whole of his body. Blackmail! That scourge held over the Chinese doctor, this man meant to hold over him.

"A little money—" Du began. Even if he had money, it would not do to pay it. Then he would forever be in the hands of such men as this. No use to appeal to his own government. There was no foreign consul in this city.

"I've got to gain time," he thought. "I've got to outwit him somehow." Aloud, he said, "A learned man like the honorable Du understands. Perhaps my honored guest would call again in the morning. We could make plans then."

"In the morning, then." Du rose and went out.

Peter tried to think. He had no plan for to-morrow. Should he take the other members of the station into his confidence? The Bakers were on home leave. Berger? No, he didn't believe it would help to talk to Berger. Miss Dyer?

Slowly he came to a conclusion. "I believe I'll go and see Wang." The simple, kindly Chinese. Brave, too. He got up, passed through the gate and along the street. The hubbub of the street was reassuring, and yet—did he imagine it? Did he imagine hostile glances? He reached Wang's little shop. It was shuttered. Had Wang gone away?

"Sickness within," said the tinsmith next door, "and sickness here," and he pointed to the shop across the way.

Peter knocked on the panel calling, "Fei I Sheng has come."

He could hear the murmurings of derision within. But no answer came to his knock.

"Help me to get in," he asked the tinsmith, who stood watching.

The man turned away. Now Peter was certain. There was hostility. But he must get to Wang.

He called again. A shutter was slowly slipped aside, and Wang's little boy faced him. He saw Wang's wife sitting by the table.



"My father?"

"There." The boy pointed to the curtained bed at the back of the shop.

Hastily Peter drew aside the curtains. The shoemaker, he saw at a glance, was very sick. He was unconscious. It was typhus, as he believed, careful nursing was necessary. Would the woman let him take her husband to the hospital? he asked her.

"Take him," she answered sullenly. "What good is he to me? See this shop." Peter looked around. "Everything we have has been pawned."

Under cover of darkness Peter took Wang to the hospital. As he sat with him that night, he went over and over in his mind some way to deal with Du in the morning.

He had gone home for coffee and a little breakfast. Still he had no idea of what he was going to do. Wang Ma came in from the kitchen bringing a note. It was from Du, asking him to come to the hospital. Sicknes prevented him from coming to the honorable I Shang, the note ran.

WAS this but a ruse to get him to Du's house? thought Peter. And yet, if Du were sick . . . He'd take the precaution of telling Stella where he was going.

Stella was silent for a moment, her eyes lowered. "Yes, I suppose you must go," she said at last, looking at him.

A slowly servant met him on his arrival at Du's house. "Follow," he said.

For a moment Peter hesitated. The place was a rather mean affair of two courts. In a room off the second, the servant drew aside the slatted screen from the door.

"Fat I Sheng."

Peter looked down at Du, sitting by a table. His shifty eyes were bright with fever. Peter glanced behind him. The servant was closing the door. As he turned to face Du, the man rose. Suddenly he fainted, falling in a heap at Peter's feet.

Well, whatever he had intended, he would not accomplish, thought Peter, lifting him and placing him on a bed in the corner. If Du had typhus, he could hardly be saved. This sudden collapse indicated the worst form of the disease.

That evening Peter called the members of the compound together. The circle was smaller than usual, but the Bakers on home leave. It seemed smaller yet because of the pestilence that pressed them close.

"It's typhus," he told them. "We don't know what causes it, but it's either infectious or contagious. We'll have to close the schools, give up all work except the hospital."

"How about our up-country Christians? Guess I'd better look after 'em," said Miss Dyer.

"It's pretty risky," said Peter. "If you're taken sick, there'll be no one to look after you."

"It wouldn't be the first time," answered Miss Dyer. "Anyway, I don't intend to be taken sick. Well, I guess I'd better get ready." She got up, put on her path hat, which she had taken off when she came in, thrust her hands into the pockets of her long coat, and went out.

Early one morning before anyone was stirring, Stella's amah came stamping across the compound, knocking wildly on Peter's door, crying, "Come quickly! My mistress is dying."

Peter, on the couch downstairs, snatching a few hours of rest, sunk in the heavy sleep of weariness, awoke slowly. As he realised the import of the woman's frightened crying, he felt a sudden apprehension of the unknown, a sudden dipping down under the ordered surface. How had Stella taken the dread disease? He did not know.

He was up, dressing and running towards the house of the Single Ladies, leaving the amah far behind. He seemed to the amah to cross the space with one magical leap of his long legs. Hobbles crying, she hurried after him.

Peter stood for a moment gazing down upon Stella, so worn with the strain of nursing. Her hair fell around her flushed face. No longer was there just a white band across it; grey had crept through it all. Her hands picked at the bed covers. Her mind was already cloudy. He wished Miss Dyer were not up-country. She could have cared for Stella here at the house. Well, he'd have to take her to the hospital.

"Amah!" he called.

"Lai is coming." She panted up the stairs.

Together they wrapped the sick woman in blankets, preparatory to taking her to the hospital. Peter lifted her in his arms. There was no need for help in carrying her. He realised now that Stella had not been well for days. That sudden trembling of her hands, her apprehension over so many things. The thought crossed his mind—perhaps this accounts for her apprehension over the Du matter.

Night came. He could no longer neglect the sick outside his hospital, those neighbors of his on the nearby streets. He made ready to go.

This night Peter went among the sick and dead with no sense of superior knowledge. He was not different from these other men, whose usual cheery common sense was just now submerged in gripping superstition.

As the winter advanced, the epidemic subsided. Both Wang and Stella lived. Of the cause of the disease, Peter knew no more than before the epidemic. Typhus gave evidence of being contagious, yet the facts often seemed to dispute it. One of the women at another Mission, who had not left her house for days, had died of it. In a third Mission there had not been a single case. The Berger children and Mel Ing Perkins, who had twice escaped the vigilant eye of Mrs. Berger, and slipped out into the street, had not taken it either.

In the Mission compounds there were many vacancies in churches and schools. It was difficult to fill the gaps left by death. Shoemaker Wang, although only an artisan, was unanimously chosen as native pastor of the chapel to fill one vacancy. Only Peter's superb health and his ability for organization had made it possible for him to keep up with the extra work. The hospital had lost two nurses. Stella's convalescence proved a long one.

For several weeks they feared Miss Dyer had been one of the victims. They could get no word of her. But one afternoon, Rose and Timothy Berger ran across the compound chanting in unison. "Miss Dyer's back. Miss Dyer's back." From the hospital came Peter in his surgical gown, out on the porch came Diana with Serena. The Berbers appeared from here and there. They watched Miss Dyer, sitting erect in her open sedan, ride into the compound. As she got out, her friends crowded around to greet her. She was thin to the point of emaciation, and looked utterly weary. But she spoke with her old asperity. "You act as if I'd never threatened before."

None ever knew the story of those weeks.

WINTER was gone. Seeds sprouted in the earth. Western thought, long dormant in the mind of the East, gave sign of quickening.

China, for centuries shut off to herself, sterile in her separatism, was stirring under the touch of Christendom as once she had stirred under the touch of India.

The more radical among the reformers had thought to hasten change by destroying the old order. They had failed. But now, suddenly, the Throne itself commanded reform.

By decree of the Vermilion Pen, the Empress abolished the old classical training of the scholars, ordered that the examination halls be destroyed, Western learning taught, schools set up in Taoist and Buddhist temples for the male ren, women educated. There were many in the Empire who rejoiced, but more who mourned.

Scholar Wu was bewildered. "My son—what is there left for my son?" he asked, as he sat opposite Peter.

"A place in the New China," said Peter gently, thinking with sympathy of the long years of study, the long preparation, at last the coveted degree—and now the coveted degree made worthless.

As for Scholar Sen, when the news was brought to him of the decree abolishing the examinations, he gathered his friends together in his guest hall. His anger broke the bounds of propriety. He cursed the barbarians, bringers of destruction.

About the vaulted room hung scrolls bearing quotations, wishing Sen prosperity and long life. They had been given him by the scholars of the city on his fiftieth birthday. The celebration, held only a week ago, had been a time of great rejoicing and feasting.

The crowd of scholar officials were arrayed in stiff satin gowns, dull purple and subtle shades of grey, squares embroidered with pheasant, wild goose, mandarin duck, according to rank, on chest and back. Their silk trousers were neatly bound at the ankles with black satin bands, their white cloth stockings fitted so smoothly they appeared to be made on the foot.

The eldest in the group, whose white thin goatee marked him as a very virtuous man, for most Chinese had faces smooth as a woman's spoke. "Western learning belongs to the workshop."

"It cannot be that our divine ruler would set aside learning. The examinations in the classics done away with, the examination halls torn down. This is to destroy ourselves. Good government is synonymous with the scholar," mourned the man sitting in the seat of honor.

"Only with self-cultivation can a man rule others. Western learning has no discipline. There is no knowledge in the man who would tear the universe apart," said a stout and very old gentleman.

"The West needs science because it supposes human nature is imperfect and therefore seeks to gain something from the outside. For us who know that good is already within us, it is as Buddha said—like begging for food with a golden bowl," exclaimed Scholar Sen. "Let us pledge that our sons shall be held to the rigid training that we received, that they may carry on the classical tradition. If the horses of government are untrained, we shall ride on the wind."

"Let it be done!" they cried together.

Scholar Sen clapped his hands and a grave old serving-man appeared. Quietly he listened to the master's order, went out, returned, bringing the writing materials. Each man opened a vein in his wrist and wrote his pledge in blood.

Scholar Sen's only son, Lo Shin, loitered in the court outside the guest hall. He had grown thinner and more stooped, more perfect in scholarly posture, during these three years of study. He was eleven now,



He heard the angry excited voices. Curses placed upon the barbarians for the evil they had done the Empire. The examination halls to be torn down! Where, then, could he take his examinations? How could he, Sen Lo Shih, become a great official? He spat, and placed his own curse upon the only barbarian he knew—the doctor, the light one, with the flaming hair, the pale eyes.

**R**EBIRTH! Whence was to come vigor for rebirth? With despair and horror, China faced her doom, poisoned and weakened by opium. The craving for opium wrought into the very bone and blood of the nation.

Men of both East and West fought to end the vice; men of both East and West sought to keep the vice. Finally, East and West made a bargain.

China pledged herself, through a period of ten years, to a yearly curtailing of the poppy crop in her own countryside. In return, the greatest import, was to be gradually reduced during that period.

Along the streets where opium dens had flourished, Peter began to see building after building where the shutters were never taken down. In the pawnshops, opium pipes and lamps lay in great piles—beautiful pipes of jade and cloisonné, higher piles of cheap wooden pipes. The poor could not get the drug—it was costly now.

Opium-cure shops sprang up. Fake cures—opium in disguise.

A long line of miserable, emaciated beings stood outside Peter's refuge each morning, waiting for it to open. Peter steadied their hearts with stimulants, quieted their nerves with belladonna, gave them the encouragement of his own strong will.

A few smokers and sellers of the drug were executed, their heads hung at the gates of the city, like those of common criminals, their property confiscated. Men from a better class began to come to Peter.

Rich and poor, they came in greater and greater numbers, for one reason or another. Peter's refuge would not accommodate them all. He managed to rent a two-story building across the street. Out of the slender funds allowed him for upkeep, he took enough to build a bridge, leading from the second floor of the surgical building to the second floor of the new refuge. His hospital now resembled an old house with a series of haphazard lean-tos.

**S**CHOLAR SEN had rejoiced in his heart over the opium decree. Here was a way for his country to gain in strength and power. He did not dream that the first great struggle would be with himself. Striving always to be the Superior Man, he had known no excess. In thirty years, his daily quantity of opium had never been increased from one pipe a day, smoked in the evening. Never had he suspected that he could not give it up at any time.

To-day he called his head servant, leaving orders that none but the lai tai tai, his mother, should have this smoke. It was permitted to her because of her great age. All other opium pipes, including his own, were to be destroyed.

Night fell. The hour for his pipe passed. A faint restlessness settled over him. Restlessness was repugnant. Serenity was the necessity of a physique impoverished by years of excessive study, serenity the necessity of age, serenity the lodestar of his spirit.

He slept fitfully, his dreams filled with subtle torments of restless activity. He woke. His pipe . . . where was his lamp . . . his pipe . . . his servant to prepare the

pellet? Worthless one! He clapped his hands. His trusted servant appeared.

"What does lao yeh wish?"

"My pipe . . . and hurry."

"The lao yeh gave orders to destroy the pipe."

He remembered now.

Every pore of his body was a hungry mouth sucking at the air, gaining nothing. He went to his bed, drawing the curtains close. All day his will held against those crying million mouths of his body. Another night. Food . . . but he could take no food.

The light was just coming, touching the drawn curtains of his bed. A bowl of water stood near. He let the tips of his long, sensitive fingers rest in the cool liquid, and at last he slept, his dreams full of quiet pools, lotus flowers swimming on the surface.

He woke exhausted. Tenderly the old servant gave him tea to drink, holding the cup to his lips.

A man-servant came along the gallery, crying, "The master is summoned to the apartment of the lao tai tai."

He must go. This was his filial duty. Honor and etiquette demanded it. Slowly, carefully, he made his way to his mother's apartments, bowed before the tiny, tyrannical creature. Her sharp eyes sought out his condition. Yes, the rumor that had been brought her was correct. He was not strong this morning. She would not ask him to be seated.

"What is this the business manager tells me, that we must curtail our opium grown in the fields of Szechuan?" she cried, feigning ignorance of the Imperial decree, feigning ignorance of previous discussion. "It is monstrous! No other crop can be transported across the country so easily. No other crop brings so much money."

Her son swayed a little as he stood before her. "This year a third must be given up," he said. "Next year, two-thirds. Men are being executed who do not obey."

"But it can be arranged," she said, speaking in cajoling tones. "Thou needst give no order. Suggest to the business manager that he speak to the tenants of caution—hide the opium fields behind fields of tall grain—perhaps a little money to the local officials."

"The Superior Man does not let the white robe of his honor become spotted with black," answered her son. "Surely it is not the honorable one's wish."

Then the old tai tai was angry. She lifted her cane, pointing it at him. "Bah! Because of thy silly white robes of honor thou wouldst set aside the needs of the family! Stupid one! Dost thou not see that the foreign devils plot to take the trade away from us . . . their opium sold in place of ours? Thou wouldst let the foreign devils ruin us!" Her voice rose in a harsh, high treble. Her eyes narrowed. "Where is thy filial piety? I am the head of this household! I say to thee, give the command!"

"If it is the honored one's wish," Scholar Sen answered her wearily, "let it be done. Only enough for income this year. Another year we must obey the mandate."

He bowed, went out, his hands folded within his sleeves, his head lowered. He was trembling. His mother's room had been filled with the sweet odor of opium. The ravages of his abstinence were great. He must have quiet. He was not fit for strife. He would go for a time to the Buddhist monastery in the hills, where he often went when the bickerings of the clan became too much for him.

The long journey took him far to the south of the province into Buddhist country—tall mountains, high passes, old trees. As ancient writings were preserved in the monasteries of Europe, so the monasteries of China had

preserved trees. Here grew the cryptomerias dating back to the Tang Dynasty, trees a thousand years old, temples and monasteries hidden among them on the mountain sides. The magistrate's chair-coolies climbed slowly, carefully, to the highest temple. There, with the great trees looming up behind him and the plain lying far below, he rested in one of the guest-rooms. The room was stored with quiet. As he sat eating the vegetarian meal brought him he heard in the dusk the soft footfalls of many priests treading the stone corridors leading to the main temple.

In another day the world receded from his memory. Hour after hour he held himself to meditation. Longer each day he took the Buddha pose—legs crossed, feet resting upon thighs, back flattened—practising breath control and the turning of his thoughts inward. Making the heart empty, eating the spirit-power of the receptive, he entered into contemplation.

Winter had come. The Frasers' house was full of soft bustling—the poking of the kitchen fire, the placing of dishes on the unpadded dining-table, near by in the bathroom the sound of water poured into a tin tub, Wang Ma's heavy step, her guttural Chinese, Serena's voice raised in objection, the child's chuckles of satisfaction at the splashing of water.

All these sounds enhanced Peter's well-being, as he sat by his wife's side. He was experiencing that pleasant sense of complacency that comes to a man when his first son is born. Diana had had an easy time. His son had been born after brief labor. He was glad that no other doctor had been available. Secretly, he had wanted to be the first to touch his son.

**T**HAT year, as winter passed into spring, the dissatisfaction of the Mission with Stella's beliefs reached a crisis. Ever since her sickness of last year, her sayings had been passed from mouth to mouth, growing more outrageous, more strange, at every repetition. A meeting was to be held in Shanghai to consider whether or not she should be expelled from the Mission.

Peter and Miss Dyer, chosen as members of the examining board, went down together on the train. Stella herself had gone a few days before.

A grave group, representatives from every station, the missionaries gathered in the house of their senior member. The long, oval table, the sober men and women sitting round it, the white-haired man at one end with a gavel before him, Stella's slight figure standing to answer, gave the air of a courtroom to this Christian gathering. Peter lowered his gaze. He noticed Stella's hands, those expressive hands of hers, so scarred by chilblains, and yet still strangely beautiful. They were clinging to the edge of the table.

"This is a difficult task, Miss Perkins," said the chairman of the meeting. "We are not unmindful that once you did great things for your Lord, but now it has been brought to our attention that you said Buddha is Christ for the Chinese. Did you say that?"

"Yes," Stella's quiet voice as she answered gave the lie to her clinging hands.

"Then you lessen the divinity of Christ."

"I do not think so."

The ring of triumph in her voice made Peter look up. He was startled. A kind of glory hung around her. Her hair, touched all over with silver, looked like a nimbus of light around her head. And her face . . . it was filled with intense vitality.



"You have been quoted as saying you feel ashamed of yourself as a missionary."

"Don't you ever . . . at any time?"

"Did you say that the church of Christ might disappear sometime, and it wouldn't matter?"

"Not quite that," answered Stella. I said it wouldn't matter because Christ would still be among us."

"Miss Perkins," the chairman asked, "would you like to leave before we vote?"

"I will stay."

"Very well. Those who feel Miss Perkins is unfit to represent our Lord will say so in a written ballot we will now take."

"Wait!" cried Peter, getting to his feet. "I know Miss Perkins better than any of you do. Take all these years in the hospital . . . she's done more good than any of us! Why, she's—" he faltered. They, too, had looked upon that light in her face and had not seen it. What good to tell them, then?

"Look here," he said. "The Chinese need her . . . the hospital's understaffed, anyway. We'll have to cut down on our work."

"We can't take such things into consideration, Dr. Fraser," said the chairman.

The room was very still. Only the soft swish of paper, as the secretary of the meeting distributed the ballot slips . . . then the thin scratching of pens and pencils . . . the almost imperceptible sounds the slips of paper made falling in a wicker basket the secretary passed around . . . the tiny thump of the basket against the table as it was placed before the chairman . . . the slip, slip of paper against paper as he sorted the ballot. He rose, all the bits of paper in his hand, except one which still lay on the table.

"The vote is against you, Miss Perkins. I wish to say this: perhaps in our own country where God is known, this would not be necessary."

There was a hubbub of voices. The meeting was breaking up.

Suddenly Peter realised that Stella was not in the room. He hurried out. She was not in the hall nor on the street. The missionary hostility was not far away. He'd catch her there. But when he reached it they told him she was not staying with them this time.

Where could she be staying? Unable to let her go like that, alone, Peter walked up one street, down another, the futility of his quest slowly settling over him.

He wished he could find Stella. That impression of light and glory hanging round her was gone. He had only the memory of her clinging hands.

OLIVION seemed to close over Stella. She left no forwarding address at the Mission. A strange Chinese came to the compound with a note from her, asking that her possessions be given to him. Money was enclosed for the support of Mei Ing, sufficient to care for her until she was old enough to be betrothed and married, or to teach in the school if she preferred. This money was put in Peter's care. It was not a large sum. A few dollars kept a Chinese girl in the school for a year. However, he felt that the sum represented most of Stella's savings.

"Where is thy mistress?" he asked the bearer of the note.

"Not my mistress," he replied.

"How is it that you came to get the foreign one's things?" demanded Peter.

"This humble one was sent by a member of the village."

"What village?"

The coolie feigned not to understand the question.

"Is there a white woman in your village?"

Again real or feigned ignorance. Peter was baffled.

"Well, here, anyway," he said, scratching a note on a piece of paper and handing it to the man. "Put this with the things of the honorable Miss."

"As the foreign I Sheng commands," said the coolie submissively, and lifted to his shoulder the carrying-pole with Stella's boxes suspended at the ends.

Peter never knew whether the note reached her or not. No answer came. He watched the sailing lists in the Shanghai paper, but did not find her name. Inquiry from the Mission brought the information that she had not drawn her passage money, to which she was entitled.

No one mentioned her at the Mission. Even Diana and he, after the first evening of his return, when he had poured out the whole tale, seldom mentioned her, as the subject was painful to both.

Peter had not realised before how much the smooth running of the hospital was due to Stella. It was necessary now to put Sen S Mo in charge of all the nurses.

THAT winter, a new vigor possessed the land. The two years in which China had dripped blood to cleanse herself of the poison of opium were beginning to bring her strength. The vitality of the peasants and artisans was no longer sapped. Opium was too expensive for them. The need for Peter's refuge was lessening almost daily—scarcely a coolie now who came for the cure.

To the Mission schools came now, without urging, the girls of the better classes. The Chinese schools, discarding the old ways, had discarded secularism, too. The Mission schools were stricter. Chinese gentlemen felt them safer places for their daughters. At the opening of the term Diana no longer, as on that first morning after her honeymoon, left her breakfast untouched. "No need to worry," she said happily to Peter, "the school will be crowded." Perhaps she would not have worried anyway. She lived for her son these days.

As Sen S Mo's power in the hospital grew, more deeply did she dip down into the experiences of her race. The spirit of the matriarch grew stronger and stronger in her. In place of the clan she placed the hospital, giving it the same allegiance, demanding of it the same bending to her will. Men and women obeyed her. She began to find her bound feet a hindrance to her energetic supervision. She came one day to Peter, asking that he unbind them for her.

Never could she quite separate herself from her husband's clan. Through an old servant she learned of its intricate life. He came in the autumn bringing her que hua for her hair, the waxy, scented blossoms picked from the great tree in the old matriarch's court. He came in the winter bringing her lilacs, their buds set in stones, planned to bloom at China New Year.

Endlessly the two talked of a thousand happenings in the Sen household, of cousins and uncles, of children born to concubines, of the matriarch's tyrannical ways, of the precious son, Lo Shih, growing up to take the place of Sen S Mo's husband, the son of the first wife. Had Sen S Mo's husband lived, had she borne a son, sometime she would have been the matriarch in the vast household—a household growing very rich, these days, the old servant told her.

At last Sen S Mo would slip a little money in his hand, saying, "Come again when thou hast more to tell."

Peter asked one day who the old man was who came so often to sit at Sen S Mo's desk.

"An old servant, bringing news of my family."

Peter thought she spoke of her own clan, whom Diana had visited. "They are well?" he would ask.

"Well, Pei I Sheng." Never did she tell him more.

Would he ever be admitted into intimacy with any Chinese, he wondered? Was it possible for West and East to know each other? There was Mei Ing Perkins, adopted as a tiny girl—the same withdrawal in her, despite her Western ways and Western living.

He would come upon her jumping rope with the Berger children, boisterous and happy as the Bergers themselves. She, in fact, was the leader among them. Rose and Timothy would docilely hold the rope for her while she jumped, seeming never to tire. The Chinese trousers she wore made it easy for her to run in and out. She jumped high, her two short black braids bobbing against her shoulders, her voice raised in raucous command.

But when he tried to question her about the packages which came to her so regularly, she retreated into Eastern reserve, staring up at him with impenetrable black eyes.

"My mother sends them," she would answer him.

"You mean Miss Perkins?"

"I mean my mother." The mask of her childish face was as perfect as Sen S Mo's.

On her table, in the room at the school where she lived, Diana told him, she kept a snapshot of Stella.

"My mother," she said, when the girls asked who it was.

In celebration of the splendid record his province had made in stamping out the native opium in three years instead of the allotted ten, the viceroy was giving a feast on the island called "The Heart of the Lake."

An invitation came for Peter one afternoon in early September. The long narrow red envelope, with the black ideographs of the doctor's name on it, was brought to him at the hospital. An invitation from the viceroy himself! Recognition of the fact that he had cured the man's only son of the opium habit.

As he fingered the viceroy's invitation, Peter felt a boyish eagerness to share his honor with Diana.

He handed the red envelope to Diana. Her companionship wrapped him round, as he saw her quick understanding of how much the invitation meant to him.

"I wonder," he said, after a little, as he sat beside her, Serena on his lap, "if any of us can even imagine what this triumph has cost China. I wonder if we as a people would have been willing to pay such a price. Strange, isn't it . . . Christendom says it would cost too much to stop the import at once?"

With one of her rare and lovely gestures of affection, Diana lifted his hand, kissed the palm, then fitted her fingers between his. Peter sat very still, feeling as never before their ever-deepening relationship, the harmonious blending of their two selves.

The house door opened. They drew apart as they saw Sen S Mo framed in the doorway. Through all the years of their marriage they had recognised the Chinese idea of propriety.



Sen S Mo was hurrying, although perhaps it only appeared so because of the greater ease with which she walked on her unbound feet. She had on the leather street shoes which she had recently purchased. They were oddly shaped to cover the high instep, which feet once bound never lost. Peter was a little surprised to see Sen S Mo wearing them, for this was not her afternoon off.

"Fel I Sheng," she addressed him, "may Sen S Mo have leave to go away for a few days? There are affairs of the family."

"Of course, Sen S Mo," said Peter. "I'll arrange things." Instantly he rose, his work again claiming him.

His duties kept him late. Now that he did not have Stelia any emergency fell squarely upon his own shoulders. To spare Sen S Mo even for a day was difficult. The lights were out in the compound and his own house when he felt free to leave for the night. He would not disturb Diana, but would sleep on the couch downstairs.

IT seemed to him that he had just dropped off to sleep, when he felt someone stealthily shaking him.

"The great doctor is needed at Magistrate Ben's," whispered Wang Ma.

So, after all these years, he was to go again to Scholar Sen's! But he found no great chair awaiting him at the gatehouse as on the former occasion. A shrouded figure spoke. "I, humble servant of the Sen family, will direct you."

As they passed through the sleeping city, and the servant chose back street after back street, Peter began to suspect some hoax was being practised on him.

They had reached one of the high-arched bridges over a canal. Up its long flight of steps the man went, almost as fast as a chair-coolie would have gone. Peter following close. A moment they stood at the top to catch their breath. Looking down, Peter saw the hooded city of junk. Then they were making the descent, were down. The man darted to the left along the canal's edge. Peter had to take his precarious footing a little more slowly. When he again caught up, the man was scratching with his finger-nails on the closed panels of a mean shop, whispering into the crack between panels. One slid quietly back, and Peter saw Sen S Mo standing in the narrow opening.

"Thou!" exclaimed Peter. "What do you do here?"

"I am a humble member of this scholar's family," she said with great dignity. "We have need of your help." She stood aside for him to enter.

He could see little at first. The stub of a candle burned feebly in the closed room. Sen S Mo lighted another. Kneeling on the dirt floor of the miserable hut, a thin and beautiful youth faced a tier of boards placed one above the other, separated by heavy blocks. On each plank lay a figure seemingly in deep sleep. All were dead.

It was a moment before Peter recognised, lying on the central plank, the man he had but twice met—Scholar Sen. The fine and delicate features, the nobility, the calmness, Scholar Sen. Just above him lay the tiny old woman who had watched him so closely that night, years ago, when he had attended the sick boy. Even in death he saw her imperious will in the set of her chin and her lips. He shuddered slightly at the gluttonous look of power in her face.

The others—who were the others? How came it they were all dead? There was no mark of sickness upon them.

"Will the physician help?" Sen S Mo

asked. "Lo Shih will not go unless someone promises them burial. He wants only to see them buried. Then he, too, must die."

"Sen Lo Shih!" Peter looked again, still not recognising the child he had once attended in the story, silent figure of the kneeling youth.

Bits of the story Sen S Mo whispered to him. "The lao tai tai was a wicked woman. She it was who brought the great Sens to this."

Gradually, out of Sen S Mo's fragmentary whispers, Peter pieced together the story. Opium raised on the family fields in far-away Szechuan because the old mother demanded it. Her crafty defiance of the law, her gloating delight in the outwitting of inspectors and officials. Her greed tempting her to greater risks as the price of opium went up. And last night, because of the crimes of the family, Scholar Sen had received the official command to kill himself—the purple cord, mark of honor sent him by the Empress—because of his meritorious degree spared public execution. The lao tai tai's fierce, wild denunciation of her son and the family, accusing them all of extravagance, of duplicity, of traitorous acts. The family was disgraced. Fate was gone. The wild scene of frantic women and frightened men, as the lao tai tai drove them to the killing of themselves. The well full of the bodies of the concubines. Then her own suicide by swallowing an overdose of opium.

"Only Lo Shih remains, and I who am cast out of the family. The lao tai tai commanded Lo Shih that he, too, must end his life. He waits only his final duty, to bury them."

Peter sensed another element in the tragedy, some vengeance to be wreaked on the family that it would be idle for him to try to fathom, retribution paid by the entire clan. Sen Lo Shih, even Sen S Mo, perhaps, would not be safe in this city. To save them he'd have to send them away to another province. But first there were the dead to be buried.

"Where is the burial ground?"

"Reached by junk," said Sen S Mo, laconic now, after her sudden whispered outburst.

"A junk here to-morrow night," promised Peter.

"No," said Sen S Mo. "It is better that I arrange for the junk. This trusty man—"

But Peter brushed aside her explanations. The next night, under cover of darkness, Peter went again to the sordid room. How Sen S Mo had arranged it he did not know, nor did he ask. Sen Lo Shih, clothed in white sackcloth, knelt before his confined ancestors, no sign of emotion on his proud, thin features. Reserved, haughty, he followed the last coffin down the steps to a boat on the canal, took his place within it, kneeling again among his dead.

The junk knocked its way through the massed boats to the water gate, with Peter standing at its prow to allay suspicion. At dawn when the wicket was raised, the hooded boat, with its dead, slipped quietly out of the city.

"We shall need Fel I Sheng no longer," said Sen S Mo, when they had gone a little way.

"After the burial," commanded Peter, "thou and the boy are to come back to us. By that time I can arrange to send you to another city, another province. The boy would be safe in a school there?"

"Yes, honorable teacher. In seven days we shall return."

It was evening. The seven days had passed. Peter and Diana sat in his study. Would the sense of honor by which these people lived force Sen Lo Shih to the last step? Would the lao tai's com-

mand be stronger than any effort Sen S Mo could put forth? Sen S Mo, returning to her clan after so many years; Sen S Mo whom they now knew had defied the old matriarch. Sen S Mo, who called Diana sister, and yet had never told them that she belonged to the great Sen family. Neither had Wang Ma nor Scholar Wu ever betrayed the fact of Sen S Mo's relationship to the most illustrious Sens in the city. How could they tell what these people would do? How little they knew them. How could they know them?

Peter looked up. No knock at the door had announced them. There was no need. The doors to his study stood always open for the Chinese to come and go as they would. Sen S Mo stood there, marked with the indomitable will of the older women of her country, the heritage of matriarchs. Sen Lo Shih, clad in a common blue gown of the people, followed her, unresponsive, remote, negation written deep in his face, in the posture of his body.

This strange room woke in him consciousness. It offended him to stand in the house of the hated foreigner. Until now dulled by the catastrophe that had come upon him, he had been oblivious to all but his dead and his commitment to them. Now, startled, he saw the face of the foreign man. So had he seen it when as a child, aroused from stupor, something in that face had willed him to get well. Something in it now willed him to live.

"Sen S Mo, you must stay and rest," urged Diana, seeing how haggard her friend looked.

"It is better that we go immediately, my sister," Sen S Mo replied.

"You are too tired."

"Mei yu fatsu, it cannot be helped," said Sen S Mo.

Peter placed the money for the journey in her hand. "You are to go to the province of Hunan. Ask for the foreign I Sheng at the Mission there. Give him this letter."

Sen S Mo took the letter, carefully secreting it and the money in the breast of her black gown. Turning to Diana, she said, "My sister, we must go now."

The two went, silently as they had come. Peter and Diana sat for a long time looking at each other, saying nothing.

"Perhaps we ought not to have done it," said Diana at last. "Our own children—"

"But what else could we do?" Peter spoke with a little helplessness in his voice, adding, "And what am I to do at the hospital without Sen S Mo?"

PETER and Diana were to go on furlough in the spring. Peter sought in these months only to establish firmly what he had already done, against his absence.

November came. The travail of new birth was upon China. No longer would it be delayed. The Mission schools that Scholar Sen had so scornfully thought of as coolie schools had impregnated the nation with revolutionary thought: the equality of women, the rights of the common man. The youth trained in such schools were filled with the hope of government by the people coming to this land. There was talk of revolution. Antiquity sanctioned rebellion against an unrighteous monarch. Confucius sanctioned rebellion against those who no longer governed by virtue. As so often throughout the two thousand years of China's history, the people were about to exercise their prerogative—pull from the throne the Son of Heaven.

For two days fear had held the city tense. There were those who remembered the last



rebellion when the city had been razed to the ground. What would happen this time? The rich people fled. Great patriarchal families, men, wives, concubines, and children, stowed themselves away in junks, houseboats, and in compartments on the one train a day going to Shanghai. The poor hid behind shuttered shops.

All day the Mission compound had been tense with premonition of disaster.

Towards morning, Diana's third travail began, premature travail brought on by the effort of the day. Peter blamed himself that he had not saved her from the strain, but there had been no time to help her in the stress of his own work.

The child was born—tiny, perfect. All his energy was galvanised into saving the frail girl thrust into the world too early to make her own struggle. He loved her with a passionate love as he nestled her in his hands, holding her close to his own body for warmth. He felt himself in some mystic touch with creation—sharing with Diana his ecstasy, but not its pain.

At dawn, suddenly, Peter realised that the intermittent sounds of guns had ceased. He heard soft footfalls on the stairs. The gate-man came in to show a white band around his sleeve. "The government of the people has been born in the city," he announced proudly.

The nation was in the hands of the revolutionists. The Manchu dynasty, old and crumbling, under the pressure of intrigue and lust, had fallen away at a touch. Democracy, and without bloodshed. All Christendom applauded.

But the months following appeared to be a kind of aftermath of lethargy. The revolution so easily accomplished seemed waiting for something to give it vitality. Peter, like others, often wondered if it would live.

Change was already coming to the city when, in the last days of June, the Frasers left for America. The houses of the Manchu city, that little garrison of a vanquished conqueror, had been torn down and new government buildings built on the land. In Peking, in the Forbidden City of the Son of Heaven, the first president of China lived.

## PART TWO

"Is this China?"

"Why, yes, Pete, it's been China ever since we got off the ship yesterday," answered Diana.

The Frasers were standing in a little group on the station platform, waiting for the train which would take them back to their station.

"But," protested Pete, fixing accusing eyes on his mother, "you said China was beautiful."

"Just wait," answered his father. "You haven't seen it yet. Don't you remember it, Serena?"

"No," answered the little girl. "It was a long time ago."

"We were only in America a little over two years," said Diana. "Mei Mei was the only one who was a baby when we left." And she stooped over Mei Mei sitting in her lap and kissed the top of her head.

"Here's the train. I'll take Mei Mei. We'll have to hurry or all the seats will be full." Eagerly Peter led his family towards the third-class car, with all the urgency of his own anticipation. After two years, he was back in China, back at his work!

As the afternoon wore on the children grew restless. Serena and Pete, energetic after the way of American children, ran up and down the aisle of the train. The car-load of Chinese looked curiously at them.

Peter looked away to the hills, which now stood out along the horizon.

Suddenly the city wall reared itself out of the flat fields, bucked itself against the brilliance of the evening sky. The vines and gnarled trees growing from its outer face took shape. Then the train seemed to run straight into the wall's medieval strength. The windows darkened as in a tunnel. An instant more, and the station's lighted platform slid slowly past the windows.

They were on the platform trying to keep themselves and their luggage-odds from being forced apart in the jostling crowd. Through the turnstile Peter manoeuvred his family. Chair-men besieged them, also rickshaw men, new to the city since they had left, besieged them.

Darkness had come to the city. The men stooped, lighting brands of rushes. They turned into their own street. The shopmen came out, bowing the familiar bow, hands in sleeves. "The man with the Buddha heart has come back."

The gate of their compound swung to the touch of the head chair-man. High on the shoulders of the carrying-men, they rode through a lane of blue-clad friends. The torches swung high, lighted one face, then another. There stood the old shoemaker, Pastor Wang, in his long gown. There was Mei Ing Perkins, grown into a big girl of fourteen. There were a group of girls, Diana's old pupils; a countryman, a patient of Peter's, clutching his offering of a squawking chicken. There was Teacher Wu, and with him a middle-aged man. At the entrance to their house a group of white friends gathered, crowding about them as they entered.

Berger was pathetically glad to have them back. "The wife's in the hills," he said. "Wait for me to come and look at her, Fraser. She's not well." He lowered his voice, as Dr. Smith, who had taken Peter's place during his absence, joined them.

Teacher Wu came forward, introducing his son. "A teacher perhaps the great doctor can use for his children. The son of my unworthy self is gentle, and could teach the small hands to shape the ideographs."

"The son who, under the old regime, might now be a great official," thought Peter.

The guests had gone. As Diana rose, she saw Sen & Mo standing in the doorway. The aristocratic Sen & Mo, her placid lips, her calm black eyes unchanged, even when she bowed to Diana, saying, "We have come back, my sister. This is a new government."

Following Sen & Mo was a young man, Sen Lo Shih. Peter could never forget that face, so definitely had it been engraved on his mind on the night when the boy had knelt with his dead around him. The lad's face was hardly less tragic now than then in its profound melancholy.

In the days that followed, the whole family found themselves not a little homesick, whether for America or for old China. Diana and Peter were not quite certain. But Serena and small Pete knew. They missed America. That one precious year of school in America! Serena longed for the rows of little girls like herself and the fun. As for Pete, he was continually running away hunting for playmates, shaking his fists angrily at the compound wall which hemmed him in. He was indignant. He, a boy, forced to go to a girls' school, his mother's school for girls! He was too young to go to the boys' school, Diana thought.

The compound was very empty just now. The Bakers had had to go home for Mr. Baker's health, and Miss Dyer, the day after

their arrival had started on her itinerating—an ambitious trip this time. She would be gone three months. When Peter went up the mountain to see Mrs. Berger he found that she had tuberculosis, as Dr. Smith had said. He insisted that she spend the winter there. So there were no children for Serena and Pete.

THE attitude of the New China towards Western civilization was one of appreciation and admiration. At times Peter felt humbled and even frightened before the Chinese acceptance of the West. It was too close to worship, too blind an adoration. Once before Christendom had stood in such a place. In the seventeenth century the Jesuits had come, bringing their religion and the best scientific knowledge of Europe. They had helped in the adjustment of the calendar. They had brought greater accuracy in astronomical calculations. The Chinese scholars were deeply impressed then with the learning, devotion, and beautiful gentleness of the Fathers. They desired Christianity for their own country.

In this New China everyone wanted to study science. But the young students thought they could learn chemistry, physics and physiology by rote, as they had learned their Classics. Experimentation meant work with the hands. It departed from the traditions.

Berger had deferred to the boys in the matter of laboratory work. But for Peter, there was no science without experimentation. As he stood among the boys at the laboratory tables, conducting an experiment, he studied Sen Lo Shih among them. Fastidiously the boy handled the test tubes and bottles of chemicals with his delicate fingers. Something almost supercilious in his expression reminded Peter of Scholar Sen, his father. Peter passed in his demonstration. Lo Shih should know that science was worthy of the best minds. All the boys' black heads, including Sen Lo Shih's, were bowed over notebooks, meticulously writing down the experiment.

"Sen Lo Shih," said Peter, "are you simply going to accept what I say? Have you no questions, no doubts?"

Sen Lo Shih slowly raised his head, and for a moment Peter saw keen interest in the black eyes, before the face again took on superciliousness. A secret thrill shot through Peter. Had he wedged open the gate of speculation in Lo Shih's mind?

From then on he hardly noticed the other boys. Let them learn this science by rote, according to the old Chinese custom. Sen Lo Shih he would stir to the scientific attitude. "Perhaps I can make him a research worker," Peter said excitedly to himself.

In the days that followed, everyone seemed completely happy; the lonely mountain erased from the minds of the Bergers, who had returned home, homesickness for America from the minds of the Frasers.

Mrs. Berger seemed to gain rapidly. Berger felt justified in his judgment. He was glad they had defied Dr. Fraser, who had insisted on her staying in the mountains. Lying quietly in her bed, Mrs. Berger could hear her children and husband going about the house.

Diana's motherhood seemed a little in abeyance these days, a happy accompaniment to her union with Peter.

January and February had been sunny. In March the spring rains began. April, and still the grey sky. The weeping willows put forth their buds. The pear threw its white beauty against farmhouse and grey city wall. The rich black earth nur-



tured its third crop of the year. The rice in the seedling beds grew luxuriantly. The people of this fertile valley paid toll for the long, slow rains which gave life to the strong earth. Tuberculosis took its thousands.

The slow drip in the eaves told Jessie Berger, waking in the blackness before dawn, that another sunless day was before her. But some strange life filled her. She was going to get well, not leave the children and Bert. She could hear their quiet breathing if she held her own breath—that short, precious breath of hers.

Dawn had laid its grey light in the room when Berger was awakened by broken murmurings. "Jessie . . . fever," he said to himself. But when he touched her, her forehead and hands were cold. He brought blankets from his own bed, until she lay under a mound of them, but still her hands were cold. He was frightened. Her half-sentences had turned to incoherent mumblings. He went in where the children slept, waking Rose.

"Who's talking in such a funny way?" she asked, only half awake.

"It's your mother. Wake the children." She woke Timothy, and together they struggled with the clothing, the long stockings of the younger children. She led them into her mother's room. Frightened by the odd sound of their mother's voice, they hovered near Rose.

"Her feet!" Berger cried. "They are cold, too."

"I'll warm them, father," Rose chafed them, tried with her small warm hands to cover them. "Help me, brother," she begged Timothy. "My hands are too little."

Thus Peter, called by the servants, found them. But all his knowledge could avail no more than Rose's unskilled hands.

It was a sad and helpless household after Mrs. Berger's death. Rose tried to be mother to the younger children and to manage the household. Each morning she put on a long apron of her mother's and went to the kitchen to interview the cook.

"Ting Ta Shih Fu," she would say, sitting gravely upon a chair he solemnly placed for her, "in the absence of my mother, I will command thee."

But in spite of all the efforts of Rose and Ta Shih Fu, things did not go very well. Diana had wanted to take the Berger baby to her house, but that would leave the other children without an amah.

At last Berger decided he must take his family home to America. The Mission felt it was the only thing to do. He had no sooner decided, than he began to get ready.

The house seethed with activity. He must take all his curios with him. He'd pay back the money he had borrowed for his trip by the sale of them. Boxes stood about and baskets of rice hunk for packing. One vase, his most-valued piece, absolutely without doubt an authentic Ming, he told everyone, he packed and repacked for fear it might get broken. Finally he decided to carry it in his hand.

The day came for departure. The children stood in a little group on the verandah, waiting for their rickshaws to come. Rose and Serena were holding hands, whispering last farewells. Peter stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at Timothy, now and then winking back his tears. Berger came out, the vase wrapped in a ragged paper in his arms.

"Better let me tie that up for you," said Peter, who had just come over from the hospital.

"Never mind, I'll do," said Berger.

The rickshaw-men came through the gate, their voices raised in a hubbub of chatter. Amah sought to thrust the baby into Berger's arms.

"I've got to carry the vase," said Berger. "Give her to Rose."

"I've got the big incense burner," said the child. "You couldn't get it in the last box. You said I was to carry it."

"Give it to Timothy," commanded Berger. "Hurry—get into your rickshaw. Come, Rose. Come, Janie. Leonora, you get in with Timothy."

Rose leaned over the arm of her rickshaw, clasping Serena's hand.

"Good-bye," called out Pete in a loud tone. "See you some time in America, Ko Ko."

Berger, with his works of art and babies, disappeared from their sight.

The compound looked empty and deserted.

Diana, watching her children after the Bergers had gone, saw that Serena was not greatly unhappy without Rose. About her was something of the acceptance of the Chinese. Perhaps she had learned it from Wang Ma. But Pete could not be comforted for the loss of Timothy. He was like some bright instrument broken.

"He'll forget soon," said Peter. "Aren't there some little boys at the other Missions you could ask over, Diana?"

So Diana gave a party, asking the twelve white children of the city to an Easter egg rolling. Among the bamboos and in Mrs. Baker's rockery, Serena and Pete hid the eggs.

"See," said Peter. "He's forgotten already."

And Diana thought so, too, as she watched him among the children, bearing himself proudly at this, his first party, obligingly showing his guests where the eggs could be found.

IN the hundreds of years disease had stalked unchecked, the Chinese had developed certain immunities, built up special resistance; but the white man, with his precautions, had no such immunity. In the first processes of any betterment, man, about to step forward, for one dangerous moment stands between the primitive shelter of the past and the scientific shelter soon to be his. Life goes out quickly for the white man in the East.

Peter no longer had that fear he once felt for his family. He had been lulled into a sense of security that his skill was sufficient to keep harm from his own. He guarded his family against epidemics, watched that no infection should come to them through their food. He taught them the laws of sanitation and hygiene.

Spring was passing into summer. In a few weeks, as soon as Diana's school closed, she and the children would leave for the safety of the hills.

One hot, damp morning that presaged the Nei Tien, the "rain a little each day," Wang Ma called to him as he was about to go to the hospital. The old woman would not relinquish "her baby" long enough to come properly to him, but standing at the top of the stairs, the child in her arms, she hailed him. "Serene sick."

When he went up, he found Serena, beads of perspiration standing out on her forehead, moving restlessly in the old servant's embrace, first laying her head on Wang Ma's shoulder, then on her arm.

"Perhaps she is restless because she is so uncomfortable," thought Peter, although fear stabbed his heart, for restlessness was one of the symptoms of dysentery, and there was dysentery in the city. The child's

pulse was frequent, small and feeble—the typical pulse of dysentery. He questioned Wang Ma. Yes, beyond a doubt, dysentery.

"Why didn't you tell Fei S. Mo," he asked her, "before she left for the school?" The old woman did not answer him, holding the child closer to her.

Hastily he wrote Diana a note, telling her simply that Serena was not well. He did not want to worry Diana—it looked like a light case. "Give her to me," he said, "and take this chili to your mistress."

Now that he had Serena in bed, her restlessness was gone. Gently he drew a thin blanket over her, for even in this heat there was danger of a chill.

"Sen S. Mo, you'll have to take charge here," said Diana, when she received Peter's note. As she turned her desk over to Sen S. Mo, she realised how capable the Chinese lady had become. For the first time she saw Sen S. Mo as she really was—a woman of power and ability. She need not give the school another thought. She hurried home.

Diana would let no one else attend her sick child. That night she sat by Serena, gently replacing the blanket again and again, as the little girl, restless and in pain, threw it off. She rose often and went into the nursery, where Mei Mei and Pete slept. The room was still. She could vaguely distinguish the white masses of mosquito nets hanging from round hoops suspended from the ceiling. Quietly she stood by Pete's bed, Mei Mei's crib, peering anxiously through the veil of the nets, alert for any sign of sickness.

Towards morning, laying her head on the pillow beside Serena, she slept, lightly, one hand holding the blanket over the child. Suddenly she sat up. Pete was calling her. She hurried across the hall to reach him before he got out of bed, but he was already half-way across the room. In the grey early light, she saw him. He had caught up his nightgown in one hand. How he hated that nightgown, handed down from Serena! "Girl's stuff," he called it. He stood in the middle of the floor, the despised garment, girdled with a string, held high so that he could run.

"Mother, Ko Ko isn't here. Where's my Ko Ko?"

Diana caught him. He struggled. "Where is he?" After the old fashion, his violent little fists pounded the soft flesh of her thigh.

Diana's heart stood still. As she held him close, she felt the heat of his body. Pete sick, too!

"Peter!" she called, anguish in her voice. With one spring, Peter was out of bed.

In the morning, Diana gave Mei Mei into Wang Ma's care, but the old woman could not quite relinquish "her baby." Often she stood in the doorway, Mei Mei in her arms, looking anxiously towards the bed where Serena lay.

All the time Peter could spare from the hospital he helped Diana tend the sick children. He bathed them, lifted them for her, aghast when he saw how white their bodies were. They were depleted by the long winter without sun, the continuous diet of cooked food, not equipped for the hard fight with disease. Diana saw it, too. Had she given more time to them? Had she neglected them—left them too much to Wang Ma? With intolerable remorse she asked herself was it Peter's fault? Both of them too absorbed in work?

The days dragged on. Nothing Peter could do served to stay the disease. Day after day the fevered children tossed in a mild delirium, then shivered in a cold sweat.

At last Serena lay in a drowsy sleep; but there was no healing in that sleep. That



night she died, slipping away in spite of all Peter's skill and Diana's will to keep her. Together Diana and Peter laid out their first-born.

In the early dawn, Peter went down to the garden. The fierce heat had stripped it of flowers. He looked around. Surely there was something. Out by the front door, he came upon the Heavenly Bamboo in their blue pots. He picked the evergreen, delicate leaves. Going back upstairs, he laid them around Sylvia. As he stood with Diana looking down on her, he felt Diana sway. For one moment she leaned against him. Then she stood erect again. "Peter—"

Together they went back to fight for him.

Wang Ma stole into the room, dropped on her knees by the child, beating her head on the side of the bed.

"Try, Peter," said his father, calling on the child's will to help. "Try to get well."

"If I could see Ko Ko!" Peter threw himself forward. "Ko Ko!" he cried, then fell back. With one quick sweep of her hand, Diana ripped the mosquito net loose where it was tucked around the bed, threw it up over the frame above, reached for his hands, felt his forehead.

"Dear God!" she cried. "You cannot do this to me," and fell upon the body of her son, drawing him to her, seeking to give him life.

The net's white folds, caught over the frame above, slipped slowly down, falling in a cascade of whiteness around Diana and her son.

Out beyond the city in the Christian cemetery, in a fold of the hills, Diana and Peter laid their children, a cross at the head of each.

As they came back to the house, Diana turned sharply, crying, "I can't bear it!" Peter led her to the couch, his anxiety for her crowding out his own grief.

Diana made no mention of going back to the school. She seemed almost to have forgotten it.

Peter grew more and more anxious. Diana had a low grade of dysentery, dangerous only if depleted as she was by the hard work of nursing, she was further depleted by despair. He would think her cured, and then some special anxiety over Mei Mei, a little profusion of conflict, and she would be ill for a day. Finally, she had an attack a little more severe than the others. When she roused, Peter went back, Mei Mei and Diana to the bedside.

**T**HE summer seemed unbearable to Peter. The sun beat down on the white walls of the hospital; his consulting-room was stifling. He had to will his feet to take the two steps up to the surgical wing, the three steps down to the passageway that led to the women's building.

One evening he stayed longer than usual watching the hills fade into the night. In this dark and bitter hour, he grieved. And then, with startling vividness, out of some closed chamber of his mind, Stella stepped forth, as he had last seen her, surging up through the suffering in her eyes, something she knew but could not communicate. He turned wearily home. The barrenness of grief settled over his work.

Miss Dyer was staying in the city this summer conducting a short-term class for country women. She and Peter were the only foreigners in the compound. Her starchy, hard facing of facts made her im-

patient with his listless inattention. "Exaggerating his trouble, as if no one else in the world had ever had any. He'll soon be like a lot of other missionaries—infectious, the kind foreign business men say can't succeed out in the world," she thought wrathfully to herself.

What he needed first was plenty of real food to fill out that lean frame of his. Miss Dyer liked good food herself, believed in had spiritual substance. Starving himself since his wife had gone away to the seaside, not keeping Wang Ma up to the mark! Wang Ma was sulking over something—mad, probably, because she hadn't been taken along to care for Mei Mei. It was time somebody took Fraser and his household in hand.

Walking solidly in her flat-soled shoes, she opened the closed door without knocking and stepped into Peter's office.

He jumped from his chair, startled. "What do you want?" he asked harshly.

About as she'd suspected. Evidently had his head on his desk, doing nothing. "I came to say you're having your meals with the after this. I've sent Wang Ma off to her own village for a rest. The Chinese haven't got much stamina—three children, the cooking, and no one much to help her—on her feet all day—she's tired out. Lunch is at twelve. Don't be late."

Peter winced at the mention of his children, and then anger flared and flamed within him. What right had this Dyer woman to interfere with his personal affairs?

Stout, middle-aged Miss Dyer looked with satisfaction at the angry man. "Don't forget—twelve o'clock," she said, and went out.

From each well-prepared meal Peter came away stronger and seething with opposition to her narrow views. He went to sleep at night vowing he'd never go to her house again; he woke with new arguments in his mind with which to combat her.

"Why don't you go in for research?" she said to him one evening. "Do something that will get you somewhere? Find out the causes of some of these Oriental diseases instead of using yourself up and dying before your time, like Dr. Buchanan, trying to cure each poor devil after he gets sick! You're smart enough to get to the bottom of things."

In spite of his old distaste for what he felt were glib words, he was buoyed up by an idea Miss Dyer had given him. Why fuss along with this study of opium? Had he stumbled into that danger to the scientist—the meticulous recording of data to no creative purpose? His old ambition came back. Research—he believed at last he had his opportunity to do an organized piece of work. Another doctor was taking over the hospital for a month, while he went on his vacation.

He'd use the time to start his research on a parasitic disease of which he had always had scattering cases, but of which there had been more and more as the fame of his hospital spread and patients had begun coming to him from the canal district to the west. The disease was caused by an intestinal fluke. A cure was known, but more often than not, the patients returned reinforced. No drug had been discovered that could safely be distributed among the people. And no one had learned how man became infected.

Since early in the nineteenth century European doctors had been interested in intestinal flukes. Some forty years ago a fluke which infested sheep had been studied and its life cycle recorded; snails

had been found to be the intermediary hosts of the parasite.

"It's quite possible," Peter said to himself, "that snails are the hosts for this fluke, also."

He would go to the canal district from which all of his cases came, and see if he could get some clue to the problem. At least it would be a start to research on one major disease of China.

Two weeks later he hired a boat and started out. It was hot in the low junk. The sun beat down on the rounded matting top, and from a thousand wet rice paddies moisture rose, sucked up by the sun. Between earth and sky hung a greasy mist which wrapped its tenuous folds about the valley. Men naked to the waist worked with slow, languorous movements in the paddies, weeding the rice or stretched themselves on benches in a narrow bit of shade under the eaves of their houses.

For two weeks Peter pushed his little boat up this canal and that, staying a night here and there with old patients. Now again, as in his first experience with this people, the drab veil of poverty parted for him. An ancient and beautiful culture showed its still-flickering life. No matter how poor the little hovels, the courtesy of the gentleman was there.

**A**S he went through the villages of this rice-farming district, he was appalled to see the extent of the parasitic disease he had come to investigate.

He had only one clue—snails. Did snails carry the infection to human beings? If so, how did the parasite get from snail to human food? It was safe to suppose that some food grew in the same environment in which the snails flourished. There were the water nuts, of course. But people in the city ate water nuts, and rarely did he have a case among them.

Day after day he went from canal to canal, studying all growing things. One day his boatman took him along a canal fed by fresh water from a river. Peter found the people in this area well and vigorous. Whatever carried the disease probably did not live in clean water. There must be some connection between the disease and stagnant canals.

At last he came to a small city where everyone bore sign of the disease. He decided to make his study here. That night he anchored his junk on the edge of the city, hoping not to attract quite so much attention as he would in the thickly packed centre.

The next morning, he sought native wooden tubs, hired a countryman to help him—an old patient of his who lived nearby—and set to work to drag the canal with a net.

"As Fei I Sheng wishes," the peasant said, when Peter explained to him why he wanted the canal dragged. But he thought to himself, "The disease is in the stomach, not in the canal. Fei I Sheng has medicine to eat. But if the I Sheng wishes it—"

Gratitude to the doctor made him loyal even to this silly activity.

Into the peasant's net came small fishes, more than one kind of snail, and the broken stems of water plants. Peter wanted their roots. This canal was too deep to reach down and pull them loose.

On the last day before Peter had to go back, the peasant Pu took him to one of his own catnip ponds. Water chestnuts and catnip were ripe at this season.

"Snails destroy my plants," mourned Pu, and he brought Peter one of the fleshy



stalks of the water chestnut, showing him where the snail had tunneled it.

"Umph!" said Peter, and he grew excited. Here were snails, and here were foods eaten by the people. If he could only find out the connection! He felt sure there was a connection.

As the junk moved slowly along the canal, taking him back to the city, Peter studied his problem. Had he got all the plants? Had he got the right ones? Had he got every kind of snail that lived in this region?

He must have someone to assist him. With the hospital work, it would be impossible otherwise to keep the continuity of the experiment. One of the nurses? They were all too busy. There was Sen Lo Shih. He remembered that look of interest in his eyes. Until the school opened, he might be willing to help. He was living in the boys' dormitory this summer.

ON the still canal Peter had had no inkling that Christendom had gone to war. But news of it had reached the city. Sen Lo Shih and his young countrymen, so ardently trying to copy the West, knew it. They who had found it difficult to enter into the age of machine civilization which changed so radically their habits now took shelter against this aggressive life, despising Christendom for its manifestation of violence. The inferiority they had felt before the West's knowledge of science was suddenly changed to superiority. Christendom, taking on such heroic proportions in the East, had pulled itself from its pedestal.

As soon as Peter was back the tides of sick threatened again to immerse him. He hardly had time to get his specimens into proper receptacles. As for an artificial pond, for several days he had not time even to see a mason about it.

It was not until the end of the first week that he found an opportunity to hunt up Sen Lo Shih. The boys' school looked entirely empty, every window shuttered. Evidently Lo Shih was not here. Disappointed, Peter was about to turn away when he noticed a blind on an upstairs window slightly ajar. He tried the door and found it unlocked. Sitting by a table in his room in the empty dormitory, reading a Chinese newspaper, was Lo Shih.

Now that he was here Peter felt doubtful about asking the young man. As he rose to greet Peter, despite his ordinary dress, he appeared elegant and fastidious, the typical Chinese gentleman, about him the aloof dignity of his father.

"I should have gone first and seen Sen Shih. She might have persuaded him," thought Peter. But his great need crowded out his hesitancy. "Sen Lo Shih," he said, "I have come to you for help. I am trying an experiment in my laboratory which I cannot carry on alone. I'd like to show you what I am trying to do, if you would come over to the hospital with me."

Together they walked across the compound, Peter tall, propelled forward rapidly by his great objective, Sen Lo Shih, short and slender, walking with the composure of the traditional Chinese scholar, able in his heart to-day to despise as a barbarian this man who had twice willed him to live. Uncontrolled, aggressive Christendom. Uncontrolled, this ungainly man, who strode forward without quiescence.

"You see," said Peter, showing him his rows of native clay pots.

Patiently, without show of interest, Sen listened to him, looked at snails and plants. How break through this indifference to the

speculative mind which Peter believed he possessed? Turning impulsively to his microscope, where under a glass slide he had fixed a tiny snail from a caltrop field, he said, "Look, Sen Lo Shih. This snail is lowly, but I believe he carries a disease which poisons and kills many of your people."

Sen Lo Shih politely took his place before the microscope. He saw this almost infinitesimal snail. The interest which all Chinese had in the Ten Thousand Things of the universe gave him interest in this snail for its own sake. The snail, confined thus, in the effort to escape came forth from its shell, displaying head, neck, foot, and tentacles. The snail, transparent as glass, could be seen breathing—life going on in it.

So, thought Sen Lo Shih, had his father regarded the pine tree, studying its significance hour after hour. "It is beautiful," he said, raising his head from the microscope. "It would give me pleasure to record the significance of the snail." He bowed, his hands folded within his sleeves.

As day after day he slipped the slides under the microscope, observing and recording every movement of the snail in hours of silent concentration, Lo Shih began to see science as learning.

And now that he saw science as learning, he began to give to Peter the traditional respect due to a teacher. Gradually a new and strange emotion took shape in his heart—the relationship of pupil to teacher, one of etiquette and respect, changed to something warmer. Dimly he perceived some greatness in this doctor. He brought to him one day a present—the curved mace so much coveted as the mark of the official under the old regime.

"My father's," said the young man proudly. "I should like the honorable teacher to have it."

THAT October, doctors of China gathered in Shanghai. They came from every province, every mission—German, French, English, American, and Chinese—for the conference of the Medical Missionary Association.

It was a journey of double interest for Peter. By waiting a day or two after the sessions were over, he could meet Diana and Mei Mei, returning from the northern seaside resort. In the back of his mind through the days of the conference hovered romance. Diana was coming home. Each morning he felt alive to his finger-tips as he walked into the great hall.

At the last morning's session, a young Chinese doctor read a paper on the plague epidemic which had occurred in the north, three years ago. Peter saw that the "new medicine," as China called western medicine, had then, for the first time, lost its isolated foreign entity. East and West had worked together. Both had sacrificed life in the effort to learn the cause of the plague.

There had been such acceptance of western scientific methods, that the Manchu Government had actually sanctioned the burning of the dead in order to stop the spread of the plague. The important dead!

And yet, at present, no Chinese student could get any first-hand knowledge of the human body unless he went away to study. It offended deep instinct in the Chinese deliberately to dissect the dead—the important dead!

Vivisection, also, was denied to the Chinese because of the Buddhist belief. Who knew when in the Karma wheel a man's spirit might enter the body of an animal?

"But, after all," reflected Peter, "was this so different from what took place in Europe a century ago?"

The day of Diana's return had come. The countess ship was due any time. Peter and his friend, Dr. Smith, walked together on the Bund, watching the hands of the clock in the Customs' tower creep slowly around from two to three.

"The conference certainly showed we're making progress," Dr. Smith broke into Peter's musings.

"When I think of my own station and the vast territory my hospital still has to serve—" Peter paused, at a loss for words to express just what he did think.

"Yes, I know," said the other. "Medicine hasn't yet taken root in China. It won't, until China supports her own hospitals. Look," he added. A Chinese coolie, passing the bank, reached up and touched the paw of one of the bronze lions flanking the entrance. "That's still the Chinese idea of medicine—strength from the lion's paw."

"But that's just superstition, such as we all have—like walking under a ladder," said Peter.

"True. But when one of my Chinese doctors, trained in America, was sick recently, he went to a native doctor."

"Sometimes I find their remedies good," answered Peter. "They're careful observers. Didn't you hear the paper read at the convention on their remedies?"

"To change to western medicine," Dr. Smith went on, ignoring Peter's remark, "means the uprooting of the whole structure of Chinese thought. Medicine, like everything else with them, is rooted in some queer creative notion."

The black, red-funnelled steamer made its way through the jumble of junks and sampans. Peter's heart leaped when he saw his wife and child standing at the deck-rail. Health in their faces and both beautiful, he thought. Diana was wearing the shade of blue he liked best, that clear blue which set off her hair and skin. "Because I like it," he thought delightedly.

The gang-plank was in place. Peter, his friend just behind, struggled through the mass of coolies. At last he was on the main deck, very near Diana now. He could see the lovely tan of her skin. It gave an odd effect—her skin darker than her hair—but it gave her distinction, too. Then suddenly he could not see her clearly. His vision blurred.

Diana noticed his eyes fill with tears and his mouth work strangely. He had not cried over the death of his children. For her alone, it seemed, he wept. She answered his kiss with her own.

In the midst of the delight of that kiss of reunion, Peter was aware of someone hugging his knees. He looked down into the brown eyes of Mei Mei.

FOR Peter, the days after he and Diana returned to the station were days of strain. Diana seemed to want something he could not give, did not know how to give. She would rarely let Mei Mei out of her sight, but she seemed to get no pleasure in her care of the child. Sometimes he thought she resented that he did not help her more, and yet he felt, too, that she did not want his help. Entering the house one afternoon, he heard their voices, and detecting a high thin quality in his wife's, went to the nursery door, wishing he knew whether she would like him to take Mei Mei away and let her rest. "Let me play with her, dear. You're tired," he ventured at last, and picking up the child he bore her away on his shoulder.

Diana could hear them talking together as they went down the stairs. At each step



there was a jarring of her husband's voice, an expulsion of his breath because of his burden.

At last she got up, went down to the kitchen. "Is the water ready, Wang Ma?"

Wang Ma, silent and a little sullen, brought the steaming kettle. Diana dipped her knife in it, then cut a slice of bread from the loaf the old servant placed before her.

"I'd better cut another," she said to herself. "The knife's been in boiling water—it's safe, but some germs might be on the outside slice of bread." She cut the second slice. As it fell away from the loaf, it lay face down on the bread-board. "I forgot about the bread-board," she thought. "I didn't wash it. I'd better cut another."

Mei Mei's tray was almost set when Peter came in, the child dancing at his side. With alacrity she ran across the room to Wang Ma.

The native woman lifted her in her arms, murmuring, "Missie precious you, but Wang Ma precious you, too."

"Couldn't Wang Ma do that?" Peter asked gently.

Diana flushed. She had sought to hide from him her devouring fear that disease would again get under his guard and take Mei Mei as it had Serena and Peter. She would trust no one but herself.

**A**UTUMN changed into winter. One evening, as it had been for many evenings, Diana talked to Peter of the coming opportunity for the up-to-date doctor. She was saying for the hundredth time, it seemed to him, "You must show them, you must advertise yourself. Show them what a good doctor you are." It was late, but she would not leave the delicate dress she was embroidering for Mei Mei.

As he waited for her to finish her work, Peter went over again and again his disappointment over the failure of his experiment. The weather had turned unusually cold last evening and he, busy with the sudden influx of sick, had forgotten to caution the night coolie about the fire in his laboratory. The water had frozen and killed the snails. Sen Lo Shih had brought him word only a little while ago.

"Peter," Diana said a little sharply. "You didn't answer me."

"I . . . I was thinking of my experiment. It has failed."

"Perhaps it's just as well, Peter. You work too hard."

For a moment Peter hardly comprehended what she had said. Never before had she failed to reinforce him with hope in times of discouragement.

It was the seventh anniversary of the New Order in China. Had Lo Shih's father been alive he would have felt his prophecy was coming true. Horses of government, no longer trained, were riding on the wind. Ignorant war lords, aggressive and greedy, were springing up here and there, fighting for power and money.

The compound bustled with enterprise. The Bakers were back from furlough and Berger had returned from his short leave of absence with a young and pretty wife. He had left his children in America. At last there was a foreign nurse to fill Stella's place in the hospital.

With the new interest in women's education, Diana's school had outgrown its original quarters. The old native building was now used entirely for the day pupils. During the summer, a fine dormitory in the foreign style had been erected for the girls who came from a distance.

Sen S Mo was very proud of the new

building, with its glass windows, the foreign beds, the foreign desks in the class-rooms, the dining-room with its many shining square tables and benches. She was more than matron in this school of a hundred girls. Gradually she had assumed one responsibility after another which Diana let drop in her need to be with Mei Mei.

In these two years since the death of Peter, hope and disappointment had been Diana's alternate portion.

The night of the Eighth Moon Festival, they stood together by the window, the moon's radiance streaming down upon them. Her head lay against his shoulder. He put his hand under her chin, turning her face towards him.

"Diana, surely as long as we have each other, nothing else really matters." He looked deep into her eyes. "You have Mei Mei and me," he ventured.

"You seem very certain that I can keep Mei Mei." Nervous and unstrung, she turned upon Peter. "It's I who have to see that Mei Mei isn't allowed to run the chances that the others ran. I can't do it any longer," she added, sobbing threateningly to stop her speech. "I can't guard her every minute. There's only one way to keep her, and that's to take her to America."

"You'd leave her with your mother?" asked Peter, trying to hold his own voice steady. Anger and hurt mingled within him. So she thought he had been careless about the children!

"No," answered Diana. "She needs me. I shall stay with her."

"That means we'll be separated for three years."

"Others have done it."

"I thought . . . once you said . . . once I promised I wouldn't let our marriage interfere with your work."

"The Mission doesn't own me. Does anything count," she demanded, "where Mei Mei's concerned?"

In that moment her desire to take Mei Mei to America which she had not really decided upon because the welfare of Mei Mei conflicted with the welfare of Peter, became a decision. She chose the welfare of Mei Mei.

It was January before Diana completed preparations for America. Peter had gone with them on the launch to the great ship anchored at the mouth of the Woosung River. The little extra journey postponed the parting another hour. But it had to come. It had come. The launch was putting out from the steamer's side. He could see Mei Mei leaning over the rail, looking down, searching for him, and Diana just above her waving good-bye.

**T**HE going of Diana and Mei Mei was felt by the whole compound. Sen Lo Shih missed the companionship of Mei Mei. Mei Ing Perkins felt orphaned indeed. For all those years she had gone in and out of the doctor's house at will. Never had the relationship between Diana and her been severed. Had Diana not had children, she would have loved Mei Ing as her own.

The Mission had given Berger's young wife charge of the girl's school. For two years Sen S Mo had been mistress of the school, but no one had acknowledged her as such. A Chinese in power! Sen S Mo accepted, with her usual serenity, the relegation of herself to the inferior position, although Mrs. Berger was little more than a girl and new to the ways of China.

Now that her friend whom she called sister had gone, Sen S Mo felt more and more bewildered with the ways of this western life. An old desire took shape in her mind—a pilgrimage, a long pilgrimage. Never had

she entirely freed herself from the compelling demands of Buddhism. Now, without the solace of her friend, she sought its solace.

Sen S Mo went quietly away in the night, closing the gate of the Mission compound behind her without regret, now that her friend was no longer there.

The next morning Mrs. Berger found an offering of flowers on her desk and a note saying that Sen S Mo had been called away on affairs of the family and could not again come to the school. Mrs. Berger was thankful, for she had made up her mind that Sen S Mo must go. She believed that Diana had spoiled her.

**A**S the boys' school building was full and Peter's house was so empty, he suggested to Lo Shih that he occupy one of the unused rooms. At first, except when they were at work together, Peter scarcely realised the young Chinese was in the house, he came and went so unobtrusively. Often Peter wished he would hang about like an American boy, as Pete would surely have done. Run up the stairs, slam doors. Drop his shoes. The house seemed as empty as before Lo Shih's coming. And then Peter forgot to make comparison in his growing awareness of the intricate personality of the Chinese boy.

The next year, at the winter recess, Lo Shih graduated from the boys' school with high honors, first in his class in the Chinese Classics and foreign science. Peter was proud of him, but he regretted that in the last months his pupil had been too busy to work in the laboratory, nor had he had much time for his medical studies.

Peter asked him if he would like to come into the hospital as his assistant, helping him in the surgical wing, thus learning something of surgery. The rest of his time he was to devote himself to research.

Lo Shih was honored, and accepted.

As the weeks went by, the relationship between teacher and pupil deepened. Their evenings together, when Peter often sought knowledge of Chinese thought instead of always trying to force his own upon his pupil, Lo Shih's growing interest in Western thought brought increasing confidence in each other. The experimental work in the laboratory knit them together in shared hopes and disappointments.

Painstaking, each day they took the ova from bowl after bowl, examining them under the microscope. They could discover no signs of incubation. Day after day they varied the temperatures, keeping records.

One grey January day, when Peter came into the low-ceilinged room, he found Lo Shih, a candle in one hand, leaning over the microscope.

"What is it?" exclaimed Peter.

For a little, Lo Shih did not answer. At last he raised his head. "I thought to-day as I watched that perhaps we should not have taken the tiny egg out of its home in the water. I add like this a little water." With delicate, fine touch, he let fall from the tip of his finger a drop of water on the slide. "It seems good this way. Will the honored teacher look? It is very beautiful."

Peter looked. He saw the dead, inert substance stirring, dividing into two masses. He was excited. "What's the temperature, Lo Shih, of this water? We've got to keep it at this temperature. We'll have to watch it day and night."

For a few days, they took turns at the laboratory throughout the twenty-four hours.

As the weeks went by and the experiment demanded more and more of him, Lo Shih shaped himself to the discipline of



the scientist. He felt a rhythmic harmony with nature's ordered ways. He had never before subjected himself to routine.

And again, one day, he saw the inert mass moving, forming into two separate oily masses.

When Peter came into the laboratory, he found all Lo Shih's placid reserve shaken by his discovery.

"Honored teacher, look. The microscope . . . do you see the tiny things seeking a new form?"

Eagerly they watched, their brains working together as one. Again they took turns in the laboratory day and night. Slowly the two oily masses moved about the tiny embryo. It was Sen Lo Shih, in his careful watching, who discovered what appeared like a tiny trap-door at one end of the ova. Was this where the new life would come forth—this tiny new life forming in the egg? Careful, beautiful pictures Lo Shih drew of what he saw through the microscope.

Slowly, with little jerks, the embryo began to move towards the trap-door, blocked by what seemed to be a plug. The plug lessened in size. An infinitesimal tube appeared to be forming in it.

Peter and Lo Shih hovered over the microscope. Would the trap-door open? Would a live organism emerge into the water?

Suddenly, the experiment, going so beautifully, came to an abrupt end. The egg was again inert. In a few days, it spoiled. They must begin over again. But now everything seemed to fail. They could not again bring the experiment even to this stage. The excitement passed.

A HUMBLE patient who had the sickness that caused spitting of blood, so well known among Chinese of all classes—Dr. Fraser called it "tuberculosis"—had been sent to the new Mission sanatorium out in the hills beyond the city. Quite suddenly the man developed appendicitis.

"We'll have to operate," Peter said, as he talked the case over with Lo Shih. "But it'll be difficult because of the condition of his lungs. I'll have to work very fast. We can't keep him under ether long."

Sen Lo Shih was assisting at all operations now. He had even given the anaesthetic in certain easy cases, when Miss Powell, the white nurse, was unusually busy. But he liked better to do as he was doing to-day—hand Dr. Fraser the instruments. Then he could give his full attention to the technique of the operation. The swiftness and certainty with which the doctor cut reminded him of his father's vigorous brush strokes. He coveted such mastery of hand. He thought of surgery as an art. To-day he especially admired Peter's lightning swiftness.

The operation was nearly completed. There was a little gasp from Miss Powell. Dr. Fraser gave one quick glance, leaned down, placed his lips against the patient's, forcing his own breath into his lungs. Soon the man was breathing again. Peter went on with his work.

Lo Shih was aghast. Over and over Dr. Fraser had impressed upon him that to "eat" the breath of a person who had this sickness was to eat the sickness. Had this careful scientist committed that carelessness which he so sternly preached against?

After the operation, following his usual habit, Peter took Lo Shih into his office, discussing the case with him. "In a properly-equipped hospital there would have been a pulmonologist. In this case, it was necessary for me to act in that capacity."

A new vista opened before Sen Lo Shih.

Dr. Fraser had risked his own life for this humble man, to whom he had no responsibility except as doctor to patient.

A few evenings later, just before Lo Shih left the house for the laboratory, he came into Peter's study, sitting silently by the desk.

"Is there something you wish to ask me?" asked Peter.

"I would like to accept the teachings of Christ," answered Lo Shih.

"It is not often that a Confucianist, trained as you have been to the Confucian doctrines, turns away from them to Christianity," said Peter, a little astonished.

Lo Shih had been sitting with his legs crossed, the skirt of his gown caught over one knee. His hands were behind his head, a pose he had acquired from Peter. At Peter's words, he sat up straight. "I am still a Confucianist. I simply go a little farther along the hidden way." That Peter had shown him that way, he did not mention.

As the year drew to its close, both of them came to think of little else but Sen Lo Shih's future. Both realised that what he needed now was to go to a well-equipped medical school.

One day in the very late spring, Lo Shih said quite simply, "It seems to me wise, if I am to become a good surgeon, that I study in America. Would my teacher and friend lend me the money?"

It was a hard thing for Peter to refuse. He had to tell Lo Shih that he had no money.

For a Chinese gentleman, Lo Shih was almost hasty in his reply. Eagerly he urged Peter to think no more of the matter. "There is a relative of my father who wishes to give me the money. Please, it is not important." He wanted to relieve Peter of the embarrassment of his failure to understand the Confucian relationship of teacher to pupil. The Superior Man would have considered it a high honor to be given the opportunity to help a scholar, even if it were necessary to borrow the money.

Lo Shih did not tell Peter what obligation the loan of the money from his uncle carried—that his uncle had no children, wanted to arrange a marriage for him in order to perpetuate the family. This Lo Shih accepted. The tradition of his race to preserve the harmony of the yin and yang was strong within him. Man bowed to the mysterious forces of life and death, flowing and ebbing, making the universe.

THROUGH all these months that Peter had worked with Sen Lo Shih in the laboratory, in spite of almost negligible progress with the experiment, he had never doubted his final success. But now, without the stimulus of Lo Shih's mind and the actual help he gave, Peter began to wonder if he were not attempting the impossible. He hadn't sufficient time. But even more, he was realising he lacked the proper equipment for scientific research. He could not afford a micrographic camera to record the steps of his experiment. He needed a thermostat for accurate temperature control.

He was lonely, too. He seemed to have no vital touch with any human being.

The day was very hot. The Great Heat had begun. Peter was half across the city on his way to the tuberculosis sanatorium when he remembered he had not brought money to pay the attendant. He was near the office of the Great American Oil Company. The oil company often cashed cheques

for the missionaries of the city, but the traditional antagonism between business and Missions had kept Peter from asking this favor. To-day, he decided, he'd take advantage of their courtesy. It was too hot to go back.

As he turned into the Great Street where the office building stood, he was thinking what a strange relationship Missions had to American business—at once despised by it and made its expression. The business men openly said that they had little use for Missions, and yet men who had made their fortunes in these very businesses were putting large sums into Mission undertakings such as the centralised hospitals Diana had been anxious for him to enter. Was it an effort to transcend the material world they lived in, or to regiment the spirit to business enterprise? Peter, with his continual struggle to free himself from the sterility of form, was apprehensive.

He was ushered into the manager's office. Behind a flat-topped desk, swept clean of papers except for one sheet on which he seemed to be doing some figuring, sat a neat, very businesslike American.

"Well, what can I do for you?" the man asked. His brown eyes seemed to be taking Peter in from head to foot. The doctor felt awkward, standing there under such keen scrutiny. He stated his errand, feeling the man wished him to waste no time.

"Gladly, Dr. Fraser. But won't you sit down, if you're not in too much of a hurry? My name's Chase—Stephen Chase. I've heard of you often in the city. I owe a lot to your profession." He liked this lean, tall doctor, with his sensitive face.

Peter sat down. A warm sense of companionship came over him at this disarming friendliness.

"I lived in Manchuria a long time, but I've recently come from the Upper Yangtze. Do you know that part of the country?"

"No," said Peter. "I've always lived here."

"I've heard about your work," said Stephen. "I've heard you did a good deal in cleaning up opium in this province."

"Yes, we've got it under control here."

"The sad thing about it is," said the other, "it's creeping in again. On the upper river, it's bad. The war lords find it's the best crop for their use—easily transported, brings the highest returns. Why, I've seen a hundred men at a time trekking it across country under military escort. My adviser up there, a man named Ho, says the back country is full of it."

"Just what do you think that will mean?"

A return to the old conditions?" asked Peter.

"It's a bad combination—the war lords

are greedy, the people submissive."

Peter went away disturbed over the prospect, but stimulated, too, by the contact with this man of other experience. He had liked his social outlook.

So had begun a friendship between the two. Although never going beyond the office, it steadily deepened. Peter often stopped for a half-hour's chat with this countryman of his, who accepted him so naturally. They talked a good deal about the Chinese. Each appreciated the other's deep knowledge of this alien race. Each profited by checking his knowledge against that of another good observer. Chase spoke often of the man named Ho he knew up-river. Peter spoke often of Sen Lo Shih.

Slowly Peter was coming to the conclusion that if he were to learn how the fuke infested human beings, he must make his research in America, where he could have a properly equipped laboratory. In such a laboratory, he felt certain he could complete the scientific data, give his knowledge of this disease not only to China, but to the world. The problem was to get



the ova to such a laboratory. He could not take a sick Chinese to America—but he himself could enter sick.

Summer passed into autumn and then winter. During his vacation, Peter had gone to the canal area and again collected snails. He'd make one more effort. For the careful incubation of the ova, he had no time, but he could study the snails. He might find the organism there, and he might yet learn how the disease was transmitted. Doggedly, he set to work.

One morning he rose early. Not wishing to arouse Wang Ma, he made himself a cup of coffee over a native charcoal stove he had in his laboratory. He would put in a quiet hour of work before the hospital awoke for the day. Skillfully he took one of the tiny snails brought from a caltrop field, mounted it on a slide, slipped it into place under the microscope and started to focus the lens. The lens was broken.

No one knew how it had happened. The oodle who cleaned the room declared he had not touched it. Well, it didn't matter how it had happened. It was broken. He couldn't afford a new one.

He kept seeing in his mind the laboratory at his old school—its efficient equipment. And again that thought, that he might carry the disease in his own body. Strange, that no one knew how to keep a man from being infected, and yet easy to infect himself with the live flukes.

Not so dangerous a thing that he need hesitate. There was practically no chance of death. But how great would be the ravages on his system he could not say. Recovery varied greatly with the individual. Some were never really well, once infected, even though the parasite were eliminated. All afterwards, seemed more vulnerable to other diseases. A fit body had always been a passion with Peter, and through all the years of working with disease, he had kept his original feeling that disease was unclean. He had already run the chance of tuberculosis in that unpremeditated act in the hospital. Deliberately to bring disease into his body—it was from this he drew back. He should not draw back. Other physicians had done far more heroic acts to trace disease even accepting death.

What was his responsibility to Diana? That he should consult her about this step, he did not consider necessary, as once he would have. Love for her had come to mean care for her—no longer a sharing of his thoughts and problems. He ought to arrange an insurance. How should he do it?

He thought of his friend, Chase. He would know the business end. He sought him out in his office, taking a cheque as a pretext for his visit. But he realised when he got there that it was going to be difficult telling Chase what he had come to tell.

"There's a business matter I'd like to discuss with you," he began.

"Yes?" said Chase.

"It's a question of insurance, something more than the Mission gives in the way of protection. What would you advise?"

"Insurance is high for any man in this country," answered Chase. "At best a man out here is considered a good deal of risk. For a man past thirty, it's almost prohibitive."

"How much?" asked Peter. He gasped at the figure Chase named.

"Of course," added Chase, "you're very fit. Anyone can see that. That would lower the rate. I'll see what I can do for you."

"I've a friend in the business. I'll let you know when I've talked to him. He'll come and see you . . . examination, and so on, you know."

Two weeks later the policy was signed.

The time of Peter's going to America was only a few days away. He had gone early to his laboratory. Through all the years of his life he had sought to know God. He never had, except as he had seen Him revealed through other human beings. At times, when he had been with Stella, he had felt close to some revelation. He bowed his head on the laboratory table. The familiar cries of the city came up to him.

More vividly than he had ever seen them in life, he saw the men, women and children of China, depleted by this parasite. The youth of China, with flat chests, thin narrow shoulders. He saw the struggle that lay ahead of these boys and girls.

He reached out his hand, took the cup standing on the table, and drank what he had prepared for himself. He could not fail to be infected.

Man turns away from a secret act. Even when it is wholly good, some sense of guilt goes with it. Peter was drawn as if by a magnet back to Chase. This time he found himself confiding in him. Was it because Chase seemed so entirely apart from his own life?

"But you shouldn't have taken out insurance without explaining," Chase exclaimed impetuously, when Peter had finished.

"You mean . . . you think . . . but I couldn't tell them this. No one in the world knows it. It's . . . it's my own private business."

"You've told me."

"You're the only one."

Stephen Chase felt an odd tightening in his throat. Here again was friendship, and into his mind came the memory of his friend Ho. He remembered that first drawing together in friendship, and Ho's remark, "You think of business; we think of relationship." Two standards pulling at him. It was essential that he save for this idealist his self-respect.

"I'm sorry I spoke so hastily," he said. "I was looking at it as a business man would. You've looked at it as well, as an idealist would. And perhaps you're right. It's not a thing to tell just anyone. It's quite your own business, as you say."

Chase felt oddly humble before this man, and yet he continued to be a little shocked at his business ethics. The next week, he took out a policy for himself, to average the risk.

"Strange act on my part," Stephen said to himself. "However, very Chinese . . . the way they would settle an insult, I'm settling an obligation. But neither the friend nor the insurance company knows about it." He smiled to himself.

PETER was coming home. Diana woke each morning with some dim remembrance that all through the night, deep within her, a substratum of her being had moved out along some hidden path towards Peter. In these three years that she had been away from him she had learned that some profound inner bond made her union with him far more real than her separation.

However she might expend herself upon Mei Mei, however much she might sink herself into the comfort and security of her mother's home, the foundations of her life were laid in Peter.

As the days of their separation grew fewer and fewer, Diana's face held a brooding happiness.

"You look as if you'd just become engaged," said her mother.

"I am happier than that," Diana answered.

Peter's steamer moved slowly across the

Pacific. Each day, surely and inevitably, he realised that disease was developing in him. Never before in all his life had he known pain. Now, as violent pain gripped him, he felt he had no knowledge of how to bear himself under such an onslaught. And that fierce, animal hunger that came upon him at times . . . this, too, shattered his self-confidence. Day by day, as he kept the data of the disease, he realised that he must get to the medical centre as soon as possible, for he was finding himself unusually sensitive to the ravages of the parasites. He must give up all but a very short reunion with his family. But he clung to a few days with Diana. Out of the depths of his being rose instinctive belief that she held the strength he needed.

When the boat journey ended, Peter took the train for Diana's home town.

The train moved slowly into the station. There was the name of the town, printed in big letters in the midst of a smooth green plot of grass. There were Diana and Mei Mei standing on the platform.

Mei Mei seemed a stranger to him. She had grown very tall, her shoulders drooped a little. As his eyes travelled to Diana, he forgot everything else. He was lost in his old delight in her. The prosaic station, the earth, the sky, were touched with the magic of Diana. Wonderful miracle of renewal in her presence! He no longer felt worried, no longer felt sick. He was complete in her.

In a dream of delight he walked between Diana and Mei Mei to a little car drawn up at the kerb.

"This is mother's roadster," said Diana.

"What's a roadster?" asked Peter.

"Why, daddy!" exclaimed Mei Mei, a little disappointedly. "Don't you know a roadster?"

"Well, you see, we don't have them where I come from. Don't you remember, Mei Mei, the chairs and rickshaws you used to ride in? It's just the same now, so how should I know about cars?" He spoke with a note of banter in his voice, but he was poignantly aware of how far apart Diana's and Mei Mei's world was from his.

With a little show of importance, which he loved in her, Diana slid into the seat behind the wheel. "You get in next," she said to him. "Mei Mei can squeeze herself along the edge."

So there he was, sitting between the two of them, too happy to speak. China and its suffering, even his own suffering, dropped from his mind.

They reached the house. No one was about. Peter closed the door of their room upon Diana and himself. He held her close in his arms.

"My precious," she murmured.

"Where are you?" Diana's mother called from below.

"We're coming," answered Diana.

All the rest of that day she was removed into a world of activities which revolved around Peter, but in which he could not claim her for himself.

"Everyone wants to see you. You're a hero to them," Diana told him proudly.

One day of the two he dared allow himself to stay was gone, filled full of people, relatives and neighbors, who seemed to him to peck at the surface of his life.

At last he was alone with Diana in her room, nervous now over the telling of what a few hours before, he had longed to tell her.

"I haven't had a chance to explain in all the hubbub . . . I've got to go on to-morrow night. It's a matter of business that's got to be tended to right away."

"What is it, dear, that needs you so immediately?" Diana asked, as she lured her fingers into his in the old beautiful gesture.



He felt her mind, attentive to a hundred things during the day, centred upon him.

His nervousness evaporated. Then, hands laced together, they sat side by side on the edge of the bed. His words came fast as he poured forth the story of these last months.

He looked to her to take all his conflicting emotions—this shattering effect of suffering, this unreasoned fear that he permanently lose his efficiency, his sense of commitment to science, his love for the Chinese, his ideal of service, and his constant thought for her and Mei Mei—and unify them in a harmonious purpose that would give him confidence. He had finished.

"You mean you are sick, Peter?" She glanced up fearfully.

"A little."

"Is it . . . will it be . . . permanent?"

"I think not."

Slowly her hand fell away from his.

"You understand, don't you, dear?" he begged. "I took the chance only because there was no other way. Scientists do these things."

"How could you, Peter . . . ? When you had Mei Mei and me?" The words came from her like a cry.

"But, dear, it hasn't anything to do with you and Mei Mei. I mean . . . why, I don't know, Diana. What else could I have done? I mean . . . don't you see . . . ?" His words trailed away. What did he mean? How could he explain?

Slowly the tears rolled down Diana's cheeks.

So Diana regarded his act as a betrayal of his love for her and Mei Mei. It gave him a strange sense of guilt towards her. And yet, struggling with that guilt, was a knowledge of rightness in his act which he could not explain.

THE research men at the medical laboratories of Peter's old college took his act as a matter of course. To them it was neither abnormal nor foolish. In the technique of science, such an act had its place. A group of men from various medical colleges in the city, who had specialised in tropical diseases, asked that they might have him under observation. This parasite was known to them. Doctors in the last fifty years had found it in different parts of the world, both in Europe and Egypt, but no one had made a careful investigation of it. Now had come this doctor from China with careful observations and specimens to study the life cycle of the parasite. The research men welcomed eagerly the tall, red-haired man who appeared in their midst so unexpectedly, with his bottles of snails and ingeniously constructed tin cans, glass fastened into the sides, filled with water plants.

After consultations had been held and records made, and Peter had rid himself of the disease, he set to work in the laboratory. Debilitated, his system drained of strength, the first days he did little but see that Ross, the assistant given him, kept the ova at the temperatures he had found most successful.

The ova began to show signs of life. Intent at his microscope, Peter saw the little organism stir, begin to move towards the trap-door at the end of the egg. Past this stage, Peter and Sen Lo Shin had never been able to carry the experiment. He watched closely as the embryo bored its way into the plug of mucoid matter that blocked its way to the door. As the plug thinned, he noted forming in it the tiny opening like a tube. Along this tube passed an infinitesimal, clear bubble.

"It's hatching, all right," thought Peter.

Then, before his excited eyes, the trap-door flew open. A tiny, fish-like thing swam free into the water, moving its tail in swift, graceful motions.

"Ross," Peter said in a tense, low voice. "Take my place here."

Swiftly he gathered containers, filled them with water of different temperatures. In some he placed snails—in some time.

Night came. He sent Ross home. The laboratory grew quiet. The roar of the city died away. Under the strong, searching electric light, Peter continued to watch. Nine hours by his records, and the tiny organisms in the warm water had died. He reduced the temperature. Still the organisms continued to die. Was it because the proper host was not at hand for them to enter, he asked himself?

Day came. Life in the laboratory hurried about him. Ross came in with coffee and rolls. Under his slide, Peter fixed the tiny snail, hardly discernible to the naked eye, which he had found clinging to submerged plants. If this failed . . . but it wasn't going to. With groping movements the organism reached out towards the snail. Then, in a matter of seconds, it attached itself. With little, eager, shivering movements, it began to force its way in. An hour. Two hours. It had entered, casting away its armored plates. In this new form, he saw it moving within the transparent snail.

So the snail that lived in caltrop ponds was the host. How many more stages there were before the organism reached the water plants, he still must learn. That somehow it did reach the water plants, he was reasonably certain.

Forty-eight hours now he had watched, and he must have sleep, but first he placed the snail in a container with the caltrop plants and turned the experiment over to Ross.

Day after day Peter watched, taking as little time for sleep as he could, having his meals brought to him. His fatigue grew greater. By a supreme effort of will he mastered it, went on with the exacting observation. Twenty-five days passed. The organism emerged from the snail in a new form. Peter photographed it time after time, for it kept changing. Sometimes its head was triangular, sometimes round, sometimes elongated so that head and tail looked much alike. Suddenly it died. He had come again to a dead end.

Peter rose from the high stool by the laboratory table. His mind slowly emerged from weeks of concentration. Dr. Thompson was standing near, and Ross.

"Well," Peter said, "I've gone as far as I can. I'll have to wait until I get back to China to go on."

"Judging by other organisms of this kind, there's only one more stage—the encysting on the plant," Ross said.

"You need to go home and rest," said Dr. Thompson, looking at Peter sharply.

Peter went out. "In the world of science, disappointments are frequent," he said to himself, "but sometimes success comes. The host for typhus germs after so many centuries of baffling research has been found. And I'll never have to do the first stages of this research over. Under any conditions, I can recognise this last form." With the scientist's patience, he accepted this delay in the final knowledge.

Now came Peter's hour of triumph. He was invited to stay on at the medical centre and in a series of lectures tell of his findings. This brought him a little extra money for his vacation with Diana. He would

surprise her—give her a trip such as she had never had. Some dim necessity to propitiate Diana cloaked itself in these happy plannings.

Spring was here, with its fine green showing in the city squares. Suddenly Peter wanted to get away from the city. "Spring fever," he said. With a great languor creeping over him, he walked into the medical centre for his last lecture. He met Dr. Thompson in the hall.

"You're looking seedy, Fraser," Dr. Thompson said. "Drop into my office after your lecture and let me look you over."

SO this was not spring fever, Peter thought dully, sitting on the edge of his bed in the rooming-house. There was a price to pay for the using of his body as the receptacle of disease. The inexorable law of nature could not be escaped. He had tuberculosis. The disease was in its initial stages, Dr. Thompson told him. A few months in a sanatorium, and he would be all right.

He went out, sat on a bench in the park for a very long time. The spring sun gave him its meagre warmth. Slowly the uneasiness, the uncertainty at the back of his mind moved forward, chilling his heart. He felt exposed, unprotected. How would Diana feel towards him now? No chance now to make things right with her. A nervous fear took hold of him. He wouldn't tell her. He'd write her simply that the doctors had sent him away for a little rest. He felt strangely alone, as he packed and started for the sanatorium.

Years of overwork and the parasites' drain upon his strength told against him in his fight. His case proved to be a stubborn one. There was nothing to do but tell Diana. After the letter was written, he lay irresolute, wishing he could put off sending it. And then, as the nurse came by, he thrust it quickly into her hand, suddenly wanting to get the telling over.

He woke one afternoon with a sense of new strength, lay for a little with his eyes closed, thinking he had dreamed of that extra strength. Well, he'd keep the dream a little longer. At last he opened his eyes. There was Diana.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed and dropped on her knees at his side, taking his hands into her strong clasp. "I'm here, Peter, to care for you. I've arranged for a separate cabin, and they say I may stay with you."

Diana. But he had no right to her devotion.

Diana struggled to reach him and could not, struggled to break through his depression and could not. At last she went to see the physician who had his case.

"Dr. Saunders," she said, "there is something that is troubling my husband. It's keeping him from getting well. If you could find it out—"

"If he won't tell you, why do you think he will tell me?" Dr. Saunders asked gently.

Diana was silent for a moment. "I would have thought so once," she said with an effort, "but I have come to think that he has some reason for not telling me. Maybe he thinks a man would understand better."

"You mean men and women sometimes see things differently?" he asked, eyeing her shrewdly.

"Well . . . yes . . . perhaps that is it."

The next day Dr. Saunders stayed a longer time than usual by Peter's bed, talked to him of his work in the East. He asked about tuberculosis and how much of it there was in China. At last he wrung



from Peter his secret. Once started, it was a relief to pour out the story. Peter did not spare himself, sought no subtleties, told him everything.

Dr. Saunders said nothing for a little. Then, very quietly, he remarked, "It may seem foolish to you now. As a matter of fact, it was foolish. And yet it's that instinctive determination to win at all costs, when we fight disease, that no doctor can afford to lose."

No longer did Peter destroy the renewal of himself by barren regrets, in a backward effort of will that sought to change a past action. With his mind free from such regrets, he began to accept sickness and the even greater pain of inactivity. That acceptance, so characteristic of the East, he found, if rightly used, aided him in getting well. Acquiescence and effort were two halves of a whole, two opposites, which like the north and south polarities of electricity, opposed but completed each other. Peter began to gain.

Soon after Diana went home, two letters came to Peter. The first was from Stephen Chase—short, a sheet of paper half filled with neat writing. The last sentence read, "When you get back to China from this sojourn of yours in the sanatorium, I should like to have you keep me posted on the final steps of the experiment and its practical application." Chase so obviously took it for granted that he would be back.

The other letter was from Sen Lo Shih. This, too, was terse. "Since the receipt of your letter," it said, "I have decided to go to Tokio for three years to complete my course in Western medicine."

Peter wondered what had delayed him all this time. Affairs of the family, Lo Shih had said. And why had he gone to Japan? But the important thing was that he was going on with his study. Peter began to figure. Three years of study. He must arrange some way to raise enough money so that Lo Shih might be his assistant when he went back to China.

Peter's mind began to swing again in its old orbit of interest.

**D**URING all this time since he had finished his studies under Peter and bade him good-bye that day in his study, Sen Lo Shih had enjoyed the ease so familiar to him in his childhood. By the paying of money to this and that man in the new regime, Lo Shih's uncle had regained the family lands in the western province of Szechuan. He had thrown his influence on the side of a certain war lord. Opium grown on the Sen land—a share of the opium crop given to the war lord—the war lord and he in possession of useful money.

Sen Lo Shih knew little of this. He was not interested in his uncle's intrigues. He, like his father, did not wish to spot with the stainless gown of the scholar. Reverie and meditation fitted him better than any other garment. He lived in semi-retreat in the old patriarchal home.

His uncle had rented from the government a few of its courts. There the remnant of the great Sen family lived. An artist who occupied the favorite court of Lo Shih's father repaired old paintings there for the new rich. Sen Lo Shih spent many quiet hours watching him. At the time Peter's letter came, he was contemplating a few months of meditation in the Buddhist monastery where his father used to go. But as he followed in his imagination the steps of the experiment which he

and Dr. Fraser had sought so long to solve, the keen, speculative mind of the scientist woke once more. He felt the old zest for research. He would go to America to study. He was free to do so. His wife had borne him a son.

But this time, when he approached his uncle he did not find him willing to provide the funds. In reality, the offer had been made purely as a bait to get the young man to marry. It would take a great deal of money to send him to America, money just now needed. The old man was negotiating with some of the new officials to give him back the ancestral home.

He dressed himself carefully, went into the presence of his uncle. "If I am to reach America in time to begin the year's work, I must go shortly."

Then did the old man whine of his poverty. "All I can give thee now is too little for a man like yourself, used to the subtleties of life. Thou and the great Sen family would lose face to have a member live as it would be necessary to live on the little money I can spare!" And he named a sum that would scarcely pay the passage to America.

"I thank my honorable uncle for the sum. I will go to Japan."

"The country that has despoiled us, that has taken our great province of Shantung! Where then is thy patriotism?"

"I will learn their secret of power," said Sen Lo Shih. But he was bitterly disappointed that he could not go to America, be near Mei I Sheng, his friend.

**C**URIOSLY familiar, curiously strange, Japan looked to Sen Lo Shih. On signs and billboards and in books the ideographs of his own language, but the language alien. The Confucian Classics an integral part of Japanese thought as they were of his own, but the Samurai idea of military discipline was incomprehensible to him.

Sen Lo Shih had found a new urge to acquire Western learning. With almost fanatic ardor he sought to acquire it. In two years instead of three he completed the course, took his degree in foreign medicine. This was made possible by his fine memory, the splendid grounding Peter had given him, and his driving hatred.

Returning to China, he found a new, proud nationalism, its high duty to rid the country of the bold imperialists who had brought opium, who had forced upon the Chinese the unequal treaties. Sen Lo Shih threw himself into the work of the New Nationalism.

Two more years Peter struggled to get well, sometimes buoyed up by hope, sometimes depressed and uncertain. He had made no contribution to preventive medicine. For all his work the Chinese were as far as ever from being rid of the parasitic disease. Every road to the alleviation of the suffering of thousands was blocked. He sick, and no one else to go on with his investigations. He had written Lo Shih, but there had been no answer. He had tried to interest Dr. Smith in the final research, but Smith had replied that he had no time.

In the fine, dry air of Arizona, away from the restrictions of the sanatorium, he grew strong. Making the grade alone, too. For it had seemed wiser that Mei Mei's school-work should not be interrupted, and so Diana stayed with her, feeling that Mei Mei needed her this last year before going to boarding-school.

At last the summer came and Diana and Mei Mei joined him. Peter and his daughter drew shyly together, in some unexpressed

effort to balance their needs—Peter to enrich himself with the love of this daughter who symbolised for him Diana's and his great moment of love, Mei Mei to steady herself against the demands of affection made upon her by her mother. In these last months Diana sought to give her daughter all before leaving her.

Mei Mei sent out little signals to this gentle man and then withdrew them, fearful that he, also, might make too great a demand. So the summer drew to its end. In the morning Mei Mei would leave for boarding-school. Peter and Diana for China.

**I**T was September. The trans-Pacific steamer began its slow advance up the Woosung River. Peter and Diana, standing together at the rail, gazed at the flat, fertile delta land, quiescent under its golden burden of rice.

As dusk settled over the silent land, the ship again took up its slow progress, under the guidance of a river pilot taken on board during the long wait. Apprehension and suspicion settled over the crowded decks. Letters and papers brought in the pilot launch told of growing antagonism between East and West.

Peter could see people moving on the brightly lighted Bund, the stabling lights of motor cars. The ship dropped anchor off the new wharf on the opposite shore. They were on the launch crossing the river. The black air of night blew in their faces. They came under the hooded canopy of the Customs House. They moved forward with the smartly-dressed tourists pouring out of the huge building, into a jam of motor cars, rickshaws, hotel buses. As Peter guided Diana through a crowd, a Chinese child with matted hair, loose and ragged tunic, ran beside them, begging, "Please, mister, misse, money. No papa, no mamma, no whisky soda."

There, standing apart in a little group, were friends come to greet them. Apprehension on their faces, too. Bit by bit, as these friends talked, the knowledge of violent hate towards the foreigner took shape in Peter's mind. All night there beat upon his consciousness the New China, its slogans repeated over and over during the evening, "Down with imperialism. Away with the foreigner within our gates. A unified China. Nationalism."

They were at the station early the next afternoon. Even the old schedule of the railroad, with the train leaving at exactly the same hour it used to, arriving at their station at the same time it used to, gave Peter a little assurance.

The brass gong clangued out their departure. At the end of the day they would be at home again. After five long years!

He and Diana sat side by side, silently looking out at the familiar scene, the squared fields, ancient arched bridges completing themselves in their reflected half-arches. Familiar steps, the noise of the passengers going away over the bridge across the tracks. The long, leisurely waits, when the hub of the fields penetrated the train. At the clang of the gong the train moved on, deeper and deeper into the Chinese countryside. At last the low, misty hills appeared on the horizon. Soon they would see the city wall bulking against the evening sky.

"Why, Peter, you didn't tell me the wall had been torn down!" exclaimed Diana. "It hasn't. I mean, it hadn't." As Peter spoke, he saw that it was gone. The city's streets ran out in a hundred rivulets over the countryside.

The ceremony of their home-coming was over. Peter closed their house door behind the last guest. Slowly he passed his hand



over his brow as if to clear his mind of something. In the five years he had been away from China he had kept his union with her. Now that he was here in the flesh, this oneness was gone. Here in China, where he had so often longed to be, he could no longer deny her withdrawal. With the greetings of nurses, students, old patients, and friends still in his ears, he knew himself shut out. He had sensed it in all who came to meet him—even in Wang Ma.

The next morning, Dr. Smith, who was living with the Bakers, stopped for Peter. "I suppose you'll want to see the hospital right away. Better not take it over for a day or two. It'll give you a chance to get used to the changes."

Peter looked around him. On the verandah at the Berger house was an amah with a baby in her arms. Another child clung to her trousered leg. Mrs. Baker was peering about in her garden. Miss Dyer came majestically through the gate of the women's compound. "Not much chance," said Peter. He surveyed the straggling hospital buildings. "Except that building across the way, where I used to have my opium refuge."

"That's the new nurses' home. Only women nurses, now, of course."

"Imagine," said Peter. "In the old days we'd never have thought we could get women to take care of men patients."

"They make the best nurses," answered Dr. Smith. "They're more willing to do things. But, you know, the first day after they went to live in the foreign building, they didn't clean up the operating-room. When I took them to task about it, their leader said now that the dignity of the hospital had been increased by this foreign building, they didn't think I'd want it lost. Loss of face, I suppose."

They had entered the main building—as before, amahs toiling along the hall with cans of hot water.

"We've put in a ramp here leading to the surgical building. The X-ray machine you sent we installed over there. . . . Come into the office and I'll call in my assistant."

"Dr. Fraser, Dr. Wing."

After the two had gone out, Peter went into the old laboratory. Much as he had left it, except for bottles and glass jars arranged on the shelves, neatly numbered and labelled. Surgical specimens, evidently used to teach the nurses about various diseases.

This little respite Dr. Smith had so kindly given him, he'd use to set up the last stage of the experiment. He must send a coolie out to the canal area to bring back water plants and water from the ponds. In the afternoon, when he had got his photographs and his drawings unpacked, he called in Dr. Wing, explaining what he was doing. "I'd like you to help me with this," he added.

"Do you ask me as assistant or co-worker?"

Peter scarcely grasped what the Chinese doctor meant. For the moment he had forgotten that there was any question of race between them. The young Chinese had on a long white hospital coat like his own, which erased the differences in their dress, and long ago he and Sen Lo Shih had found such unity of mind in the shared adventure of scientific experiment that he had not thought to consider that new hypersensitiveness among the Chinese. He'd have to watch his every step in this New China. However, Dr. Wing must accept the discipline without which no experimental work could go forward.

"I ask you," he said, "as any head of a hospital would ask a member of his staff

to work with him, with equal opportunity to do original thinking."

The man's eyebrows, black as strokes of ink, relaxed, and he nodded assent.

As Peter went back through the city, he said to himself, "The projection of the West into East is not all pain and misunderstanding. The tearing down of the city wall and the building of broad streets have let sunlight and air into the city. The clinics in different parts of the city, carried on through many years now, have taught certain fundamental principles of health to the people." This was the time of year when, in the past, the summer heat left its sinister mark on every child of the city, but to-day he saw only occasionally the disfiguring boils and skin diseases.

In the years Diana had been away, her school had entirely changed. The matron, the teachers did not know her. The second Mrs. Berger, who had charge of the school, was also a stranger to her. Sen S. Mo, to whom she had looked for so many years to explain old customs, was not here to explain the new. She wondered much about Sen S. Mo. Some said she had gone on a long journey. Some said she was dead.

There was only one in the school whom Diana knew, Mei Ing Perkins, now one of the teachers. Diana gave a little gasp of delight when she realized who the pretty girl was. She had again the excited joy of the creator. The slight young girl who stood before her was beautiful as she had never thought a Chinese could be. She had a happy face, as outgoing in its friendly expression as an American girl's. Mei Ing had never known the non-individual life of the patriarchal family. She had been reared to individuality.

CHINA'S youth were creating a new world. "Filial piety has enslaved us. The imperialists of the West have enslaved us. Buddhism, Confucianism, Christianity—superstitions—enslaving modern man. All must be destroyed," they said. They would bring a new society.

Mad, brave days for the youth of China. Some had gained their conception of service from the followers of Christ, and some had gained it from the followers of Marx. That dangerous emotion, love for the lowly, was abroad in the land. With passionate enthusiasm they charged into this old civilization where the strands of privilege and non-privilege were inextricably woven together. A new life was to be born into China, with no poor, no under-privileged.

The winter of Dr. Fraser's return, the New Party, supported by peasant and laborer, swept up from the south, making a wedge into the strongholds of the war lords. The Bakers refused to see the movement as anything but a second Boxer uprising.

"The secret societies are at the bottom of this," the Reverend Mr. Baker insisted. "They use the same signs and symbols." The Bergers especially were loud in their denunciation of the young Chinese. Arguments at the mission were heated. Peter alone seemed to understand the agony of the youths' struggle, although there were times when, submerged in his own struggle to keep the hospital going, he, too, tasted fear and resentment.

As the weeks went by, Peter's lassitude had taken on the definite element of pain. The winter was grey. He longed for the sun. The constant effort to keep from offending the Chinese brought its own strain. He was in sharp difference with the hospital staff. Some were angry with him for the mental tasks he made them perform. Some were angry because they knew that he made allowances for them

in the hospital, allowances he would not have made for his own race. And some were suspicious of the white man's service to them—churches and hospitals they saw as means to the end of imperialism, maintained simply to prepare the way for the west to take over the country. And there was opium.

The day came when the staff asked Peter to appear before them. But at the sight of the tall, dignified doctor entering the room, silence fell among them. Who should speak?

Peter looked around at the nurses sitting primly in a row. Behind them stood the coolies, the amahs, Dr. Wing, in a long, black Chinese gown, stood at one side, very elegant, his hand on his hip.

"What can I do for you?" asked Peter, guessing what they wanted to say, feeling powerless to forestall a crisis.

"We cannot nurse in this hospital unless we have the right to say who shall be dismissed for incompetence, and what shall be considered incompetence," said a flat-nosed, heavy-set girl, always the spokesman for the group.

"So long as I am head of the hospital I must be the one to decide who is efficient and who is not," answered Peter quietly. He talked to them, seeking to explain the meaning of discipline.

"We shall strike!" they shouted in angry tones.

"Wait," said Peter. "Do not give your answer now. Think over what I have said. In the morning you can give me your decision."

He was spent to the point of exhaustion with the struggle. Slowly he left the hospital, following the path he had taken so often. Reached his own house door. Opened and closed it behind him. Crossed the hall into his study. Closed that door behind him, sank down into the chair by his desk, there with the sense of failure. With head bowed upon his desk, he battled for control—control of the pain that shot through his body, control of his fear . . . if they did strike, how should he care for the sick? . . . control of his anger . . . against all the rules of the profession to leave hospital patients unattended.

His hands lay knotted together above his head, his teeth clenched to meet that sickening throbbing in his body. His mind raced over the arguments of the afternoon.

Diana opened the door, cried out in alarm. Had Peter lain on the floor he could not have seemed more prostrate. And his hands clasped in such mute appeal.

"Peter," she cried out. "What is the matter? Let me help you."

He gathered himself together and got up. Once he would have welcomed her coming like this. But now . . . "There is nothing," he said, "nothing you can do."

For a moment Diana stood silent, her lips working. Then she turned and went out.

He hated himself for hurting her, but he seemed physically powerless to make one gesture to detain her. As the door closed he dropped again into his chair, this inadequacy towards Diana added to his other inadequacy.

And then, suddenly, he felt Diana's arm lying across his shoulders and her cheek wet with tears pressed against his own.

"Peter," she whispered brokenly, "don't shut me out."

"I don't mean to. I've lived alone so long. . . ." To his own and Diana's consternation he was crying. All the years of his loneliness seemed to be pouring forth in that hard sobbing. And then he had himself under control once more.



"It wasn't that I wanted to leave you. I missed you so terribly, Peter."

Mutely he reached out his hand, grasping hers.

In the morning the hospital was empty of nurses. That natural docility which once had sent the Chinese in droves to the foreign schools was gone. But they had made the gesture of independence. By noon, they were back again.

A COLD spring held the land. The evergreen trees had a dull brown cast, the winter vegetables, not yet removed from the fields, drooped their yellowish faded leaves to the ground. The willows stood starkly bare, twigs hanging from the branches like dry sticks, hard and sterile. The buds lay against the twigs. The leaves of the bamboo, so soft in their rustling when they were green, now dry and brown, made a black and brittle sound when the rain or the wind stirred them. The spring rains were cold, bringing no fertility. Day after day the transformation of the earth from death to life was withheld.

The New Party advanced. There was fighting along the Yangtze. Landlords, capitalists, were shot without trial. The hate was spreading to the Christians. Churches were being used for stables, hospitals and schools filled with soldiers. Business houses, schools, hospitals, all alike, the New Party considered the work of imperialism. In ever-increasing numbers, business men, missionaries, sought safety in Shanghai, fleeing before violent hate. In the long list of those injured, Peter found Stephen Chase's name. He had been hurt trying to protect the property of his company.

Day by day the Mission became more isolated.

If Diana had not recognised earlier in the winter that delicate, intangible head of Peter's, she did recognise material catastrophe when it threatened him. The hospital was deserted of nurses. They had not left, this time, just for an hour, as a gesture. They had gone with no intention of returning.

Strange and contradictory as it seemed, the sick and poor, in spite of hatred for the white man, continued to seek help from him. Diana knew Peter would not fail them. She would go into the hospital and organise the nursing, using Wang Ma and anyone else she could enlist to help her. Work that she had once refused for itself, she ran eagerly forward to meet, now that it would help Peter.

She worked with furious energy. She put Wang Ma in charge of some amahs she got from the city's very poor. Mei Ing she enlisted in helping after school hours. She took the most difficult nursing herself, and she assisted Peter in the consulting-room. The drug department she opened for an hour in the late afternoon.

As the days went by, the pattern of Peter's life was written on her mind. She, too, knew the weariness of the long hall, the pull on tired muscles to ascend the ramp leading to the surgical building, the three steps down to the women's building, the flight of stairs and the bridge across the street.

She caught glimpses of Peter off guard sometimes, leaning for a moment against his desk, sometimes even against a patient's bed. Once she came upon him standing by a window, the light full upon him. His face, his hands, had a transparency that startled her.

With a sudden intuition, she knew what he needed most. If she met that need, she

felt, his half return to her would be complete. She had noticed that whenever he had a few moments he slipped into his laboratory. He didn't seem to want her to know it, though. If she could help him there with his experiment . . . She could give a good deal of her time to it now. Wang Ma, with the efficiency of a matriarch, had organised the work of the hospital, taken command even as Sen S Mo had done before her.

"Peter," Diana said, "couldn't you show me how to carry on your experiment?"

"Would you? Why, Diana? Would you?" For a moment he could say no more. Then he poured forth his difficulties—Dr. Wang leaving, the tides of the sick again submerging him, the final knowledge of the cause of the disease still withheld, the fear that violence might come to this city before he had finished his work.

"I'm certain I'm very close to it," he told her. "If my theories are correct, it's getting near the time of year for the organism to leave the snail, take final form. We could watch, turn about, to see what happens next."

Diana nodded her head in approval. Diana then went to the house. She had taken over the housekeeping from Wang Ma.

Peter called her from the hall below. "I may not be back all night. There seems to be some unrest in the city."

Diana went ahead to prepare his dinner. The mere occupation of packing the boxes brought her relief from anxiety. She carried it over, setting out the things in the office—his dinner and hers.

"I'm afraid something's going to happen," he said, coming in from his rounds, sinking down in his desk chair, "as it has in other cities. Berger went off to Shanghai this afternoon, secretly, taking his wife and children and his curies."

"Perhaps the violence will pass us by," she said, trying to steady her voice.

Peter went into his laboratory, gathered his notes together, made a few last statements, packed with them the films they had taken that afternoon . . . laid them all in Diana's lap. "Take them home with you when you go, dear. We haven't finished, but I'm nearer because of your help. It's been good to work with you."

The watchman went by, sounding his hollow bamboo gong. The tension went out of Peter. In its place came a sudden gift of happiness. A lovely hour, they two together eating their supper in his office.

Suddenly he paused, listening. Something gone wrong? A hurried step along the hall. The door opened. Mei Ing Perkins hurried in, shut it behind her, stood panting, leaning against it.

"What's the matter, child?" Peter asked gently.

"A friend . . . an old friend . . . has sent me to tell you this. The New Party . . . the Chinese doctors . . . they're going to hurt you if they can. They've routed the old superstition . . . foreign devils make medicine out of babies. They want proof of it. I am to say to you that even the students who will visit you to-night might believe it." Mei Ing spoke as if she had learned by heart what she had to say. "The old friend begs you to destroy every specimen in your laboratory that even looks like flesh. Do it in the fireplace in your house. And, oh I nearly forgot . . . you are to destroy all records of surgical cases."

Helplessly, Mei Ing stood there, wringing her hands.

Peter and Diana moved in the same moment by the same impulse, grasped the handle of the laboratory door, pushing it open. They worked like one being, pulling

down from shelves the jars in which specimens had been preserved in alcohol.

"The basket!" gasped Diana. "That's the best. The amahs saw me come in with it. I can go through the hall with that without being suspected. Put them in it. You come in a few minutes. Then they won't guess."

"I'll look at that appendicitis patient, as if nothing had happened," answered Peter, as he laid the films and records of the experiment on top of the basket.

Diana went down the stairs, through the long hall with her basket. The amah acting as night nurse was nowhere about. Where was she? What was going to happen?

Wang Ma stumped along the hall, common sense written all over her features. "Fai tai tai should not carry a basket. It is not the work of a tai tai," she admonished.

Should she let Wang Ma carry it? Trust Wang Ma!

"Oh, Wang Ma," she whispered, "help me carry it home."

"Let your heart be at rest, Fai tai tai. Wang Ma carry the basket."

They reached the door, looked out into the dark. For a second Diana hesitated.

"Come, Fai tai tai."

Together they took the path to the house. They were within. Diana stood for a moment leaning against the door, trying to quiet her heart. "Draw the shades, Wang Ma. Quick, a fire!"

No frugality to-night in the fire. Peter's step. Thank Heaven, he had come. Again as one being they worked, feeding the fire, holding themselves from dumping in everything at once. At last the final bit. Peter tore up some paper lying on the table, got down on his knees by the fireplace, blowing the dull fire, trying to coax it into quicker blaze.

IT flared and sputtered, consuming the last fragment. He started for the kitchen with the basket, saw Wang Ma standing in the doorway. "You must not be seen with us to-night," he said to her. "Go, while there is time." Wang Ma's children here. Wang Ma stay.

"I can smell burnt flesh. That will give us away," he said, turning from her to Diana.

"I have, master." Wang Ma stumped up the stairs, was back, incense in her hand.

As the fragrance of incense filled the room, a sullen murmur rose outside their windows. A group of students opened the door. Boys and girls they knew!

"We are your guard. Mr. Fraser may go upstairs and lie down. Dr. Fraser must stay here."

"Go, dear," said Peter. But Diana had turned on them. "Shame upon you!" she cried. "I will not go. What you do to him you can do to me."

They stood irresolute. A young man, handsome, proud and dressed in foreign clothes which he wore well, Peter marked, spoke at last. "We want to know how much you have made out of our poor."

"Nothing," said Peter.

"It is impossible. There is that great house for the sick, and this house."

"The money was sent from America."

"To enslave us. To prepare the way for imperialists and capitalists."

"No," said Peter. "Not for that."

"You are to take us through your hospital and explain what you do to our sick."

Diana rose to go with him.

"Please," he said, "stay here with Wang Ma. They will not hurt me."

They led him straight to the door of his laboratory.



"Open it," they commanded. "This is the room you keep locked."

"It is not locked," answered Peter, throwing the door open.

Some soldiers had joined them. They stormed into the room, looking around, searching the corners, overturning the aquaria of snails and caltrop plants. Something they sought and could not find.

Who had sent the message to burn the specimens? Could it have been Lo Shih? "No, it couldn't be," Peter said to himself. Lo Shih was up the Yangtze at the centre of the Party activity.

They hurried him from room to room. Nothing but sick people. At last they came to the outside door. With supercilious scorn on their lips, they dismissed him.

"Go now, and go quickly. Take your wife and get out of this city, if you do not wish to be hurt!"

Outside, he found Diana, the Bakera, and Miss Dyer in a little group waiting his coming.

"Mel Ing's got a junk for us. She's told me where. Wise to go," said Miss Dyer.

"Have you brought my experiment records, Diana?" asked Peter.

"Yes," she answered, "in this bundle with some clothes."

A group of soldiers came through the gate, laughing and shooting at random. A bullet whizzed near.

"See here," said Miss Dyer, speaking in a loud voice into the darkness, "there's no tao ti in this. It's got to stop."

Huddling together for protection, the defenceless group moved out of the compound.

All the long journey to Shanghai Diana kept saying to herself, "We can't go back. Peter will be well in America."

**W**EEKS later, when the hatred had died down a little, Peter went back to see if anything were left of his hospital. He felt he could not give up until he knew for a certainty. He had understood that the Chinese who had tried to run it for gain had abandoned it when they had found it did not bring them money. Maybe they had left sick there, who needed him.

To avoid detection, he had put on Chinese dress and taken a first-class compartment in the train that reached the city at dusk. But as he passed through the turnstile at the station, his cap pulled low over his eyes, the old ticket-collector who had been these so many years cried out, "It's the Buddhaman come back!"

"Hush! Would you destroy me?" cautioned Peter. Quickly he lost himself in the jostling, struggling crowd. Soon he was on the hospital street, the hollow of each paving stone known to him. The little shops—the same. Here the gate to his compound. He knocked.

"At yah, master!" cried the old gateman, drawing him within. "But you should not come back. It is not safe!"

"The house of the sick?" Peter asked.

"Spoiled. They have taken away all they can use."

"All have gone?" asked Peter.

"One is here. The girl, Mel Ing. I go to call her."

Mel Ing came, dressed like a coolie in faded blue top-garment, worn trousers.

"Are you safe here, my child?" Peter asked her.

"No," she whispered. "They call me the friend of the foreign devils. But I cannot leave the school unguarded."

"Is there no one with you?"

"Wang Ma is here." Out of the darkness

came her energetic voice, a quavering note in it, and then Wang Ma herself appeared. But she had grown old in these weeks. She looked tiny and shrunken. "Pei I Sheng, Pei I Sheng," she kept saying, "the old ways were better."

Making use of his flashlight, Peter walked through the bare corridors of the hospital, looked into the empty rooms. He was angry. A lifetime of work destroyed. The Chinese—what did they care for progress? He came to his office. The door was locked. Mechanically, he took his key from his pocket. He saw each article was as he had left it—a gesture of their personal relationship to him. But what was his office without the hospital?

Well, he'd go away. The despair of futility that often meets man on the threshold of age, met Peter to-night, intensified by this tangible wreckage of his life work.

His ear, trained for so many days to listen for danger, caught the soft shuffling of sandalled feet coming along the corridor. He listened. Nearer and nearer. He had laid the flashlight on top of the desk. It threw its circle of light full on the door. He waited, caring little, even if someone had come to take his life.

Slowly the door opened, and a woman dressed in the grey garb of a Buddhist nun entered, turning to close it behind her. A grey hood hid her face. As she advanced, light fell full upon her hands, holding the brown rosary beads of the Buddhist. Strange hands for a Chinese. They don't have that relaxed quality of Chinese hands, he was thinking, during that moment of her advance. Oddly familiar—where had he seen them? Beautiful, in spite of swollen knuckles . . . he knew those hands! No, it couldn't be! The woman raised her head.

"Stella," he half whispered. "Stella, you couldn't have done this."

"Did the form ever matter?" There was the old ring of irritation in her voice.

He did not answer. Slowly many things became clear to him . . . Stella had never left the city . . . the orphanage . . . Stella had been at work there . . . and other things, things which had happened through the years. The message to burn his specimens that night. Stella . . . of course. Stella, in all these years, following his work through Mel Ing.

"Peter"—her voice softened when she spoke his name—"I didn't come here to argue with you. I came to beg you not to give up."

"How did you know I meant to? But why shouldn't I? You've seen the hospital. The Chinese don't want me."

Stella poured forth her words in a torrent after the long silence of years. "Peter, if you go away, then how shall I know? If you fall . . . It's the twilight of the white man here. You've given a lot, Peter, but always it's been expecting payment—the people made over as you want them, men doing as you say at the hospital. But if you stay, it will be with none of these things happening. You'll have to be as nothing."

The room was very still—more still than Peter had ever known it to be.

"Stella!" he said, taking a step towards her. "Tell me where I can find you, so I can come if you are in danger."

"No, Peter." She raised her hand, motioned him back. The gesture set him apart from her, finally, completely.

She turned and went out. He heard the soft shuffle of her footsteps along the hall.

**T**HE city was filled with autumn vitality. No sense of the year's dying; rather a resurrection of life after the summer heat.

New life, too, in Peter's hospital, which for many months had stood in unproductive emptiness. For two days the compound had been filled with cheerful coolies. They bore in huge bamboo poles, tied them together with hempen withes, erected a scaffolding in the space between the chapel and Mr. Baker's house, directly across from the hospital, walled it, roofed it with clean yellow mats. Now there stood forth a great canopy, such as the Chinese erect for the celebration of important clan gatherings.

The hospital was reopening.

At noon the gates of the compound were thrown wide. Crowds were already gathering in the pavilion. The guttural sound of their voices rose to Diana, where she stood in the upstairs window of her house. From this vantage-point above the crowd, she waited to see Peter.

Out of the hospital door the procession came. First, the city's finest band, playing a strange medley of tunes, following the scale of the West, the rhythm of the East. Officers in full regalia, the governor of the province, with him the new head of the hospital, Dr. Sen, wearing the bright hood of his medical degree. Behind them walked Peter, stooped forward in an evident effort to lessen his height. Notwithstanding his fine head, with its greying red hair, was plainly distinguishable above the jet-black heads of the others.

Anger rose in a lump in Diana's throat. They were tolerating him because thus they could secure the necessary funds to run the hospital. What right had they to humiliate him? Why did Peter let them? Tears filled her eyes. When she had wiped them away, she saw Peter bowing still lower in order to pass under the arch. Even so, the red baubles brushed his head. Her eyes followed him. Only a few steps more of this walk of humiliation, as she phrased it to herself. Gone from her sight now, into the great booth.

The band had stopped playing as Peter took his seat on the platform. The light was a soft yellow, as it filtered through the mats. The sea of faces before him blurred. A sigh escaped him. The worst was over. It had been hard to declare openly his loss of face, for so his lesser position would be interpreted in the city. But it was done now, he told himself.

The efforts of the last months that had led to this passed before him. Not a simple matter for him to return to the hospital. On every side he had met opposition. The consular bodies of all Christendom had withdrawn their representatives, sent word to business and missionary organisations that the interior was not safe. The Chinese had not desired his return. Foreign money they would take, but not foreign leadership. Subserviency was a thing of the past. The missionaries had always promised that when the Chinese were Western-trained, they should be the leaders. There had long been trained leaders, and yet the day of their independence had been withheld. Either the Mission schools, churches and hospitals must go, or they must be directed by Chinese, said the leaders of the New Party. Furthermore, the Chinese had stipulated that any foreigner who did come back must come at their invitation. The Berkers had not been invited, nor the Bakera. But finally he and Miss Dyer had been asked to fill two minor positions.

When he had learned that Sen Lo Shih was to be head of the hospital, Peter felt he could have borne it better had it been



anyone but his old pupil. Then the thought had come to him—perhaps it was Sen Lo Shih who had asked for his return.

The ceremonies were over. Peter slipped away, losing himself quickly in the throng. He entered his own house. Sen Lo Shih was still talking with the officials.

From his study window, Peter watched the crowd thinning outside. The governor had left amid a fanfare of trumpets. Sen Lo Shih, after bowing the governor out, had turned back into the compound. Despite the hood hanging its bright color over the black gown, his doctor's robes looked not so different from the habitual dress of the Chinese gentleman. Sen Lo Shih's shoulders were bowed, as his father's had been. His hands, quite unconsciously probably, he had folded in his sleeves. Altogether the traditional posture.

Suddenly Peter realised that Lo Shih was taking the path that led to his office door. Could it be he was coming to call?

The door opened and Lo Shih entered. "This is a great pleasure," said Peter, rising to greet him.

"I have come to do honor to my old teacher," answered Lo Shih. "It is a relationship which cannot be broken. Will you act as adviser to me at the hospital?"

Peter was surprised, tempted by the authority thus offered to him. He had no right to exact such tribute, binding Lo Shih to the old relationship.

"I shall always treasure the spirit that leads you to make such an offer," he said at last. "That is a personal matter between us. But in the hospital you should work unhampered, be free to follow your own vision. Only so, as I see it, can you work out your country's medical future. Use me from day to day where I can be of most use to you."

At Peter's words, Lo Shih's formality relaxed. He settled himself comfortably back in his chair, his hands behind his head, his legs crossed. As upon their last meeting in this room, they felt natural with each other.

"Have you been able to do anything more, since your return, about the parasite?" asked Lo Shih.

"Yes, a little. See here, I'll show you." Peter began sketching the last forms of the organism on a piece of paper. "Have to apologise for my drawing . . . not so good as yours. But I haven't got my films unpacked yet. Look. If what I believe is so, we'll have to teach the farmers to get rid of snails in their fields. Be a big programme in preventive medicine." Peter checked himself. Here he was taking the lead. "After all," he added, "we aren't certain yet."

"LET me," begged Lo Shih, "be your assistant in the laboratory." For an hour they talked, plans growing as each contributed his ideas. But at last they fell silent. Twilight had come. Each could barely make out the outline of the other. At last Lo Shih rose, saying, "Good-night. I thank you."

Peter did not guess that when Lo Shih came in he was facing his own hour of defeat. The mad, brave days of the revolution were over. The New Party had abandoned its first tenets of faith. The voice of caution had spoken, the voice of ambition, the voice of need, saying, "We can do nothing without money. Poverty and defeat face us unless we have money."

In the banks of the Settlement, behind barbed-wire defences, the gangsters kept their boards. In the shelter of the Settlement the great gangsters' business went on—the business of opium. Opium was now grown in huge quantities throughout China. The outlaws of the world gathered in Shang-

hai buying opium, the raw product for narcotics.

To the house of the chief racketeer had gone the young general, the pride of the revolutionists, and almost overnight the policies of the Party had changed. Opium, which the New Party was to have eradicated, was now to be legalised. Money that the racketeer made from it fed into the coffers of the New Party. Labor reforms also were to be done away with. A secret reign of terror had followed. The New Party purged itself of those who had taken part in reform activities. Sen Lo Shih had been too active in the social reforms of the original Party to be tolerated under this new regime, but, also, he was too prominent to kill. By delicate innuendo of having him appointed to this Mission hospital, had he been informed of his changed status.

Peter felt himself enclosed within the circle of Chinese life. All the houses in the compound now, except his own, were occupied by the Chinese. Pastor Wang in the Bakers' house, Mei Ing Perkins and her staff of teachers in the Single Ladies' house, where Miss Dyer had a room. Nurses lived in Berger's house. Only Sen Lo Shih did not live in the compound, preferring the old patriarchal home.

Peter went about the hospital fitting in wherever he thought Lo Shih needed him. He often wished he could help Lo Shih in his inner conflict, for he was certain there was conflict, although sometimes he asked himself if it weren't simply the strain under which the youth of China lived these days. As he watched them, he felt they were bowed under the weight of their colossal task. Too much for the young.

Peter was right. Sen Lo Shih lived under special strain. There was no moment of the day or night when he was not apied upon by the Government. He, who had once been so high in the Party, he, who had fought opium, he, who had organised peasants and laborers, they feared might turn against them, join the peasants and laborers.

Sen Lo Shih suspected there were those on the hospital staff who watched him. All his work he carried on with the constant need for caution. He never entered the wards unattended, lest someone report to the authorities that he had talked to peasant or coolie of rebellion. The first day he asked Peter to make the rounds with him. Peter thought innate politeness had dictated this procedure. For a while, he came late to the hospital, thinking thus to give Lo Shih a good excuse to make his rounds without him, but always Sen waited for him. At last Peter accepted the situation and met him promptly.

They had arranged between them that Peter would no longer perform operations. "It is the work of young men," Peter had said. When operating, Sen Lo Shih felt a sense of harmony. The precision of his hand, the clean fine stroke, pleased him as precision of hand and stroke in painting had pleased his father.

Then there came a day when an operation was not successful. It looked for a time as if the patient would die. Immediately, whispers against Dr. Sen were started in the city. Here was the chance for his enemies in the party to win against him. For expediency's sake, he saw that it was wise that Dr. Fraser, protected by the laws of his own country, should operate in the more serious cases. To this, too, Peter consented, when Sen Lo Shih mentioned the dangers of boycott. But not knowing all, Peter felt that Sen Lo Shih was over-timid. Surely, with the new laws inaugurated in the country, a doctor need not fear.

This was the most crowded year of work Peter had yet known. Bit by bit he began to

realise that the responsibility for the hospital was his once more. At first, he thought it his own fault. It was that Western drive of his, that flaw in him of which Stella used to complain—driving forward at all costs. And yet how could he withdraw? Lo Shih was always away over the week-ends now. The week-ends grew longer, the interim between, shorter.

Again the tides of sick threatened to submerge Peter. He had so little time for research, and Lo Shih helped him almost not at all. Yet this one bit of research he would complete before his health failed him utterly. His strength, he felt, was growing less.

THWARTED on every side against fulfilling the new life urgently pushing up within him, Sen Lo Shih found compensation in his old passivity. Languorously, devoid of purpose, he went one afternoon towards the girls' school on a little matter of a sick pupil. As he entered, the smell of chalk hit against his nostrils. Even more than the odor of chemicals in the laboratory did that irritating, dusty smell of chalk transport him into a new world. It was associated with his first days after the woman of his house, Sen S. Mo, had led him away from the grave of his ancestors, taken him to a Mission school in another province.

He sought out the woman Mei Ing, head of the girls' school, found her alone in a classroom. She looked at him as frankly as a man would, and he found it charming. Heretofore, he had held to the old ideal. Seclusion increased woman's mystery and therefore her appeal. This afternoon, for the first time, a modern woman interested him.

After this he went often to the girls' school. Gradually he came to talk to Mei Ing as he had never talked to a woman.

"I've had to stop operating," he told her. "Yes, it would be so," she answered him, "and if it work you wished to do."

"Yes." "Just now," she said softly, "one must wait."

They were silent, each knowing that the other understood the danger—eyes spying at them to see if they were faithful to the New Party. Mei Ing also had been in danger. "Once," said Lo Shih at last, "it had seemed we could build a new society."

"Yes. It seemed so once."

Her gentle understanding filled Lo Shih with a sudden new emotion. Here was companionship, more complete than any he had ever experienced in the companionship of men. Like two halves, their two brains fitted together. He was absorbed in his discovery—why, his countrymen had of their own will deprived themselves for centuries of this subtle companionship of women.

As the days of the spring came, daily he went on one pretext or another to the school. The bare, dusty room seemed a haven to him.

This day, the willow branches hung down outside the window, casting their shadowed selves on the white wall. Mei Ing sat at her desk. From the shoulder button of her tunic, one flower gave forth its scent. Her short, black hair was smooth and shining. Her eyes were serious, too serious, for they held the experiences of changing China—the fears, the terrors of the last years. But they held understanding of him, too.

Many of his friends of the New China, longing as he did for such companionship, had divorced their old-fashioned wives. But tradition was strong in the aristocratic Sen Lo Shih. Such a step was violation of the very fundamentals of the Confucian code, and thus impossible for him.

It was now that Sen Lo Shih began spending longer and longer week-ends in Shang-



hal. In the aristocratic circles of Shanghai he found a place.

**B**y the wide new road leading from Shanghai, the willows swept their long, delicate fronds down towards the yellow rape. The pear blossoms floated in white clouds above the thatched roofs.

Sen Lo Shih was returning in his motor-car from a week-end in Shanghai. He was early. He could make time. Only an occasional peasant trundling his heavily-laden wheelbarrow—for these Sen Lo Shih did not slow down. His mind was upon the city behind him. There was a young woman with whom he had spent much time of late. Her brother was an important member of the Party. Last night there had been overtures. They had asked him to fill an important position in the new National Health Movement. Once more an official! Desire for officialdom ran in his blood. Now he could cast off this expediency of the Mission hospital—a "face-losing" position. The official position was one of service, too. The high-sounding word reconciled him with that ideal of serving the people he had once had.

Then again his mind took up its racing train of thought. He looked at his watch. Yes, he would find Dr. Fraser in his office. He would tell him now about the new position, and then leave this little hospital forever. Dr. Fraser would be pleased with his opportunity for service. Dr. Fraser believed in service. Dr. Fraser would see nothing but the service open to him in this position.

Peter looked up as Sen Lo Shih came in. "I'm glad to see you, John," he said quietly. Only occasionally now did he use that name. It struck with a hard, not altogether pleasant sound on Sen Lo Shih's ears.

"I have come to tell you that I have been offered a very fine official position with the government, where all my knowledge of Western medicine will be of service." He was about to add that he had decided to accept it, when to his astonishment he found himself saying, "I've come to ask your advice."

Peter looked up. "You have asked my advice. No man can tell another. Of the opportunity for service in this position, there is no doubt. But if you think they are asking you for that reason, I can tell you they are not. They are asking you so that they may use you. You must pay your own peculiar price. That price you know. I am speaking frankly, John, disregarding that great matter of face." It was the first time that Peter had ever spoken openly to any Chinese of the matter of face. "I have never alluded to the wiping out of your family or its causes, or to your position since. But I know there is some special price they ask of you in going to the capital."

And for the first time in his life, Lo Shih looked at himself with the mask of face removed. It gave him a curious feeling of intellectual vigor, which cut through the subtleties of his present life. Influence in far-away Szechuan was what they wished to buy from him. He did not hide the fact now behind the high-sounding word "service." Through him they wished to gain control of the revenues of that centre of opium, the province of Szechuan. They wanted his influence with his uncle, living now in that walled city given over to the turning of opium into "white drugs." They wanted, under cover of the Anti-Opium League, to participate in that business. Wherever "white drugs" were found they could blame it on Christendom, for the nations of Christendom were the original importers. Who could prove they were not

still the sole manufacturers of these drugs? The far-seeing racketeers had a scheme to smuggle "white drugs" back into the West. The circle complete. Original opium brought from the West debauching China; white drugs debauching Christendom.

Once Lo Shih entered that intrigue of opium and narcotics which stretched its tangled net over the country, he could not find his way out. One step farther, and he could never draw back. Even now it was dangerous. He had touched the fringe of the net. For one moment, he saw distinctly the man of officialdom he would be if he accepted. Power on the surface, and dignity. Within he would be honeycombed with expediency. Favors given and taken, big and little services bringing him money, which he would put away in the safe banks of Shanghai, until, at last, whatever happened, he would be secure and rich.

If he refused, he lost his last chance to be other than an obscure Mission doctor. Hard, grinding labor for the hao ren, the little men, would be his lot.

Peter, watching, saw the conflict that warred behind Lo Shih's restless eyes. He knew something of the subtleties of Lo Shih's life and guessed at its sensuality.

"I have decided," said Sen Lo Shih at last. After a little pause, he added, "I shall decline the offer. There are many for the offices in the capital. And there is our research problem."

"Yes, there is our experiment," said Peter. "Suppose I get together the latest data." Lo Shih suggested, "what you have done alone, of late."

Together they bent over the drawings and slides.

**I**t must be done quickly," said Lo Shih to himself. "If we are to complete it together." Aloud he said, "I see it is almost completed. Any but the true scientist would say it was. The last step is a certain guess, is it not?"

"Yes," said Peter. "But we must know. We must see the organism attach itself to the edible plants. Only then will we be justified in planning an extensive programme to rid the fields—sixteen hundred square miles in area—of snails. I will not give up until I have proved it."

"Will you leave it to me?" Lo Shih spoke very quietly. "I will try to see that the government undertakes this education of the farmer in its new Health Movement."

All the doors and windows stood open to the night. A soft breeze swept through the hall and through the open door of Diana's and Peter's room in swift waves of scent and sound. Peter slept lightly, as if he had found a new meaning in sleep—an acquiescence that made him part of the sentient universe, himself sentient. As the night passed into dawn he awoke into clear consciousness, and his mind, since he had lain down, had shaped itself into a decision. He must leave Lo Shih to construct his own world, hand over to him the experiment, trust him to complete this work for his country. If Peter stayed longer, he would only weaken Lo Shih. He remembered Diana's remark about going to America and Mei Mei. Yes, Mei Mei would need her mother.

The pale dawn was in the room. On his cheek and hand he felt the soft touch of the morning breeze. How beautiful the garden would be in the dawn. Something seemed to await him there. He got up and dressed, then stood for a moment looking down upon Diana lying asleep, detained for a moment by profound delight in contemplation of her. Diana would always be beautiful. The bone structure was so perfect that age would never destroy the classical set to her head,

the fine brow. As he stood looking down upon her, he stooped suddenly and touched his lips to the palm of her hand. Perhaps she would waken and share the garden with him. She smiled faintly, but did not open her eyes. After all, why should he waken her?

As he descended the stairs and looked down on the rooms below, his home with its clean frugality seemed a beautiful receptacle for the wind and the coming day. There was no clutter of furniture or curtains to shut them out. The fine, hard varnish of the floors mirrored the early light. Just below him in the hall was the balanced Chinese arrangement of straight chairs and square tables. Across the highly-polished top of a table the wind rippled the light in rhythmic movements.

Beyond the door he could see Diana's enclosed garden. The stone bench stood white against the bamboos, faintly touched with spring green.

He walked across the grass and lay down upon the bench, his hands under his head, looking up into the sky. "The sun must have risen," he said to himself, "the earth and sky are drenched in light." He drew in his breath, so that he might smell the fragrant breath of the garden.

Diana roused from sleep, urged by some need to guard her loved ones, lest she lose them. Peter was not there. Often she woke, and he had gone, called by some early morning emergency at the hospital. But there was some urgent demand within her that she find him to-day. She snatched up a dressing-gown, hurried down through the house. His study was empty. And yet she was certain he had not gone to the hospital. He was near her. Did he want her to join him? As she passed the door leading into the garden she saw him. He must not lie there on that cold stone. That was fit—be was in need of her care, as her children always were. Something always told her when they had thrown the covers off, or had wandered from their beds.

"Peter," she called, hurrying across the grass, "you mustn't be there." But he did not answer her or move. Was the morning light playing a trick on her? As it fell upon his face, his features took on transparency. She was beside him now. "Oh," she exclaimed faintly, and sank down upon her knees. Slowly she raised her hands to his shoulders, looking long into his face, searching for him, but he was not there.

Slowly she felt her union with this man dissolving. Agony entered into her, as the process of separation went inexorably forward. Her flesh itself seemed to bleed as the personality that was Peter was torn from her. And then a new anguish gripped her. This cure of him . . . some snapped nerve vibrated with the habitual response to his physical well-being. Blindly she rose, entered the house, brought his coat.

"It is threadbare. He should have a new one," she thought mechanically, as she laid it over him.

It was the hour for his burial. Out of the hospital dressed in the white garments of their service—the traditional garb of Chinese mourning—came the nurses. A single male nurse moved on ahead. It was Sen Lo Shih. "Even in modern China," he said gently to Diana, "it is lonely to die without sons. We of his hospital would be his children, and I would stand in the relationship of eldest son to him, following behind him on foot."

#### THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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